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‘THE CLIFFS OF ENGLAND STAND’

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

FROM the summit of this steep English upland I see only the slow clouds drift, and the conies flicker about. The ocean below is still, is anonymous, a dark floor tilted against the bright vault. It is empty. Not a ship marks it, not a smear of smoke, though it is supposed to be one of the world's busiest highways. This afternoon of high summer there is not a movement anywhere of the business of men. There is only a white fleet of clouds on its course, resplendent and serene, and the occasional lollop of a rabbit. The swoop of a gull down towards the floor gives us a sense of precarious height. When a waft of air brushes from seaward over the headland, the sea thrift nods many drowsy heads, and a warm smell of thyme moves past.

The earthworks and barrows of a folk long gone are about me. Today a young friend found a token of them, brought to daylight again by a burrowing fox — a flint arrowhead. The man who lost it lived here about the year when Abraham journeyed south to Egypt. For this English promontory has witnessed much. Upon it one night, a night a long way this side of Genesis, a beacon flared,

when at last the Armada of Spain was in the Channel. Not long after that a ship called the *Mayflower* was insignificant in the distance, bound for what no watcher on this height could say. And when Napoleon's army of invasion was over the way, ready for a chance to cross and march on London, from here another ship was watched, and today we can better imagine with what emotion — the *Victory*, fading west and south, on her way to Trafalgar.

The horizon is sharp and perfect, and the sea is bare. That news seems trifling and not worth recording. Yet wind and weather and the horizon have acquired an aberrant significance. From out there comes a threat, that the ancient ways of life of the rough islanders are to be ended. We are told we have lived too long as we pleased. This historic foreland is condemned — is to be given to the foxes and hawks. Beyond the horizon is hate. So we must keep watch upon it once again in the way of our forefathers. We prefer that England should not return to briars, furze, and vermin.

An American friend, concerned for my welfare, in a recent letter hoped that I had ‘gone inland.’ We have no inland.

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The challenge allows none. Wherever we are, wherever we go, what we wait for can be over us, as well as around the beaches where the children were at play last summer. Even now it is not easy for us to make out the full meaning of the menace, for proper neighbors have been opposite our coasts so long — Scandinavians, Danes, Hollanders, Belgians, and the French. Calamity at hand has an element of mystery about it when it is sudden, novel, and encompassing. It is not easy to believe a threat of extermination. But the map assures us the enemy is northward of the Shetlands, is actually in the Arctic; and comes south by Holland to the narrow seas and the French coast. What, to France? Yes, and it is hard to explain what that means to us. We still ponder that fact in wonder, and with incredulity. For many long and easy years we have looked to the French cliffs as to the porch of another home, and a welcome; but now the enemy is there.

In truth, what faces us today is new in history; anyhow, new since the forgotten Mongol invasions. It goes beyond contention over sovereignty, and over ancient rights to tribute. From the beginning of this war its inherency was guessed, and in this hour it is stark. We know there can be no compromise with our adversary; implacable evil has no good in it to which reason can appeal. Our enemy speaks a language civility does not know and cannot learn. Some years ago a German leader announced that his country was making the first revolt against intellectualism since the French Revolution, and we laughed. We are not laughing now. Those anarchists, using the discoveries of science not for the aid of men but for havoc, are deriding reason and abolishing law. The heritage of the Renaissance and the Reformation — the foundation of Christendom, if you like — either will be kept on the British coast or will perish in Europe. There is something horrifying in the way establishments, ancient because men long

since proved their worth and necessity, vanish overnight. One looks to a landmark in another dawn; it was there yesterday, but it is gone. Our accustomed bearings, even the Golden Rule, are no longer valid. It is all as in that dismaying dream when one sees the immutable stars stream down the sky. Which one of us, in May, would have suggested that before June was out Frenchmen would have thrown away the tradition of the Revolution, French treasures and possessions, and assigned their country's arms to their enemy, for the destruction of their friends? That would have been the suggestion of malignity, or of an imbecile; yet one morning we woke to see it was so. Our neighbor's friendly house of yesterday had become an arsenal of the wreckers. We were beset. We have no inland.

II

Something happened then. The atmosphere was displaced. The rock at my back was jarred. My companion, who found the arrowhead, is kneeling, alert. The guns! We see neither smoke nor target. Then he points to what over the sea, at a blinding height, appears to be a scurry of dots, as of rooks at remote and leisurely evolutions. We hear the rapid and intermittent fluttering of machine-gun fire. Raiders are up there, and our men are among them; but all dissolve in the radiance. A white mushroom grows instantly as the sea floor, and dissolves. The strangest thing in war, as in all human woe, is that earth and sky remain aloof, uninformative, unaffected. They make no sign that they are with us, or against us. The sea thrift nods its head drowsily, as in peace, and that gull is poised, and then sheers obliquely. We see and hear no more. We wait for the next thing. In what shape will it come, and when, and where?

We scramble down the foreland among outcropping hummocks of limestone. Below, in a wooded valley, the sea out of

sight, the only signs are of immemorial tranquillity. This place once waited the coming of Napoleon, a boggy still surviving locally in nursery rhymes; there is even a legend that the great man landed near here one night, and was seen and recognized. But now, across a mead, a girl is getting the cows home, and a husbandman is hoeing among his man-golds. Yet there in a hedge, added to the tangle of honeysuckle and bryony, is a vine more determinate, its roots in the hidden hut of a signaler, and it runs on straight with whatever it has to tell. No flaming beacons now. Our own presence on the foreland was known, we learn, for a young sergeant in battle dress stops us and wants to know what we saw up there. He wears a decoration, but is too young to have won it at Ypres or on the Somme. He is perfunctory about it. 'Dunkirk,' he explains. But he does venture a little of what was done by his small body of British volunteer infantry, really in their last ditch, to a mob of young Germans who continually chanted 'Hitler,' as if tranced, but did not use their weapons, and his story was shockingly discordant with an ancient prospect which seemed not to have heard of war. 'Mind you, sir,' this young man corrected, 'it's one thing to fight in a foreign country, when you don't know what's going on. But this is different. If they come here, we'll show you.'

The battle is more than encounters between ships, airplanes, artillery, and tanks. The tactics and strategy of the textbooks may position it provisionally, but they cannot end it. Out of the viewless comes a corruption of the instinctive loyalties of men. Before the guns have the range of their bodies they are changed, and a country may be lost before the tanks have crossed its frontiers. That is the reason why to many people the war is still a mystery. They do not yet understand that what confronts us is a revolution against all those traditional sanctities acknowledged by good fellowship, and without which hith-

erto we could not imagine communal life. How combat that? With what? It needs the faith of the Early Fathers to meet it; and when last were we Christian men? This new revolution contaminates the source of motives. Honor, in its language, can mean the same as treachery, and in its thought an altar is as any gaming table. It effects a metamorphosis of the soul; instead of the old-fashioned salvation, is damnation. For this new revolutionary ardor is not for liberty, equality, and fraternity, but appeals to the innate baseness of men, usually controlled by the laws and conventions of decent folk. By it the bully acquires the opportunity, and therefore the right and the pleasure, to destroy the institutions within which hated superiority once kept him in order.

Intercourse is poisoned when words may have any value stratagem chooses to give them; and we have discovered that intercourse with our neighbors has long been polluted. For that reason we have but one certainty today, apart from a multitude of simple and dutiful men such as that young sergeant. Looking backward to the November in which the last war ended, we see it never ended. Since then we have been living hopefully in a confusion of lies and moonshine. No conjecture we made about the world's affairs in all those years, on whatever fair word we heard or read, promising the dawn of common sense, was anything but a deluding cheat. Evil, though naturally we did not want to believe it, was in the ascendant. Not the will to good, but alienating egotism and cruelty were dominant, and moving with the craft and energy more usual in subversion than creation. Our planet on its journey to the unknown might have been passing through the infectious dust of a dead star. What, then, may we depend on today? Only on the faith we can muster in personal resolution for another and a better beginning, if we can win through to that bare ground of promise.

I should say that, through most of the

hours of this May and June of 1940, we suffered more than the disintegrating blows of a long and full life. Our earth reeled underfoot. Any faint hope for better tidings on the morrow was mocked. Would our standing ever again be firm? We did not know. We thought not. We listened to official news at midnight, and remained awake with those awful facts next to the pillow; and in the morning, somehow, we had to muster courage to attend to the first broadcast. We did not want to hear it, but we had to. It would be there, anyhow.

III

Yet how lovely was the early summer in England! There never was a more vivid burgeoning. Now and then, in a deliberate effort to still the mind, one paused, and was surprised. There it was, the goodness of the earth. One could hardly believe it. What, still with us, the comeliness of life? Not in mourning for us? There it stood, as though full summer appeared in an instant, because the mind was quiet. Yet it seemed to be a mockery, like all else. Cherry and apple blossom, hawthorn, lilac, laburnum. One had to turn away. It was in the garden we knew, but it was not ours. It belonged to a settled world, which had gone. We were in another dimension, conjured into it diabolically, where all was in movement to an incomprehensible issue, nothing there to be proved, time itself turned enemy, the stars falling, and no new shape, hopeful at first sight, that did not deride us as we watched, smoke in the wind. All was lies, except evil. Evil was true. It was curious, after listening at the radio to more news and worse, in those two months, to look round vaguely, only to see that the objects in one's own room were as usual. They were unaffected, so far. Had they not heard?

The implications of those laconic messages from France needed courage to confess aloud and outright. That was so

especially to a listener who well knew the places named in the news because he was in the other war. For years those place names had had associations which gave them, to some men, the sound of an incantation. It was useless to talk about them, for they meant more than could be said. Away they were going now, out of sight, dead litter in the storm. They meant nothing whatever. To see them vanish thus, of no meaning in an overwhelming by a new reality, was like watching one's own identity disappear. One day, without a prelude, we were advised coolly by an impersonal voice that Arras and Amiens were occupied by the enemy. Why, was reality monstrous? Amiens in flames? That cathedral?

The news ended. A man in the room, who is near to us, rose. He is a man of peace, called a pacifist by the careless. 'They are getting behind our fellows,' he muttered, and left us. He returned in uniform, to say farewell.

A few evenings later, after the Belgians had uncovered our army's left flank, we sat round and listened, unable to look each other in the face, while our Premier told us, 'Fighting is going on in and around Boulogne. There is no need to explain what that means.'

No. No need at all. We did not move or speak. Was the end coming? Coming so soon? A girl in the room, to be married the next week, broke a silence when nobody else there knew how to do it. 'Can our army be saved?' she asked quietly. And one who was present, who knew that only Calais and Dunkirk remained, if they did remain, and at the best what those ports were like, was forced to answer her. 'I don't see how it is possible.' Nobody thought it was possible, that night, — it was a terrible night, — nor the next day, because it was an evident impossibility. We were within an hour of disaster. Wedding feasts, too, had lost their meaning.

We began to breathe freely again, I fancy, on the evening when we heard we

stood alone; on the night when we had to confess, 'Because there is none other that fighteth for us but only thou, O God.' Confidence returned. A neighbor peered over his wall next morning and remarked to me, 'Now we know where we are.' I myself was not quite sure of that. We had the French fleet swerving its guns round on us, most astonishingly, and one was aware that no provision against miraculous adversity is ever to be found in war preparations; but I understood my neighbor. Now we had nobody but ourselves to lose, and in that matter we possessed some good information. It was amusing, when midnight was at a standstill, and as black as the pit, to know that the people around were beginning to find themselves, were bracing up; to hear subdued grim laughter. The spirit lightened, and anxiety began to go. There were even bolder ones. They manifested exhilaration; the honor of this task was solely for us. I envied them their heart, while misdoubting their knowledge and prescience. Still, when the outlook is worse than dark, when the sky is like the prelude to downfall and eclipse, then for youth to cheer what confronts it may be as good an intimation as any other of immortality.

It was clear they must fight for their lives. For their lives? That had become a lesser matter, past considering. It was for the treasure of life they must stand up, not for themselves. If the right to use the mind were to be lost, as over most of Europe it was already lost, what apology would be left to mankind for its occupation of the earth? There would be none. The light would be out. Our earth would revert to old night without its initial spark of hope. With reason no longer attempting the guidance of the affairs of men, who instead would be driven by the engines of power and pride, then death already had come; the adventure of mind under the stars would be at an end. The war, then, for us, was something more than an effort to protect

the home and personal interests. An abominable dominion had to be overcome, its purpose to obliterate from human society the virtue which had raised us above the caves and bones.

I do not think the English saw this — or perhaps they were reluctant to admit it — till the day when Rotterdam was destroyed. That removed what doubt was left; nor was it only the fear that London might suffer a like fate which awakened us. The blasting down into rubble and carrion of a city at peace, its people unsuspecting, unable to defend itself when the destroyers appeared overhead to begin their leisurely work of making a famous community illegible, and for no purpose than to bring about elsewhere panic out of horror — it was that which shocked us into sighting the nature of the threat to the settlements of civility. And Rotterdam was only next door.

IV

So no more content in the hours of the day. No more a book in solitude by candlelight at midnight. No more a garden of one's own. Even daydreams, in which the future is occasionally shaped, are broken when the warbling note is heard to direct us to seek cover. Ah! That future! Families are scattered and homes abandoned. We may not enter them any more. The accustomed work of a man is lost to him, and may not again be wanted of him. What is art, literature, and science, when regions, with their towns, must be abandoned to sandbags, barbed wire, and guns? They never were of first importance, except to a very few people, and now the temple is shut. Our ways of life could not have been more disrupted by a general earthquake; we must manage in catastrophe with chance adaptations. Yet how resilient is common human life! Their work done, villagers leave home of an evening, with what weapons they can get, to patrol their fields and hills. At dusk one meets

them sauntering off, with rifles and shot-guns, not knowing what may drop from the sky while their families sleep.

When first citizens are surprised in their market place, or a civic centre, by a mass of brown sandbags, guns pointing from its loopholes, with barricades of wire around, it takes a minute of puzzled staring to place this sign of immediate war among the accustomed sights. Then the addition is accepted, and no more is thought about it. Though women are in jeopardy, they must do their shopping. 'This way to the trenches.' They note the day's new fact, and enter the stores. Life must go on. Despite all intellectual doubt, and the sad fallibility of news and even of assurances solemnly sworn to, and despite the dismaying certainty that our enemy is such that he overwhelmed the formidable army of France in twelve days, we have found that we must continue to live by faith. Faith in this and that is all that is left to us. We must trust the invisible. We British still believe that there were no better soldiers in Europe than the French. Then how befell their tragedy? Faith had left them, and they were unarmed. For us there was Dunkirk. Though the 'encirclement with fire and steel' of the British army was triumphantly announced, what was impossible was accomplished. Dunkirk, as a sort of miracle, stayed us.

We see our troops, for they live around us, but very little of our seamen and airmen, and then usually at railway stations. Occasionally they show, but only distantly. I look seaward to the weather at dawn — for another day has come, and we are still here — and glimpse one good reason why our night was undisturbed. On the skyline, between the headlands, the far shapes of the naval patrol show black in the pallor. But we rarely sight our ships; our faith is that they are always out there. We don't know what they are doing, for distance, when they appear, gives them a casual and melting presence; but occasionally window curtains bulge, the air is dis-

placed by gunfire, when distant haze veils a convoy of merchant ships and the navy has put its arm round them. And yesterday afternoon was stormy, with breakers plunging over the rocks. It was not the day for invasion, and so I was not thinking of war, but noted, with satisfaction, that the seas were heavier than an hour before. We have reason to love the sea more than ever. Nor was it a day for men to be flying; the ceiling was too low and dark for that, and only the flashing of the combers showed where the ocean was below it. Then an object suddenly appeared, skimming just above the smother of black and white, like a sea bird easy in the tumult. One of our Spitfires. What madness, to be at play in and out of the spume! I watched him, in wonder and alarm, while he circled round, and then mounted to disappear in the scud. An hour later I learned that he had, but the moment when I saw him first, sent a bomber into the waves, and was searching for any survivor to report.

Faith, we know, is but knowledge surpassed. Well, we have some knowledge on which to support our faith. Enough has happened at sea to tell us that what Cochrane used to do with ships can still be done by our seamen. It is as if our mariners have never lost the abrupt disconcerting wit of youth. Perhaps freedom, salt, and sunlight are preservative. We have also learned that the kind of men who, long ago, drove the Spaniards up-Channel, have taken their lively devices to the clouds, and spend day and night cruising the sky between our land and Germany. Democracy is not old and worn. Never believe it. It is still in its early and experimental stage. In such an adventure as this it shows its juvenile adaptability, sprightliness, and temerity.

V

Some of my American friends may be surprised that I write thus of war. I still think war an obscene outrage on the

intelligence. I should not be in the least upset by what Communists call the downfall of British Imperialism. I see no reason to alter a line of what I wrote of war and peace in *Mars His Idiot*. We may have various views of capitalism, the materialistic conception of history, religion, of the ways to distribute the vast wealth released by the contrivances of science, and of the problem of liberty when the State has taken over the business of Jehovah. It is evident that we have hardly begun yet to plan a way of living together in freedom, and amity, and equality, though our control and use of natural forces have resulted in reducing our globe to so delicately balanced a foothold in the heavens for everybody that folly in China rocks the lot of us dangerously. But this challenge by the Nazis is ultimate. If they have their way, then nothing can be discussed. There will be no right or wrong, neither good nor evil; even the priest at the altar may be one of the secret police. Slavery is bearable, but the mind in chains is not. I know that British traditions and affairs may perish if this subversion of the mind is resisted, but they will surely perish if no resistance is made. That is all the choice we have.

I do not see anything unreasonable, therefore, in the substitution on the shore below of endless coils of barbed wire for the children who were there last year. It looks odd, with nobody in sight where the fun used to be, but there is no help for it. Should invaders ever reach that slope, to toil up it, wet and heavy, — and wet they will be, — by the time they are tiring at the wire there will be a very horrible great blast of fire from all the tussocks of grass above. I should call very good the disposition of the strong points I have hit upon, by chance. They at least assure one that it would be more comfortable for a man to be hidden on the shore than to be exposed yonder in a crowded flat-bottomed boat; though how that boat, or whatever it is

to be, will reach this point I cannot quite make out. Hitler, maybe, with his lore of the sea, knows more and better than some of us, so we must even wait to discover what his maritime secret is.

We are waiting. Back in a London suburb, after blackout time, with the night sky still retaining a bright memory of day, we see our own place in an aspect that is like excommunication. It is recognized, but it is changed. The street lights are so subdued and screened that one becomes melancholy, as if revisiting, in another life, the glimpses in an everlasting twilight of things past. Were our chimneys and treetops always outlined like that against the upper light, when we were on earth? Then we never knew it. These objects are tranquil, as if they, too, were waiting; or perhaps they are simulacra only, not really there; nothing now to do with us. There is no air. But in this new existence perhaps the air never moves. These shades might be tranquil, or might be sinister. Nobody else is there to tell us. Perhaps we shall meet another lost soul in the twilight presently, with later news than ours. Only the stars are familiar, and I stand to reassure myself with the enduring figures of the old constellations. Odd! What is the name of that bright star? Once I knew it. I knew it as well as my own name, but it is forgotten. What can have happened to the memory, when even the names of the stars are erased from it? What have I lost? The very names of things have gone.

Long after midnight, because sleep will not come, I look again at the sky. One must watch for signs and wonders. The heavens are now crosshatched with the bright beams of the searchlights. They sweep over, interlace, concentrate on a lenticle of cloud, move away abruptly. It is as if day had come desperately in narrow nervous sections, trying to unify into morning, but frustrated by an immovable mass of night. When will morning come?

HITTING POWER

Does Our Air Force Lack It?

BY FRANCIS VIVIAN DRAKE

I

FOR the conquered democracies of Europe the bitterest memory of 1939 centres on the imperious figure of Britannia, sweeping her brood under the hem of her protection and then turning to transfix the foe with the sharp end of an umbrella. Today England's bomb-scarred shores, and the conquered nations once under her protection, bear tragic witness to the futility of making gestures of defiance without the assurance of instant and deadly action behind them.

Today the United States heralds itself as the protector of the entire Western Hemisphere. But unless we apply some horse sense to the lesson of devastated Europe, and do it soon, our own destiny is more than likely to be that of the flivver which thought that it could beat the Limited across the tracks.

In Europe 120 million people have been conquered, not by numbers, but by a wholly original conception of warfare, by the adaptation of new and specialized weapons to a radically new technique of fighting. Military precedents have gone down before it like ninepins. We have seen the Allies, with thirty times our armed man power, with a far larger navy and air force, powerless to defend countries smaller in area than New Jersey.

Our unpreparedness for this new technique of war is beyond belief. So much time has been thrown away, so many

issues have been muddled, that to say our defense situation is alarming is not enough. It is critical.

If England loses the war, we are next on the spot. The Nazis have already announced their program for South America; we know from Norway, Denmark, and the Netherlands that when the hour is at hand they waste no time over formalities. They strike without warning. If they struck at us tomorrow our incapacity would be far more spectacular than that of England. This, actually, is our spot: —

No Mechanized Army. The proposed new Army of between 1,000,000 and 2,000,000 men cannot be properly equipped and ready until the end of 1943.

No Atlantic Fleet. The new two-ocean Navy will not be ready until 1945. A Japanese Navy of equal strength keeps our existing Navy pinned in the Pacific. With it, however, we are pledged to protect the coast lines of the entire Hemisphere.

No Double Locks for the Panama Canal. At any time a single act of sabotage can rupture our slender lifeline. The double locks will not be ready until 1945.

No Air Power. For the defense of the whole Western Hemisphere we have no Air Hitting Power worthy the name. The much-talked-of 50,000 planes, even if begun on today, cannot be ready until 1944. If they are completed, we shall still have no Air Hitting Power, along present lines of purchasing.

Thus we face the critical years to come.

II

The production of armies, navies, canal locks, like the production of babies, requires a certain minimum time. No ingenuity, no money, no sacrifice, can shorten the period. Air Power is the sole weapon of defense we could yet prepare in time. But it is in Air Power, the very field in which our designing genius leads the world, that we have today the most confusion and the least policy. Our air is filled, not with planes, but with the wildest poppycock describing impossible rates of production. Every half-baked idea of Air Power is held up as gospel, so long as it has a Name attached to it. Our small Air Force is top-heavy with pursuit planes, although month after month in Europe has proved with sickening monotony that the deadly weapon of defense is not the pursuit plane, but the bomber.

The lessons of Europe are brutally clear. From the last despairing cry of France ("Send us 5000 planes and we can carry on!") to the present race-with-death of the British, the constant clamor has been for bombers, bombers, and still more bombers. However criminally Air Power was neglected in the past, the British Government is not neglecting it now. It is suicidal to ignore the experience of the Royal Air Force pilots, who, with incredible endurance and skill, are trying to overcome the tremendous odds brought against them by their own politicians and redeem the perhaps irreparable mistakes that we are so busily duplicating. To England, a plane today is worth twenty a year hence.

As part of our Paper Defense, we have been fed the idea of 50,000 planes a year. Competent testimony shows that this objective would require \$500,000,000 of new plants and a minimum of over 600,000 skilled men. How are we to fill these jobs *in time*, when the aircraft industry cannot even fill the 100,000 skilled jobs required for its present production? The annual cost of producing the planes will

be $3\frac{1}{2}$ billions of dollars, upkeep as much again, which resolves itself into a splurge of seven billions a year for an unwieldy, inexpedient force far beyond our need — and for years far beyond our achievement.

The time for realism is right now, for tomorrow the United States may have its hand called as abruptly as the British had theirs called last September. The United States, with Western Democracy at stake, must play what is in that hand, just as the British today are playing what is in their hand. Not all the eloquence, nor all the billions, can alter our immediate productive power. The National Defense Advisory Committee has stated the figures. In July we made 716 military planes. The *top* production for the critical years ahead, including Army and Navy replacements, equipment for the new Navy, exports to England, and training planes, is given by members of the Committee as follows: —

	<i>Approximate Number of Planes</i>
1940.....	8,000
1941.....	16,000
1942.....	25,000

In the recent uproar in Congress, Senator Byrd announced that the present combat plane strength for the Army and Navy was around 2000, and that since the 50,000-plane idea was handed to the American public, last May, 343 combat planes had been ordered, due for delivery in 1942.

The facts in hand define what we cannot do to organize the defense of the Western Hemisphere. Now let us seek, as unemotionally, a definition of what we can do.

III

Europe has underscored a dozen times the fact that in the new concept of warfare no successful attack can be made without control of the air and control of the bases of Air Power.

From this it is clear that no effective attack can be made upon the United

States unless enormous air bases and supplies are first established in the Western Hemisphere. These bases must be at least as large as our own, and the great weight of material must be ferried and maintained by ships. This is because there are as yet no military planes in existence capable of striking across the ocean in sufficient numbers to do us serious damage.

As a practical matter the United States can only be *attacked* by (a) ships, (b) planes brought in ships, or (c) great intermediate air bases established and supported by ships. As a practical matter the United States, therefore, can only be *defended* by (a) destruction of these ships or (b) destruction or prevention of these air bases. The inescapable conclusion is *that the beginning and end of American primary Air Defense must be great Hitting Power at long range, reinforced by and reinforcing Sea Power.*

In the new pattern of war the term 'Hitting Power' has broken with military precedent. Europe shows us (in blood and tears) that Hitting Power is the heavy bomber, the fast, long-range, weight-carrying bomber. The greater the number, the greater the Hitting Power.

Hitting Power is expressed in tons per day. It varies with the distance, the speed, and the weights the plane can carry. If a force of 1000 bombers, each carrying two tons of bombs, can make only one trip a day, the Hitting Power is 2000 tons; if they can make four trips, the Hitting Power is 8000 tons, and so on, but always Air Hitting Power means *large numbers of the right planes.*

The fate of England depends on its bombers, on their ability to smash the heart of German war economy. 'The process of bombing the military industries and communications of Germany, and the air bases and storage depots from which we are attacked,' said Winston Churchill recently, 'affords one, at least, of the surest, if not the shortest, of all the roads to Victory.' Night after

night, the Royal Air Force, with its pitifully few bombers, is desperately pounding away at these objectives, trying to make up for the time so obtusely thrown away. The overworked pursuit squadrons, fighting over their own homes for lack of range, can only strive to ward off enemy Hitting Power that should never have been allowed to take off in the first place. Only in the past two months has the Royal Air Force begun its campaign against German bases.

In the face of these life-and-death lessons, it is incredible to find our own Air Corps fatuously duplicating the early mistakes of the French and British. Instead of concentrating on bombers, it is cluttered up with small pursuit planes of no range and no Hitting Power. These planes can destroy neither ship nor air base; their only function in time of war would be to fight enemy bombers over, say, Connecticut or California after enemy bases had already been established. However numerous the pursuit planes, however many enemy bombers they shoot down, undamaged factories and bases can always send more for replacements, and British experience shows that bombers always drop their loads. One's frontier today is no longer one's own coast line. It is the enemy's aircraft plants, and one's front-line trench is his air base.

Every phase of the European war has underlined this outstanding lesson in Air Power — that the only effective defense is instant and crushing offense. Whoever throws away the initiative throws away overwhelming advantage, whoever waits to defend at home plays straight into the enemy's hands. England, without aerial hitting strength, was powerless to prevent the relentless advance of enemy air bases which now flank its coast line all the way from Narvik to Bordeaux.

That we have no Air Power worthy the name is not because we lack the means. America makes the finest high-speed bombers in the world. The Royal

Air Force has repeatedly stated that its few squadrons of American bombers are supreme, the deadliest striking weapons it knows, and it is pressing for more.

If we have no Air Power, it does not mean that we could not get it. Definitely we could get it. In a fraction of the time required for our present program, within one year, we could attain such ruthless Hitting Power as would render the United States immune to any successful attack from sea or air. It could be done at a cost of under two billions as against the fifteen to thirty billions required by the present program. Moreover, we should be provided with an ample supply of pilots, bases, engines, and replacements.

This is no guesswork or assumption. It is a fact. Anyone who has eyes to see can read corroboration for himself in every plane of every air line in the United States.

IV

The machine that the Royal Air Force has pronounced so destructive, and so urgently demands, is in effect an ordinary American transport plane, modified to carry bombs instead of passengers. The all-round quality of these planes is unsurpassed. Royal Air Force pilots have bombed with them, fought with them, climbed with them, dived them at 400 miles per hour, and unhesitatingly pronounced them tops.

We lead the world in air transport. Our wonderful chance for rapid production arises from the fact that we, more than any other nation, have developed planes of great speed, strength, weight-carrying ability, and power economy — the basic qualities that are required by Air Power for the defense of the United States. To produce this type of plane we have in existence this very week all the experience and facilities in design, manufacturing, engineering, upkeep, and flying, which could go into action immediately!

The basic type we need, and can pro-

duce right now, is no wonder plane of the future, no 450-miles-per-hour freak to titillate juvenile minds; it is a stripped, souped-up, adapted version of our latest two-engine transports, such as the Douglas, Lockheed, or Boeing, or our Martin bomber. Radically adapted, it can be given a true speed of 300 miles per hour, at a transit height of 20,000 feet. It can fly 1500 miles out with a ton and a half of bombs, and 1000 miles out with two tons of bombs.

With this type of plane we could create an Air Striking Force of 10,000 planes. The first 5000 could be in the air within less than twelve months and would give the United States a Hitting Power far superior to that of any other air force in the world. The second 5000 could be in the air within another six months.

Give the United States such Hitting Power and at last we give it true Air Power. It can strike so far and so hard that attack can be broken up far from the homeland. It can be available over the Atlantic, the Pacific, or the Caribbean within a few hours' call. It can prevent the creation of enemy air bases or it can destroy them. It can repel or destroy an enemy fleet. It can reach within three hours ships still three days' sailing distance away (at maximum speed). It can deliver the unprecedented weight of 20,000 tons of bombs per twelve daylight hours at targets 1000 miles distant from its bases. It can strike on many fronts at once, or it can converge overwhelmingly on a single goal. It represents, in short, such titanic Hitting Power that with it the Royal Air Force could smash the whole of industrial Germany into atoms in a week. It could drop 40,000 tons of bombs a day, against the maximum of 500 tons a day which the Germans have so far dropped on England.

This is the type of plane we need if we are to achieve security. This is the defense it is well within the capacity of our present aircraft industry to produce

within a year under a policy of ordinary common sense.

V

The grim aspect of the current United States program of defense is that it has, in point of fact, no air policy at all. It simply clamors for planes and more planes much as a starving man clamors for food and more food.

In Air Power, tens of thousands of the wrong planes are useless. Hundreds of the right planes are next to useless — being too few. The only true defense is the right number of the right planes serving a decisive policy. Our need of a properly conceived air policy is so acute that no matter who wins the war, or who wins the Presidential election, the lack of it will indefinitely hazard the life of every man, woman, and child in this country.

At the outbreak of war, France and England also had no proper air policy. Air production was wholly subordinated to the needs of the Army and Navy. Plans for victory were keyed to formulæ of the past — great ships holding the seas, great armies defending landlines, an endurance contest aimed at the survival of the richest. Aircraft factories worked only on day shifts to produce planes whose assignment was to take photographs and drop pamphlets. As late as last spring, the Allied Purchasing Commission spent four months changing its mind about design, and wrangling with American plane manufacturers over a 7 per cent difference in cost.

It took the extermination of Poland, it took the inability of the entire British Navy to prevent supplies from crossing the Skaggerak, it took the destruction of Rotterdam, the agony of Belgium, the surrender of France, to hammer home to the British Government the stark necessity of having a realistic air policy, however hastily improvised.

There has been no improvisation about the German air policy. Behind the

Nazi successes lie five years of single-minded concentration on a set plan, five years of harnessing every resource of industry to its furtherance and improvement. Nor has there been any subordination about German Air Power. From the beginning it has been under the direct personal control of Hitler and Göring.

In the United States no responsible body has ever been appointed to plan an air policy specifically adapted to our need, to consider our problem of Air Power as a whole. For a matter of such pressing importance we need the equivalent of a National Board of Air Defense personally headed by the President of the United States and comprising the finest brains available in the country.

We face risks of the greatest possible reality. We are signing armament contracts which must crush a generation with tremendous taxation. We shall not mind paying if we get what we pay for, but our Paper Defense is so unreal that it leaves us completely exposed for the critical years. The situation cries for an urgent and common-sense examination of any scheme of Air Power which can give us more defense in less time for far less money. If we are to fare any better than the European democracies we cannot ignore their mistakes. For us the successful war can only be the war *never fought* because of our superiority in the new weapons.

VI

All the recent political oratory has emphasized how the European situation will affect us if England loses the war. The implication is that if England wins the war we can draw a deep breath, relax, and all will be as before. Nothing can be further from the truth.

The dictators have already profoundly changed our way of life. Already our isolation has gone. Already conscription impends. Already we have a tremendous increase in the power of the central gov-

ernment. Already we have hundreds of thousands of men working in war industries directly dependent on the central government. Most of all, we are irrevocably committed to colossal expenditures far beyond our present means. The current increase in income taxes, corporation taxes, all taxes, will hardly make a dent in our expenditures; it is a bagatelle compared to what we may expect.

So far we are committed to more than fifteen billion dollars for new armaments, whether we are drawn into war or not. We are committed also to their upkeep. Our deficit for this fiscal year is nearly six billion dollars. By the time we have built a new Army, a new Navy, and a new Air Force and have met the initial upkeep, the cost may total fifty billions. It may well be that the National Debt will reach \$100,000,000,000. Anything approaching these figures must mean inflation and the destruction of the old values.

This is the prospect which faces us in the light of peace. We have only to look at England — with every civil liberty curtailed, with income taxes ranging

from 40 to 80 per cent, with excess-profits taxes of 100 per cent, with victory at this late hour only to be bought, if at all, with the impoverishment of the whole people — to know what to expect in case of war.

The steel of Nazi realism has proved to us with brutal finality that this new type of warfare is here to stay. Eight nations are in fetters, nations as free-thinking, as liberty-loving as ourselves, because they sought to resist it with the wrong type of defense. Holland, bracing itself, declared that Germany had 'picked the wrong neutral'; it has learned dearly, as we may learn, that to Nazi appetites no neutral is going to be the wrong neutral unless it has the right defense — the power to exchange blow for blow, ruthlessness for ruthlessness, destruction for destruction.

In the ringing words of General Pershing, 'We can defend the things we hold most dear only if we make up our minds now to speak the truth without concealment, if we make up our minds to face the truth without flinching, if we make up our minds to act upon the truth without hesitating.'

UNDERGRADUATES AND THE WAR

BY PAUL P. CRAM

[THE flood of responses to Professor Arnold Whitridge's article, 'Where Do You Stand?' — An Open Letter to American Undergraduates — which appeared in the August *Atlantic*, and those occasioned by the reply, 'We Stand Here,' in the September issue, seemed to the editors to establish a cross section of American undergraduate opinion on questions arising from the war. We submitted these letters to Mr. Cram as case-history material. In the first section of this article he analyzes their content. In the second, he discusses the attitude of American educators toward their students. In his third section he weighs certain modern trends in American education which he believes to be largely responsible for a situation and point of view that many thoughtful men and women find profoundly disturbing. — THE EDITORS]

I

THE replies to Professor Whitridge's article, 'Where Do You Stand?' (predominantly from undergraduates and recent graduates) are so numerous as to preclude any but summary treatment in the space available. It has been necessary to present samplings of opinions which are typical either by reason of their tone or in their content, and to illustrate them by condensed quotations. Wherever possible the name of the college and the home state of the writer are indicated.

The first, and by far the largest category, is that of isolationist and semi-isolationist sentiment. This is so frequent as to deserve the designation *general*. No letter writer favors an overseas expeditionary force. On the other hand, few think complete isolation possible. Virtually every one accepts the need of adequate military defense. Many accept the policy of full material aid for Britain, but on realistic rather than idealistic grounds.

Real and thoroughgoing divergence from Professor Whitridge arises over the extent of the menace to us and the nature of our defense. Usually it is taken

for granted that the Atlantic Ocean will not only hold off Hitler's legions but apparently keep out Dr. Goebbels's propagandists as well. Few think the menace of armed invasion serious, at least for a long time. Seemingly the idea that time is on our side is as common as it was in France and Britain a year ago. Significantly, the softening of our will to resist through German propaganda or the penetration of Latin America by totalitarian ideas, as the Continent has been penetrated, is not seriously discussed. This is remarkable in view of the almost universal fear of domestic propaganda treated below.

Battle is really joined over the question of our duty in the present crisis. Here the divergence between the two generations is plain: our young men do not see any moral issue. They resent the implication that they are dodging a moral issue; they insist that their own position is as idealistic as their fathers'; they deny vehemently that they are cowards, and they accuse their elders of having let them down and of having undergone a sudden, quixotic change of view.

The form of our minds has been moulded by your generation. We were taught that war was wrong, avoidable, inhuman, Europe no concern of ours, full of intriguing diplomats, secret treaties, unpaid war debts, and propaganda; that the British burned Washington in 1814, and that German-Americans were our most thrifty and industrious citizens. Most of all we were warned that, being young, we were impetuous, adventurous, and idealistic. Our entrance into the last war was a masterpiece of folly which enriched the munitions makers. Pictures of mangled bodies and headless children were brought out again. We were particularly instructed never to be swept off our feet by false patriotism like our fathers'. Well, we haven't been. Most of us 'look under the bed for propaganda.' We have become so wise that many of us saw through the President's recent request for money as a bid for reflection. (Harvard; home state, Iowa)

Closely akin to this is the disillusioned query, 'Where is the democracy you fought for, the humanity your classmates died for? What you are attempting is to associate your notions of idealism with us, unwilling as you are to disassociate your ideal and your method. We have lifted your ideal from beneath your feet. We will not wave flags, beat drums, shout meaningless phrases, but the warmth of our hearts will keep this ideal alive. You have killed to live and have died.' (Arizona Teachers' College, '40)

Equally striking is the demand for certainty, apparently the certainty that if they must die in the defense of democracy, even in the limited sphere of the western continents, the objectives of action will be limited, the gains permanent and tangible. No one seems aware that only a Hitler, a demagogue, or a fool could make such guarantees under modern conditions. No one says he will do his duty loyally and cheerfully, cost what it may; very few say they feel a debt to the older generation or to the democracy in which they dwell. Some imply that if conscripted they will go in bitterness

and undying resentment at the horror brought upon them by their elders.

'What guarantee has youth today,' asks a graduate of the University of Arizona, '37 (now teaching at Brown University), 'that the same farcical proceedings will not follow our "noble" death as followed the death of youth in 1919? If one Congress repudiates internationalism, will another embrace it? Wilson is a much admired man today, but I have heard more enthusiasm for Calvin Coolidge.'

The defeatist tone of many of the letters is striking. 'Suppose we go to war, fighting with England, and even suppose we win. We come back with two or three years of college, an honorary diploma, no business experience. The depression hits. What chance have we to secure jobs and a decent livelihood to compete with others who have had five or ten years of experience in the business world or have been to a graduate school? There is a fifty-fifty chance that we may lose a limb so that employers will not want us.' (Amherst, '41; West Virginia)

Consciousness of the economic insecurity produced by war is frequent, though, curiously enough, relatively few seem to realize that the Second World War has already made it inevitable for all of us in one way or another. Some account is taken of the certainty that the defeat of Britain or the German penetration of Latin America will accentuate it still further. These are the children of depression talking, and the demand for economic security above everything else — above democratic traditions, academic freedom, and the like — is both poignant and significant.

We have a mission to perform — we of the Western Hemisphere are in the process of creating a new world civilization. All our native genius and capacities are required for the task, and we shall be doing scant service if we dissipate our energies in other fields. It is absurd to suppose that we must forever seek our leadership in Europe or that our fate is inexorably linked to hers. The per-

fection of democracy and liberty on this continent is a far surer defense than military ventures abroad. We are also preparing to fight, but not in the sterile manner, not for the phantom goal which you urge. Youth proposes to exercise its prerogative to judge for itself and to find its own ideals. (Yale, '40; Maryland)

More precise definition of this program is not offered, though a goodly number of other letters draw vague blueprints for youth's utopia, every one of them centring on material security and prosperity. No one discusses the political, æsthetic, or spiritual details of utopia.

Perhaps the most startling symptom of malaise revealed in the letters is an exaggerated fear of propaganda and emotional words. Since none of the writers has defined propaganda in his own mind or decided what he means by an emotional word, they cannot recognize a moral issue when they see one or differentiate moral indignation from hysteria. The result is an indiscriminate assumption that their elders are sentimentalists or propagandists.

'We were told in 1917 that the Huns would come after us next, but we believe now that it was part of the disease called propaganda which killed our youth.' (A Baltimore interne) It is not necessary to enlarge on this frequent formula or the denunciations of the older generation for its naïveté in dealing with propaganda. 'Professor Whitridge's proselytizing filled me with the most disquiet.' (A young graduate, Colorado) 'We realize that the "Fifth Column" ballyhoo is 99.44 per cent propaganda and bunk, which your generation apparently does not.' (Amherst, '41, quoted above)

'A style replete with inflaming phrases [Professor Whitridge's], lacking denotative precision, which oversimplifies the whole problem of war, a surrender to obscurantism.' (Stanford)

Perhaps I seem confused. I am. I am also forced to confess that the system which I so dislike is not entirely wrong in what it is

doing. There are some things to be said for the German point of view. I refuse to join you on your side of the fence and join the chorus which screams endlessly that Nazi Germany is evil and always has been. (University of Washington)

I won't go into the state of my morals, but in connection with this war it seems to me that morals are out of the question. In college I studied some psychology, and the first lesson I learned was that there is no right or wrong to human behavior. Do you think that the Germans don't believe they are in the right? The question is not of good and evil but of life and happiness. If Hitler wins there will be less of both, therefore I am for the Allies. I am pained at the bombing of a village somewhere in England, but I am also pained when I read about the British bombing a German village. (Smith; New Mexico)

A Dartmouth graduate of the class of 1939 sums up his position: 'We cannot get too excited about the "rape" of Belgium and Holland because we remember England in Africa and India and we remember France under Napoleon.' Not one letter compares the relative merits and defects of Britain and Germany over a period of time, or does more than mention the horrors of the Nazi régime. None assesses war guilt.

Despite Professor Whitridge's restrained tone, the replies contain a surprising amount of innuendo as to his motives, reckless implications of bad faith, hysteria, and callousness on his part, and boasts of the objectivity and superior wisdom of the writers and their generation. This may seem more startling and alarming than the circumstances warrant. Such a tone has been prevalent in college journalism for some time, and need only be mentioned here to warn the unwary against the assumption that it necessarily indicates an unfathomable gulf between two generations.

Inevitably the proponents of a new view think of themselves as crusaders, and rush 'to defend the right.' For this reason it is not necessary to assume that the enormous preponderance of letters

from the isolationist group presents a true picture of the relative strength of the two camps. The supporters of Professor Whitridge did not feel on the defensive, and for that reason sound more restrained and give a general appearance of balance. Here, for instance, is a letter written by a twenty-four-year-old alumnus of a small but famous Massachusetts college to his grandfather: —

Today's news is the blackest yet, but somehow I feel very secure, particularly because our nation is now on the alert and all set to make the gigantic effort which will, I am confident, turn the tide both for the Allies (England now) and for our democratic system of government. I have heard so much pessimistic talk from the older generation that I think you might be interested to know what my friends and I feel about the whole dirty business.

First of all, we have unlimited faith in the United States: our man power is tremendous and fresh, our industrial machine is overwhelmingly superior, we have worlds of fight which needs only to be properly equipped and led to become the most formidable fighting force the world has yet seen. I have still to find the fellow my own age who is unwilling to offer his services — and his life, if need be — to maintain the United States in its present strong position. If compulsory military service for all men of fighting age is the best thing for the safety of our country, all of us are ready today to give up our jobs and learn to be soldiers. Most of us are agreed that we cannot remain an isolationist nation any longer unless we want to be a third-rate power. Those ideas are as defenseless and naive as the Maginot Line. . . .

There never has been a generation in America that had a one hundred per cent easy time of it. Perhaps it will be the job of my generation to fight a long, bitter war against the dictator powers, or at least to go through the sacrifices of financing that war for the British Empire. So what? Every generation has had plenty of troubles and plenty of pleasures, and we are confident that we shall have our share of both. What we hope and need is that the older men of this country don't feel sorry for us, but that they will make use of their wealth of experience and wisdom to show us how to fight. These older men must, however, be sound in their think-

ing, far-visioned in their planning, and bold in their policies. At least nine democracies have succumbed within the past eighteen months to timidity, vacillation, soft thinking, and unwillingness to face hardships. The older men of our country must not expect the younger generation to follow that kind of leadership — we want clean-cut, decisive action, and we'll know it when we see it. We'll never let them down.

No letter *pro* or *contra* is quite comparable to this letter in its entirety, and it needs no amplification or comment to express the consensus of the group opposed to narrow isolation. One other letter is appealing in its humility: —

Hailing from a small college perhaps does not grant me the voice to cope with the mighty tongues of the undergraduates of the more illustrious universities. Nevertheless I am granted a heart. I hope there is still a place for hearts.

We have become cowards, we Americans; we have become cowards because of our selfish and unscrupulous views, because of our lack of foresight, because America to-day sets aside values along with the anthropomorphic gods that science and life justly refute. This cowardly withdrawal has arisen partly because the idealistic young Americans who cried 'make the world safe for democracy' were disillusioned and embittered by the results that followed 1918. They thrust aside the tattered ideals of the past and with it all the valuable ideals that tend to create the understanding, unselfishness, fortitude, and foresight that are strength to the nation that nurtures them. Our god became, as you yourself mentioned, the god success. At last we began to accept evil as a force not capable of being combated with courage or the strength of sincere convictions.

Because we stood naked of our values, we failed to realize that the acceptance of evil was a disgrace that fell upon the shoulders of him who accepted. Our moral death may destroy us in the long run. Today we need men who do not overlook the past, who grasp the present, who not only hold to the ideal of a better future, but work for it. (Ursinus, '40; New York)

No letter out of these hundred-odd unsolicited expressions of opinion from

American university-trained young men approaches the philosophy of the young aviator of the Royal Air Force, lately dead, whose letter to his mother was quoted in the *Christian Science Monitor*: —

Those who serve England must expect nothing from her; we debase ourselves if we regard our country as merely a place in which to eat and sleep. . . . We are faced with the greatest organized challenge to Christianity and civilization that the world has ever seen, and I count myself lucky and honored to be the right age and fully trained to throw my full weight into the scale. For this I have to thank you. . . . I have no fear of death, only a queer elation. . . .

II

Toward the end of their first year as sleeping partners in the Second World War, Americans suddenly began to realize that democracy, after a century of relative security, is everywhere at war. An undeclared war, universal, remorseless, unending, aims at the extinction of democracy. The new strategy of this new kind of war, the 'strategy of terror,' seeks to destroy the will to resist, to anaesthetize the soul, and to splinter the unity of democracy. It has been everywhere successful on the Continent. In a single month it has destroyed the proudest military tradition since the days of Rome, breaking the army of France. It may destroy forever the most gracious civilization the western world has known, if it can shatter the soul of France.

Dimly sensing the implications of all this, Americans began to turn uneasy eyes toward the youth of America, noting the sharp, even bitter gulf opening between two war generations, between the fathers, veterans of the First World War, and the sons, destined defenders of democracy, if it is to be defended, in the Second World War.

Such was the background of the symposium on 'America and War' in the *Boston Sunday Herald* (June 30, 1940).

This symposium, to be sure, did not cover schools and colleges outside New England, but since New England draws students from all over the nation, and the educators quoted were analyzing the views of their students as well as expressing personal convictions, the narrowness of range is more apparent than real. The collective diagnosis by this representative and influential group of New England educators, and their comments on the present attitude of our undergraduates, taken in conjunction with the mosaic of national student opinion provided by the replies to Professor Whitridge, present an illuminating and disturbing aspect of our national crisis.

Our young school and college men, say the educators, are serious, well-equipped idealists, and courageous. Confused children of a cynical generation, born amid an orgy of prosperity, and reared in depression, they were told by their elders that war was a futile, sordid business. The historical half-truths of their fathers (and especially, it must be added, of their mothers) demonstrated that the First World War and the peace were a betrayal. Economic determinism and prosperity were played up. Their parents, as President Hopkins points out, tried to save them from all the hardness of life, seeking for their sons, as for themselves, the easier way. Psychologically unprepared for the present cataclysm, our young men are eager to get on with their careers. Dubious about the merits of each side in the great battle for western civilization, they are indifferent, but when the crisis comes they will be worthy of our best traditions. If one may judge by the letters to Professor Whitridge, student opinion heartily endorses this defense by one of its teachers.

A rapid, if delayed, shift of student opinion followed the invasion of Holland and Belgium. Some of our youth, it is pointed out, eventually became aware of the moral issue, even saw, at long last, that our way of life is directly menaced.

General inertia has been succeeded by a general willingness to fight in defense of this continent, even, in the case of some, for this hemisphere, always provided guarantees are given that the peace will meet their wishes. This interpretation is hardly strengthened by the letters, for there is slight evidence of patriotic ardor, small feeling of responsibility to society. Such responsibility as there is seems rather a sense of obligation to youth.

Dr. Fuess of Andover, and others, exculpate the young men now on the threshold of college and in college on the ground that 'the indifference of our students to the moral issues in the present war' represents 'the reactions of a nation which still hardly knows its own mind,' and is sadly in need of leadership. This exculpation releases a large black cat from the academic bag.

For years American secondary school boys and college men have been the recipients of an unprecedented bounty, an increasingly heavy charge upon the nation, justified by the universal assumption that higher education is a sound investment in potential leadership. Now Dr. Fuess implies that these same young men must be excused for their indifference to the greatest crisis of civilization since the Christian era, because they are no better and 'no worse than the nation of which they are a phase and an essential part.' The Headmaster of Tabor Academy turns the knife in the wound by saying that our boys will begin to realize their full responsibilities after a month in their homes and local communities.

Reduced to its simplest terms, this means that the recipients of a unique educational bounty have done no better in a pinch than their less favored fellows. In a society already close to the limits of its permissible errors, such a diagnosis, if correct, is tantamount to an admission of a dangerous defect in the education of an especially favored group. This view is reinforced by the letters.

Dr. Perry of Exeter maintains the

thesis that young men are realistic. He quotes the commencement oration of one of his seniors to the effect that youth greeted Hitler's advance with wonder rather than indignation, felt little indignation at the invasion of Poland, and considerably less than their elders at the catastrophe of Norway, Belgium, and Holland, but would not make the mistake of idealizing Hitler. The young orator might have added, as a further demonstration of realism, that the heroic deeds of the British Army at Dunkirk and the simple bravery of French youth produced not a ripple of admiration among his contemporaries. That admiration, if one may judge from their letters, is reserved for the Hitler they do not idealize, but seem to admire because he 'delivers the goods.' Certainly the few specific repudiations of Hitler are in the most restrained manner.

The constant assertion that youth is sound and can be depended on in a real crisis looks comforting in the symposium. It ignores the fact that the crisis is upon us and that the symposium was designed to explain why the young men have failed us. In any case this cheerful conviction has an uncomfortable suggestion of the fatal and futile complacency of Britain and France a year ago.

It is now beside the point for French educators to say (if any do) that, given time, their pupils would have thought wisely, would have died nobly. Their first duty to French democracy was to prepare their youth for the terrible hour of decision. France was not ready for the supreme test, and there is an awful lesson in that fact for every teacher in every democracy in the world.

Obviously, to defend our boys on the ground that they are good, but slow, is no longer an answer. Educators must stop such wishful thinking and find a way, not merely to make democratic idealism vital and efficient, but to make it more vital and more efficient than its ruthless and terrible rival. The search for an historical alibi must be trans-

formed into a hard, honest analysis of their own defects. Let us continue our examination of the symposium on this basis.

Dr. Wriston, President of Brown University, supplements the usual diagnosis of the current 'young-man problem' with a veiled allegation that President Roosevelt's criticisms of American democracy for failing to do its duty by youth and old age are in some degree responsible for the lack of tone of our young people. Historically the deterioration of our youth may equally well be dated from the deterioration revealed by their elders in the League of Nations election, the Harding scandals, Coolidge prosperity, and Hoover complacency. To attribute this development even partially to one administration is to distort historical perspective and attribute an unbelievable influence to a single personality.

Contrasting the totalitarian lands with the United States, Dr. Wriston feels that they have known how to 'arouse youth by calling for a spirit of self-sacrifice in defense of their ideals.' Our own CCC and NYA are dismissed as a 'lifeline of palliatives.' Surely the President of Brown does not think that dubious mottoes over the door of German youth camps make them any less a palliative than our own. Does Dr. Wriston really think that Nazi youth, whether playing the traitor to their erstwhile Norwegian hosts or turning machine guns on helpless refugees in Belgium and France, were demonstrating such virtue that one prefers their 'spirit of self-sacrifice' to the ideals inculcated by our 'lifeline of palliatives'? If the head of a university feels such tolerance, is it remarkable that students fail to sense a moral issue here?

Dr. Marsh, President of Boston University, in his diagnosis implies bad faith on the part of the President of the United States, saying of present-day youth that 'it will take a great deal more than war psychosis created by a President's ambitions for a third term to convince them of any real danger from this

source [Hitler's plans].' The unpleasant impression of such words from an educator and a clergyman is not removed by the mincing opening of the next paragraph, 'In the above I have *not necessarily* [italics mine] been expressing my own opinion.' Either Dr. Marsh is accusing the President of the United States of something akin to treason or he is not. Which is it? Does anyone wonder that students lack epistolary dignity, or feel surprise at their partisanship and their propaganda psychosis, when educators indulge in such public innuendo?

Another clergyman, Dr. Moody of Middlebury, combines idealism of tone and realism of diagnosis in a devastating analysis, which touches the nub of the matter, when he says that the attitude of the college man is 'an encouragement if not an asset to the foes of the American way of life.' Had the President of Middlebury written with the answers to Professor Whitridge before him, he could not have made a better summary of them. 'The student body is almost fanatically insistent on what they consider their rights,' he says, adding that it is hard to reconcile this attitude with their apparent indifference to those of others. He wishes that 'we heard more about duties and less about rights.' Youth, he continues, 'refuses to accept clear evidence, calling it propaganda, and swallows bait, hook, and sinker all they are told about the depravity of politicians, and, while they cry out against slogans, utter them constantly.'

Dr. Moody's conclusion reaches a plane above the general level of the symposium: 'Force is foolish, but alas, sometimes our only resort. Mankind has been guilty of greed, but is also capable of heroism. War has turned some men into beasts. But it has made martyrs of others and refined the dross away.'

To adjust the perspective, let us turn from the professional educators to two professional writers, one a 'repentant liberal,' the other a realistic newspaper

man and radio commentator of international reputation for honesty and penetration. In fairness to the educators it must be remembered that the symposium was a relatively hurried, *ad hoc* job, not to be judged by quite the same standards as Mr. MacLeish's gracious *mea culpa* or Mr. Swing's Olivet Baccalaureate.

Mr. MacLeish's conclusions are ominous, and it is symptomatic that among the educators Dr. Moody alone approached him in penetration and perspective. 'If the younger generation in America is distrustful of all words, distrustful of all moral judgments of better and worse, then it is incapable of using the only weapon with which fascism can be fought, and the moral and spiritual unpreparedness of the country is worse than its unpreparedness in arms.' Written as this was before the collapse of France, it takes on a terrifying mantic quality in the light of details leaking out from the ruins of French democracy.

Mr. Swing, speaking in a tone suited to the occasion of his address, says in part, 'If they [the young] must question all outer semblances, have they learned to trust the processes of establishing truth, which can be demonstrated in the research laboratory and in the recesses of their own souls? If a man does not believe in the godhood that is in him, he is going to believe there is godhood in the dictator. Not having cared for responsibility, which is the other meaning of freedom, he will have thrown all responsibility on the leader. Man was not always free to say, think, read, what he pleased. Men died for these things. The men who founded this Republic prized these things more than life itself. We are their heirs.'

Can we escape the conclusion that one possible explanation for the great gulf opening between the generations today lies in the fact that it was neither an educator nor a clergyman, but a newspaper man, who best diagnosed the mortal sickness of democracy and best de-

fined the task of education in a democracy? Is there no connection between the keen sense of frustration common among young teachers and lackadaisical cant among the undergraduates? This raises a fundamental problem of our educational policy.

III

Since the First World War, the general tendency toward expansion of educational endowment has been phenomenal. Before 1929, money poured out in floods, and only recently has there been a really serious slackening of the tide. Confusing expansion of plant and an almost fanatical ardor in creating an educational bureaucracy — a process which may justly be called 'educational inflation' — with improved educational production, we have gone ahead for two decades until a situation has arisen in the academic world exactly parallel with that in business and government. An aloof, Byzantine administration of executives, experts, statisticians, and other academic camp followers, dominates the educational scene, and dwarfs the ultimate personality, in this case the teacher, overwhelming him in machinery.

Leadership in American education during the last twenty years has passed into the hands of administrators rather than teachers. Few indeed are the teachers who, upon being elevated to places of great power, continue to exercise the teaching function. Soon the teacher is lost in the administrator. Constant necessity to reconcile himself with parents, alumni, students, the press, the public, donors, and now more and more with professional educationists, blurs his perspective. Before he knows it, he has submerged the supreme task of the teacher in a democracy, which is to form character and to create personality, beneath the collection of statistics and the construction of graphs.

Under the circumstances, it is hardly astonishing that the nation and its edu-

cators (I will not say teachers, for they anticipated it) are suddenly faced with the terrifying fact that Whitehead was right when he said, 'Man cannot live by bread alone, still less can he live on disinfectants.' Inevitably they ask themselves anxiously what will be the future of democratic society, which, no more than man, can live on disinfectants.

We shall make a great error if we assume that the unhappy state of our young men is solely the result of a spiritual *Blitzkrieg*, and we shall be less than just if we assume that the entire responsibility rests on the generation of educators who are represented in the *Herald* symposium. At the worst their remarks are symptoms, not causes, and the American parent must assume his share of blame.

To understand the process by which the spiritual and ethical content has been exhausted from American education, it is necessary to recall a little history. The colonizers of this country and the founders of the Republic were, broadly speaking, the spiritual and intellectual heirs of two great disciplines, the one best represented by the Bible, especially the King James version, and the other by the Classics. Our young nation established no state church, set up no ruling aristocracy, before it embarked on a career of continental expansion, creating an American civilization of movement and frontier psychology rather than a contemplative, static society.

Close upon the heels of this development came the French Revolution and the Industrial Revolution, from which there stemmed in the course of the nineteenth century the tradition of our national figure *par excellence*, the business man.

Essentially pragmatic and without perspective, though often endowed with daring and imagination, the business man concentrated on the present and the future. As there was neither a state clergy nor an aristocracy, the defense of the ancient disciplines of the past as a

guide to life rested almost wholly with the older, endowed institutions of learning, and the battle against the new materialism and ephemeral perspective was a losing one practically from the first.

The old educational tradition was still further shaken by the tremendous impact of the new science and technology, of Marxism, and of Freudian psychology. The Bible and the Classics ceased to dominate the curriculum, and then ceased even to play a vital rôle in it. Finally, no integrated, general, spiritual or ethical discipline filled the vacuum.

No other system of society depends to such a degree on a common ethical and spiritual purpose as does democracy. For this reason, the dichotomy between two generations in our gravest crisis is as threatening to the unity of our nation as the catalytic effect of Christianity was to the unity of Rome, and for exactly similar reasons. On this account, if for no other, the task of our teachers at the present moment is one of the most terrible responsibilities in modern times.

With the disappearance of the King James Bible as a vital element in our thinking and our reading, there disappeared from our national thought the centuries-old source of the democratic ideals and practical ethics of the common man of the English-speaking world. At the same time there disappeared one of the greatest classics of our vernacular literature, perhaps the happiest fusion of lofty sentiment and noble language since the days of Plato and Thucydides. At one and the same time, the Bible provided a common emotional and spiritual vocabulary for the nation, a great model of lofty expression, and a stern code for all sections of society. Outside the English-speaking world, probably no comparable literary source of unity is to be found. Today we can begin to see dimly what its loss has meant.

With the Classics went the oldest educational tradition of western man, a potent bond between American culture

and European thought, just as the Bible was a precious link between the two Anglo-Saxon democracies. Is it, then, extraordinary that we have to lament that our sons are cold to the agonies of the great tradition to which our culture belongs, indifferent to the fate of British democracy, though our national fate is inseparable from it, and are ready to call a policy which will leave our democracy to face totalitarian ruthlessness alone and isolated, a policy of 'realism'?

From the code of the ancient world, and its revival in the humanistic tradition of the Renaissance, came the English code of the gentleman, the embodiment of the ideals of heroic individuality and personal leadership without which no democracy has long been able to survive. Significantly enough this code is now subject to constant jeers from Berlin.

Through long apprenticeship in the Classics, men acquired habits of close analysis of thought and expression, habits of exact definition of idea and word, a sense of propriety in thought and act, a feeling for loftiness of conduct and speech — an intuitive technique in dealing with human and political ideas that prepared them for personal self-discipline, for self-government, and for leadership in society. The necessity of understanding a distant and widely different civilization was an important training in perspective, and, most precious of all, a unique school for the imagination. Certainly two more perfectly complementary disciplines than the Bible and the Classics have never been offered in Anglo-Saxon educational history, nor two more essential to the preservation of a democracy.

Before it was possible to give modern languages, literatures, and histories a fair trial as a replacement for the humanistic discipline, two new elements appeared to complicate the problem — the fashion for science, and the vogue for 'modern education.'

No man in his senses will question the

greatness or brilliance of the giants of science. Still less will he deny that some of the great scientists have been great sages, for many examples come readily to mind. This is not the same thing as saying that science as taught to-day in the United States deserves the emphasis that is being placed on it. The explanation of this distinction is simple.

One of the greatest merits of science is that it is an exacting master, and another is that it demands an intuitive technique all its own. But the other side of the shield is that science, partly by virtue of these two great merits, is highly departmentalized. Even if a boy pursues science through four years of secondary school under good instruction, he will have mastered, not science as an approach to ideas and to society, but science as an approach to more advanced science. As often as not, science will become for him an insulation from society. He will scarcely have begun to think of science as a key to civilization and human relations.

There is no reason to assume that this will remain a permanent defect of a discipline which is at once one of the newer and one of the most dynamic branches of human knowledge. Nevertheless, so long as this difficulty persists, it must remain a serious objection to the establishment of science as a foundation for education in a democracy.

Despite the risk of appearing, to my scientific friends, outrageously partisan, it seems impossible to leave hard questions unasked at this point: (1) Can we rule out all connection between the materialistic indifference of our youth and the current emphasis on the ruthless formulæ of science? (2) May it not be that scientific determinism has helped to undermine the roots of democracy exactly as Marxian economic and historical determinism has done? (3) Can all possibility of a connection between the prestige of German science and the ruthlessness of Nazidom be excluded?

Finally, coming with great diffidence

to a subject I fear I do not understand, 'modern education,' I must speak very humbly. As I conceive the new gospel, it rests upon the modern developments of psychology, and assumes that the individual personality and its fullest development are the concern and point of departure of education. Certainly no honest devotee of the humane tradition can quarrel with that. Still less can he question, in the abstract at least, the corollary that the individual is to be allowed the fullest practicable latitude in the choice of his curriculum, with a view to expanding and enriching his personality to the maximum as a preparation for life.

A second fundamental assumption seems to be that there is little distinction to be made between subjects on the basis of educational or disciplinary value. To this point of view many people apparently are inclined to enter a caveat, and even some advanced educational opinion appears prepared to question it.

Beyond this point the woods begin to darken. For example, a tendency emerges in the 'new education' to treat the individual as though he would exist in a social, political, and economic vacuum forever. Undoubtedly this does liberate his personality for the moment, but does it not also prepare a cold gray dawn when the individual enters the cruel world?

Socrates, first and greatest of teachers, saw that the deposit of early education remains fixed, and when he was on trial for his life observed that it was easy to cure people of errors acquired in later life, but difficult to eradicate notions picked up in youth. In this case, the immediate question is whether or not there may be a connection between habits of unlimited self-expression fixed in formative years, and the present want of a concept of duties to balance rights, noted by Dr. Moody and many teachers, and painfully evident in the letters to Professor Whitridge.

Similarly, certain difficulties seem to

flow from the enrichment and diversification of the curriculum implied by this theory. I am by no means sure that it is well for a lad to know four fields of history superficially rather than two carefully selected and complementary histories with thoroughness. I am positive that boys who have covered the history of western man from the primordial slime to the French Revolution in one year will have very little conception of the tremendous importance of the French Revolution or its relation to our own democracy.

Likewise I must question if a college freshman who in school has substituted a brief, premature, and inevitably superficial study, let us say of economics, plus a course in contemporary civilization, for a solid, if less fascinating, course in European history from 1500 to the present, will be qualified to think very straight on current problems of immediate and vital importance to all Americans. Certainly slovenly historical education of our youth and slovenly training in the basic disciplines of thought have contributed enormously to their pathetic enslavement to propaganda, and to the low estate of American democracy.

In this connection it also seems important to ask if 'modern education' does not share in the common task of education, the duty to prepare the new, integrated personality to carry on the democratic process, and to protect democracy from ideological as well as military assault. Dr. Moody's contribution, and the observations of a good many veteran teachers, indicate that this goal has not always been achieved.

Such is the specific problem facing our teachers. It has been admirably put into full perspective in Alfred Cobban's *Dictatorship, Its History and Theory*. Cobban points out that the decay of western religion alone is insufficient to account for a change of such magnitude as the one now sweeping the world; that this shift violates the long trend of modern history, and that in the last fifty

years great strides in education have not been accompanied by parallel progress in liberty, but an increase in nationalism, dictatorship, and totalitarian tendencies.

Responsibility for this phenomenon, in Cobban's view, rests, to no small degree, on the change in educational ideals. At the end of the Middle Ages, control of the state passed to men educated in the humanism of the Ancient World, just then revived in the Renaissance. To the humanist, education was a preparation for the responsibilities of government, the art of government a profession like any other. In England this tradition was dominant from More to Gladstone, and is still vital. A similar trend existed throughout Europe. Such a training in the Classics produced a ruling aristocracy resting on education as well as blood and birth.

Modern education, Cobban continues, has ceased to fulfill this mission; for whether in the humanities, science, or history, the desiccating rule of the specialist has robbed learning of its ancient philosophical and speculative content, cut it off from the life of the community, and replaced the rule of philosophical governors with the rule of experts who substitute meticulous, scientific exactitude in the mastery of detail for a grasp of the broader, humane values.

Few sounder observations could be made than Cobban's statement that the art of government is not merely a technique but a psychological attitude, better absorbed from tradition than transmitted by instruction. Today the older forms of government are on trial wherever western civilization exists, because the remarkable technical progress of civilization has broken down the prestige of ancient ways and old traditions. This produces a sense of domestic insecurity, and leads the intelligentsia, now without an important direct share in government, to welcome the rule of the new, supreme expert, the totalitarian dictator.

Cobban's final query at this point raises the problem facing teachers in the terrible year 1940: 'The Ages of Faith may be returning, but will it be a faith built up on the inherited culture of a great civilization, or will it be the fetishism of a new Dark Age? Whatever it is, it will be imposed by force, for the expert has armed authority with almost irresistible power for the destruction of freedom of thought and for the slow but irresistible barbarization of the western world.'

It is already too late to repair our errors in dealing with the post-war generations. In that sense, they may be said to be lost generations, and we must accept the results of our handiwork. At the moment we have one task, the obliteration of Hitlerism on land and on sea — and from our spirit. Until that task is done, thoroughgoing reform of democratic education must wait.

Meantime we must recall the words of the young man to his grandfather, quoted above, and remember that some of our youth want an end of 'timidity, vacillation, soft thinking, and unwillingness to face hardships.' That must be the cornerstone of our ultimate educational reform, as it must be the foundation of victory.

Once victory has been won, we must turn a pitiless eye on our educational short cuts, the sentimental softness of our pedagogy, our willful blindness to the bitter lessons of the past, and must root out the projections of a sordid epoch from educational thought and practice.

As we embark on our task of reform we shall do well to remember that the man who wrote, 'Those who serve England must expect nothing from her; we debase ourselves if we regard our country as merely a place in which to eat and sleep,' spoke for a nation whose educational tradition reaches back through Arnold of Rugby, More, and Colet, to Socrates.

POEMS

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

INCOMPREHENSIBLE

ENGROSSED in the day's news, I read
Of all in man that's vile and base,
Horrors confounding heart and head —
Massacre, murder, filth, disgrace:
Then paused. And thought did inward tend —
On my own past and self to dwell.
Whereat some inmate muttered, 'Friend,
If you and I plain truth must tell,
Everything human we comprehend,
Only too well, too well.'

DOUBLE DUTCH

THAT crafty cat, a buff-black Siamese
Sniffing through wild wood, sagely, silently goes,
And in her secret errand reads with ease
A language no man knows.

HIC JACET

HERE lies one, who, hating strife,
Kept to a peaceful and private life.
Rare gifts were his to share; but none
Will keep him from oblivion.
It was his weakness, and his grace,
To choose the lower, lesser place;
There, if he shone — for a natural wealth —
Like glowworm 'twas — as if by stealth.
Men there are many, well-called great,
Who win, of right, as rich a state.
He shunned that fiercer light, lest he
Should lose the quiet of privacy.
Even a lift of the eyelid proved
How much he valued what he loved.
There peered from his hazed, faded eyes
A self by solitude made wise;
As if within one mind may lie
All the soul needs for company;
And having that in safety there,
Finds its reflection everywhere.
Heart's tempests must have waxed and waned;
Serenest deeps than these remained;
Full tides, that silent well, may be
Mark of no less profound a sea.
Age proved his blessing, since it brought
What, half-unwitting, he had sought
Life long; and found him reconciled
To die, as he had lived, a child:
He had come full circle. Now he is gone.
Stranger, respect his all: this stone.

HU SHIH: SAGE OF MODERN CHINA

BY MARQUIS W. CHILDS

I

OF all the men who have been sent from the four corners of the earth to Washington during the past hundred and fifty years to represent their various governments, none, it is a safe surmise, is more representative of his people and his time than the present Ambassador of China. His Excellency Dr. Hu Shih has lived the transformation of his country, its agonies, its torments, its bitterly won achievements, the terror and the shock, the long, painful travail. And in his short, solid body, in his scholarly, far-ranging mind, in the clear, unwavering humanity of his outlook, is a faith he has finally won to, formed out of the old and the new, the good and the bad.

That is why for America in the present crisis Hu Shih is more than an ambassador. He is a symbol of steadfast courage, of patience, of faith and good will, of intelligence, the virtues that Americans must now draw upon. His hope in the ultimate victory of his nation and the democratic ideal it embodies has never faltered, even though the capital of his country is a beleaguered outpost in the foothills of Tibet, accessible only over a difficult and tortuous road more than a thousand miles from the sea. We of the West who have taken the privileges and prerogatives of democracy so lightly for granted have not a little to learn from this scholar whom China has so generously sent us.

Honors have been heaped upon him by the universities of the world. His published works in English and Chinese

fill several shelves. He was instrumental in giving his people a new and simpler language, a democratic tool to replace the complex classical language. But in his life perhaps as much as in his achievements is Hu Shih's contribution.

At twelve he was already a scholar for whom the future seemed to hold great promise. For that matter, before he was three years old he knew 800 characters of the classical language, taught him by his father, who wrote them on slips of pink paper. In his twelfth year his mother, daughter of a peasant farmer, contracted for his marriage to the child of a family that had long been close in friendship. This custom of child engagement went back many centuries. It occurred to no one, least of all to the boy whose future was being signed away, to question it.

Shortly afterward he left his province of Anweih to study the 'new learning' in Shanghai. His mother, although she could neither read nor write, had been unsparing in her effort to perfect his education. She paid his teacher three times the usual fee of \$2 silver a year so that the classics he memorized were explained to him, while ordinary pupils merely learned them by rote. Kept from play with the village children, at five he had earned the nickname 'Shien-seng,' the Master.

Shanghai was a vast new world. Hu Shih worked with the extraordinary concentration which has enabled him to excel in so many fields. He read incessantly.

santly in the classics of the West. And so impressed was he with the 'new learning' that he took a western name. Shih means 'fittest,' a name taken from the Darwinian phrase 'survival of the fittest.'

But in his teens came a period of disillusionment, characteristic of a highly precocious adolescent, and typical, too, of the brilliant young Chinese of the time, who felt that progress was hopelessly slow. At the same time, misfortunes overwhelmed his family and he was forced to give up his studies in order to teach English and so support himself and his mother. Hu Shih and his friends wrote gloomy poetry. They drank and dissipated. One rainy night, he relates in his autobiography, when he was dead-drunk, he fought with a policeman and landed in jail.

At home the next morning, a line from the poetry of the great Li Po came into his mind: 'Some use might yet be made of this material born in me.' Hu Shih stopped teaching, gave up his friends, and after a month of intensive study went to Peking to take the examination for one of the university scholarships in America financed by the Boxer Indemnity fund. He passed the examination, and toward the end of his eighteenth year sailed for San Francisco.

For seven years, first at Cornell and then at Columbia, he studied philosophy, having found that he could not force himself to pursue a course in scientific agriculture. With the culture and the science of the West added to his knowledge of China's ancient wisdom, he went home to fulfill his marriage contract. His bride was a woman with bound feet, virtually illiterate. Why did he go through with this marriage, so contrary to all that he had learned from the time that he signed the contract? The answer is simple. To have failed to live up to the contract would have brought sorrow and disgrace to several people.

Two sons were born to the wife of Hu Shih. Of the loyalty and devotion

that have grown up in this marriage there have been many manifestations. When the Japanese were about to take Peking, Hu Shih's wife was alone in their home. She resolved to save what she knew was most precious to her husband — his books and manuscripts. Somehow, Hu Shih says he will never understand how, she managed to have seventy big boxes containing many thousands of volumes transported to the comparative safety of a treaty port. In the confusion and uncertainty of war-torn China that was a minor miracle.

II

It is hard to realize, in talking with the Ambassador on the verandah of his Washington residence, how far back into the past his roots go. He speaks easily, rapidly, with only a slight accent, developing a line of thought with the careful logic that is a result, in part at least, of his study with Professor John Dewey at Columbia University. Hu Shih's quick sense of humor finds expression in an abrupt, rather startling laugh. His eyes twinkle behind horn-rimmed glasses. Ordinarily his expression is sober. And when he speaks of the sufferings of his countrymen — particularly of the trials of the government at Chungking, where 6000 civilians were killed in a single air raid — a profound sadness is on his face. It is not despair, not hatred, not fear; only a deep sorrow.

In all his work is his humanitarianism. When he was still a student at Cornell, he started the controversy that was to end with adoption of the *pai-hua*, the common speech, as the official language of China. There had been lengthy discussions of the need to publish books in the *pai-hua*, so that learning would be available to a larger proportion of the people. But it was taken for granted that this would be for the common people, with the literary language reserved for the literati. Declaring boldly that the *pai-hua* should serve for all purposes,

Hu Shih began to write poetry in the common speech.

This radical break with the past soon produced a storm of criticism. But it also brought ardent followers who agreed with the young student. It was actually the beginning of a Chinese renaissance, a vast flowering of ideas and hopes expressed in the common language. Hu Shih is called the father of this renaissance. His position has been compared to that of Chaucer and Dante, who first were bold enough to write not in Latin but in the living tongue of the common people. Early in his revolt he wrote a 'Pledge Poem' that was his declaration of independence. It began: —

No more will I lament the Spring,
No more bewail the Autumn scene —
Here is my 'Pledge song'!

Forswearing the traditional elements of the highly formalized poetry of his native land, he concluded: —

For poetic materials, have we not at our
command this modern world?

In many ways Hu Shih was an innovator. Returning to China after his American studies, he was made professor of Chinese philosophy at Peking National University. There was considerable skepticism about this young upstart who had spent so many years in the materialistic United States. The very first day he walked into the classroom and announced that the course would begin not with the mythical sages, part of the formalized classical learning for nearly 2000 years, but with the first historical events for which there is any substantiating evidence. The effect of this bombshell on the class could scarcely be exaggerated. A young student who was later to become one of Hu Shih's followers has said that it produced almost a physical revolt in the classroom, so sharp was the break with tradition.

The controversy became increasingly bitter. Classical scholars — particularly Lin Shu, who argued that the classical

language was eternal — carried the dispute into the field of politics. A demand came for the dismissal of the Minister of Education, the Chancellor of the University, and all the younger professors who had brought back from the West the new science and the new critical scholarship.

It was not that Hu Shih wanted to supplant Chinese culture with the learning of the West. But he knew that China could not isolate itself from the western world. And he believed passionately that China could never become a democracy so long as the culture of the country was confined to a few scholars. It was no use, he realized, superimposing a western political system on a land made up of illiterate peasants plus a hierarchy of priestly scholars. He was quick to rebuke his young compatriots when he saw them embracing western doctrines with the same uncritical belief in which the old gods had been held.

In the period after the May Fourth Movement of 1919, Hu Shih was a restraining influence on young revolutionists who were seizing on westernisms and theories. 'We should study all "isms" and "theories,"' he wrote at this time, 'but these are hypothetical solutions. You should not take them as the golden mean.' In the same vein a few years later he addressed this warning to young hotheads: 'You are ashamed to follow blindly Confucius and Chu Hsi, and you should be ashamed, too, when you blindly follow Marx, Lenin, and Stalin.'

III

Hu Shih had once declared that philosophy was his profession, literature his entertainment, and politics his obligation. The troubled state of China through the twenties compelled him to more active participation. He edited the *Nu Li* weekly (the literal meaning is 'Strenuous Effort') to expose corruption and inefficiency. But his friends protested that his appointed task of fus-

ing and creating a new Chinese culture was far more important than any immediate political reform.

Gradually his intellectual interests claimed him again. One of his objectives was to bring about a recognition of the cultural significance of the popular novels written in the pai-hua that every Chinese, rich and poor alike, has read. The scholars had looked down on them, and, while they read these stirring and all too human epics of Chinese life, it was, as they had been written, clandestinely and with a sense of guilt. Now Hu Shih made his countrymen appreciate their real greatness. Furthermore, with the resources of critical scholarship, he cut through the anonymity surrounding their authorship and proved them to be the work of authors of long-established respectability.

At the same time he was working on his *History of Chinese Philosophy*, a monumental work he has never completed. With his teaching, his continuing interest in politics, his keen awareness of world events and world trends, Hu Shih's life was extremely full. He was the modern sage, in the ancient tradition of China but with all the intellectual resources of the twentieth century at his instant command.

Japan's undeclared war, beginning in 1937 with the ruthless attack on civilian Shanghai, had not been entirely unexpected. Chinese leaders were aware of the Japanese ambition to subjugate China, to stamp out all vestiges of modernism and leave nothing but a slave population dependent on Japanese masters and vitiated by the opium habit. Hu Shih knew that his academic life was over, for how long no one could say. There was no hesitation in his response. Completely independent in his political judgments, he had often been critical of General Chiang Kai-shek. Now he offered to serve the leader who had the nation behind him.

It was recognized at once that Dr. Hu Shih's greatest usefulness would be in

America, where, because of his numerous friends and his wide knowledge of the country, he could stimulate interest in the Chinese cause. Shortly after the outbreak of the war he returned to this country, and in 1938 he was named Ambassador. It is an assignment that makes heavy demands on him. Besides carrying on all the negotiations inevitably resulting from a long and costly war, he is under constant request to speak in various parts of the country. This past spring he spoke at nine college commencements. When Hu Shih talks to an American audience it is ordinarily not about the immediate problems of his country but about the democratic ideal and the need to guard that ideal in the world today.

Nothing that is happening in Europe or in Asia has shaken his belief in democracy. Realizing the seriousness of the time we are living through, he nevertheless does not subscribe to the present pessimism. Democracy has been tested, he points out, in many countries and under many circumstances. New forms have been worked out, in Australia, in Sweden, in the United States, in Great Britain. The process is a continuous and evolutionary one, and there will inevitably be interruptions, periods of profound pessimism. It is a coincidence and nothing more, in the view of Hu Shih, that democracy should seem to fail at a time when the economic system which we live under is suffering severe dislocation. But democracy, he insists, is not necessarily dependent on capitalism.

It is a striking fact that, under the pressure of war, China has extended rather than suppressed democratic controls. Faced with shortages of essential material, the Chinese have formed industrial coöperatives and by the most heroic efforts have created factories for the production of munitions, clothing, shoes. In Hu Shih's opinion this remarkable development was possible because of the underlying sense of

democracy that infuses his whole people.

Primarily, he says, it has been the system of examinations for official position, open to everyone without respect to rank or degree, which has made China a classless nation, democratic in the broadest sense of the word. Education was comparatively inexpensive, and preparation for the examinations, based on the old classical learning, was possible for even very humble citizens. Then, too, as long ago as 200 B.C. the law of primogeniture, under which all property passes to the eldest son, was abolished in China, with the result that estates were not closely held for century after century. Likewise the small palace aristocracy changed with each shift in dynasty.

Even more important, perhaps, was the fact that China, of necessity because of its vast area, has always been a loose federation of semi-autonomous provinces. Hu Shih puts especial stress on this. So long as certain minimum requirements were met, there was a wide degree of tolerance. 'We have a saying,' the Ambassador explains, 'that "Heaven is high and the Emperor is far away." That expresses the latitude which has been allowed in Chinese life.'

IV

It is perhaps not an exaggeration to say that Hu Shih's belief in the democratic ideal, with all that it implies for human enlightenment and human decency, is his religion. He has come by his faith over a long and circuitous course that has led past the shrines of the old gods and the loud persuasion of the new dogmas.

Hu Shih's father, an educated official, held to the rationalist philosophy of Confucius. On the gate of their home, he recalls, was a sign warning away Taoist and Buddhist beggars. His father died when the boy was four years old, and a year later he worked very hard, under his mother's encouragement, to build a paper temple in honor of the

great sage. He hung up the scrolls and the tablets, copied from his books, and burned incense sticks, and his mother believed that surely the spirit of Confucius would look down and help the boy to a scholarly career of rich reward.

But the mother of Hu Shih, no longer under the stern, rationalist eye of her husband, lapsed into worship of the old deities and the ancestor rituals. Her favorite, the son remembers, was Kwan-yin, Goddess of Mercy. Once the boy and his mother went on a pilgrimage to a temple dedicated to this benevolent goddess on a mountain top. The mother walked all the way over a stony path in spite of the pain which her bound feet caused her.

As the boy grew older he rebelled against the gaudy idols that he saw around him. The folk versions of Heaven and Hell no longer had power to hold him. In his reading he had come across a brief passage describing a philosopher of the fifth century named Fan Chen, who defended before the whole Imperial Court the theory of the destructibility of the spirit or soul. These sentences summing up Fan Chen's argument made a deep impression on the boy:—

'The body is the material basis of the spirit, and the spirit is only the functioning of the body. The spirit is to the body what sharpness is to a sharp knife. We have never known the existence of sharpness after the destruction of the knife. How can we admit the survival of the spirit when the body is gone?'

The young agnostic suggested to his comrades once that they push some ancient images into the village pool, and this greatly distressed his mother. At Shanghai he absorbed Hobbes, Descartes, Rousseau, Bentham, Kant, the sages and prophets of the West. During the first World War, while he was in the United States, he became an ardent pacifist, a believer in nonresistance. (He describes himself today as an expacifist.) He was an internationalist, a

student of Ibsen, John Morley, and Huxley. John Dewey's *How We Think* and *Essays in Experimental Logic* made a lasting impression on him, as did the American temper with its irrepressible optimism.

During his boyhood he had cherished the ancient doctrine of the 'Three Immortalities' — Virtue, Service, and Wise Speech. For his own use he translated this into the immortality of the three W's — Worth, Work, and Words. At his mother's death he pondered this simple doctrine and came to the conclusion that it was too narrow, too restricting, ruling out too much of human activity. Finally, as expressed so perfectly in his own analysis of how he arrived at a philosophy of life, this became his faith: —

'As I reviewed the life of my dead mother, whose activities had never gone beyond the trivial details of the home but whose influence could be clearly seen on the faces of those men and women who came to mourn her death, and as I recalled the personal influence of my father on her whole life and its lasting effect on myself, I came to the conviction that *everything* is immortal. Everything that we are, everything that we do, and everything that we say is immortal in the sense that it has its effect somewhere in this world, and that effect in turn will have its results somewhere else and the thing goes on in infinite time and space. . . .

'Fourteen centuries ago a man wrote an essay on "The Destructibility of the Soul" which was considered so sacrilegious that his Emperor ordered seventy great scholars to refute it, and it was refuted. But five hundred years later a

historian recorded a summary of this sacrilegious essay in his great history. And another nine hundred years passed. Then a little boy of eleven chanced upon this brief summary of thirty-five words, and these thirty-five words after being buried for fourteen hundred years suddenly became alive and are living in him and through him in the lives of thousands of men and women.'

Only forty-nine years old, Hu Shih is today looked up to as one of the sages of his time, an oracle. Some of the more radical youngsters are inclined to criticize him as a Victorian oldster with pretty antique ideas. But even among the young he is revered for the great contribution that he has made to China. They are discussing and appraising his work as though he were a philosopher of the time of Confucius. The latest study is a thesis by Miss Ya Fen Hsü, submitted for an advanced degree at Smith College. I have found her study, 'An Attempt at an Evaluation of Hu Shih's Work and Influence, 1917-1927,' very useful in my effort to learn more about the great man China has sent to us.

Instead of the sage's robe Hu Shih wears a common business suit. He is busy at a desk twelve hours or more each day. He goes to the State Department, to the White House, to dinners and lunches and lectures. He has put aside his researches and his philosophy, his teaching and his writing. But in his heart is an unshakable conviction that he will live to see leisure and freedom restored to his country, and, if not he, then his son or his son's son or another man's son's son. That is the faith of a scholar, an ex-pacifist turned ambassador and man of the world.

EPSTEAN'S LAW

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

A FEW days after Mr. Willkie's nomination I happened to see a published statement from him in which he flatly accused Mr. Roosevelt of promoting the idea of Statism; that is to say, the idea that the individual exists for the State. He said that he himself believed the exact opposite of this; he believed that the State exists for the individual. Mr. Willkie added that this issue — the issue of individualism *versus* Statism — was the issue on which he intended to make his campaign.

I do not know whether or not Mr. Willkie has carried out this intention or even said anything more about it; but that is my own fault because, what with one thing and another, I have not got around to following the course of the campaign. His statement attracted my attention, however, because it fell in with a line of thought which I was then pursuing in consequence of having read certain recent books. Last spring several authors came out with essays proposing various practical policies, all of which were based on the idea which Mr. Willkie accuses Mr. Roosevelt of promoting. It struck me then that if any of these policies were to be proved workable, it would have to pass three tests; tests which are so simple and commonplace that anybody can apply them, but which, because they are so simple and commonplace, hardly anyone ever thinks of applying, although — when all comes to all — they are the tests by which every general political policy must stand or fall in the long run. Now, if Mr.

Willkie means what he said and is elected, he will presumably formulate some sort of general political policy or line of procedure to implement his idea that the State exists for the individual. On the other hand, if Mr. Roosevelt is elected, he will no doubt even more energetically continue the policy implementing his idea that the individual exists for the State. My purpose in writing is to show that all the reader need do to convince himself that either policy is workable or unworkable is to apply to it, if and when it is announced, the three tests I shall now go on to indicate, using some of last spring's crop of political essays by way of illustration.

I

I might begin with a story. When I was a very young man someone showed me a sheet of manuscript music which was a curiosity in its way. It was written for the cornet. I read it over and saw that it was very good music indeed. The trouble was that no one could play it, because the composer had neglected to put in any rests where the cornetist could take breath. This omission made the whole thing utterly impracticable. It seems to be in the order of nature (at least as far as we at present understand the order of nature) that man cannot push wind in a cornet continuously for any great length of time; he has to stop and refill his lungs every once in a while. This incapacity may be a misfortune for music or it may not; but, in either case, there it is and apparently

nothing can be done about it. Therefore what this composer was actually trying to do was to introduce disorder into nature by building his music upon a putative human capacity which does not exist. He made a failure of it; and the point is that a moment's reflection on the nature of man not only would have shown him that failure was inevitable, but also would have shown him plainly why it was inevitable.

One of the books which came my way last spring was Mr. Max Eastman's *Stalin's Russia and the Crisis in Socialism*. It brought the foregoing story to my mind at once. Mr. Eastman says he was for twenty-five years a Marxian socialist, accepting the Marxian policy for organizing human society according to the formula, *From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs*. On this he remarks the curious fact that it never occurred to Marx to ask himself just what there is in human nature to give him any assurance that society can operate on that principle. Furthermore, Mr. Eastman says, for ninety years Marxian socialists have been assuming that a simple State collectivization of property would lead directly to the establishment of such a society as Marx contemplated. On this Mr. Eastman remarks as an odd fact that during those ninety years 'not one Marxian has ever raised the simple question: Is human nature, as it has developed in the struggle for survival, sufficiently self-dependent and sufficiently coöperative — or sufficiently capable of self-dependence and malleable in a coöperative direction — so that a collectivization of property would actually lead to the society of the free and equal, the dying away of State power, the condition of felicity described in the formula, "From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs"?'

Well, rather! One would indeed suppose that it might have occurred to somebody to raise this question, especially in view of the fact which Mr. Eastman

points out, that the work of Darwin, Huxley, Herbert Spencer, and a whole shoal of other investigators into the nature of man and the conditions essential to the maintenance of human society, all took place during those ninety years. Marx and Engels wrote the Communist Manifesto in 1847, and *Social Statics*, Spencer's great exposition of the fundamentals of social organization, appeared in 1851. Surely at some time within the century it should have occurred to any literate Marxian to ask himself what he has found in the intellectual and moral capacities of mankind to give him any ground whatever for believing that the Marxian formula is practicable. The question is obviously fundamental, for what is the use of getting up a fine attractive prospectus for the organization of society if the realizing of it turns out to be repugnant to the order of nature, and therefore will not work? Marx, as Mr. Eastman shows, was precisely like the composer whose music could not be played because it did not take proper account of the inflexible order of nature.

Mr. Eastman, like all good doctrinaire Marxians, was somewhat taken aback at seeing how quickly, easily, and apparently naturally the Marxian system in Russia slid off into an autocratic régime of outrageous tyranny. He now thinks some modification of the Marxian prospectus is necessary. His proposal is to organize 'a new scientific radical party' which 'to begin with shall marshal the proletarian class-forces behind some such programme as that which Max Lerner calls "democratic collectivism," envisaging a society in which "private property and private industrial initiative would remain; but the capitalists could make their decisions on policy only within a framework set by planning-boards." It would assert, as Lerner does, that a democratic capitalist society *can* plan, "if the majority and its leaders have the courage to take capitalism away from the capitalists, and make its basic decisions socially rational and responsible."

Just so; but once bitten, twice shy. Once more the obvious question is, what have Mr. Eastman and Mr. Max Lerner discovered in the constitution of human nature, the mental and moral make-up of mankind, to assure them that society can operate to any better purpose on the principle of 'democratic collectivism' than on the principle of Marxian collectivism? It may be conceded to Mr. Lerner that 'the majority and its leaders' have plenty of courage to take away from anybody anything which is not spiked down. He need have no anxiety about that. But just what is it in human nature which warrants the assumption that when 'the majority and its leaders' have taken capitalism away from the capitalists they will make their basic decisions any more 'socially rational and responsible' than the capitalists have made theirs?

Again, Mr. Lerner's system is fundamentally Statist; it contemplates an area of voluntary coöperation only within a ring of State-enforced coöperation. Mr. Eastman accepts it as such. His proposal is (*italics mine*) that 'we must surrender to coöperation *and the attending State control* as much of our individual freedom as is indispensably necessary to the operation of a complicated wealth-producing machinery.' In his view, however, there must be some sort of guarantee that the measure of State control shall not become excessive. We must proceed, Mr. Eastman says (*italics mine*), 'in search of guarantees against the totalitarianism *which now seems inherent in State ownership*.' In another place also he postulates 'a scheme of distribution for an economy of abundance *not* involving totalitarianism,' and says that after surrendering so much of our freedom as may be indicated for the success of the scheme 'we must guard with eternal vigilance the rest.' All this is unquestionably very fine, very good, but just what is it in the constitution of man which gives Mr. Eastman the idea that anything of the sort is practicable,

or that after his democratic society has made the initial surrender it will not continue gravitating steadily towards the *Führerprinzip*? With his own actual experience of democratic societies in mind, just what does Mr. Eastman find in the psychical capacities of man to make him think that his scheme, or Mr. Lerner's scheme, would not pretty promptly run up into what Mr. J. P. Mayer so well calls 'a plebiscitary dictatorship'? Moreover, what does he find to support the notion that this régime of dictatorship would be *ipso facto* less totalitarian, less oppressive, corrupt, spendthrift and generally vicious, than any other?

On Mr. Eastman's own showing, it appears to me that this is the first test to which any political proposal should be subjected. If it had been applied to Mr. Roosevelt's general policy in the first instance we might have been spared considerable misfortune. If Mr. Lerner's interesting variant of Statism passes this test, or Mr. Eastman's, well and good; if not, they are out of discussion. Mr. H. G. Wells has drawn up a whole imposing Magna Carta as a basis for the organization of a peaceful and prosperous world-society; Mr. John Chamberlain advocates what he calls with unconscious humor 'a mixed economy'; while others among their co-Statists offer various suggestions in less detail. All these should be put to the same preliminary test — can the moral and intellectual capacities of mankind stand the strain of supporting them when put in practice? Can they, as we say, 'take it'? If so, then let us consider them; if not, then not. Let us freely admit that Marx and all his Statist progeny have composed superb good music, wonderfully attractive and fascinating when you read the score, but if it can't be played, and if ordinary common sense is all one needs to see clearly why it can't be played, then what is the use of saying any more about it?

II

So much, then, for the first test of this or that politico-economic general policy: Is there anything in the observable order of nature which can be counted on to give it active support? Now for the second test: Is there anything in that order which can be counted on as actively against it? And here again I should like to illustrate what I have to say by recounting a bit of personal experience.

For a long time I have held to a politico-economic doctrine which has been before the public for many years. As it appears on paper it is so nearly perfect that nothing worth listening to has ever been said against it, or can be said. It is simple as the Golden Rule, and as far above criticism. It is as competent as the legislation of the legendary king Pausole who had only two laws on his statute-book, the first being 'Hurt no man,' and the second, 'Then do as you please.' If I were legislating for a society of just men made perfect, I should set up my doctrine at once as a practical scheme, exactly as it stands. Things being as they are, however, I do not advocate it or expound it or try to convert anyone to it. When acquaintances occasionally ask me about it I refer them to certain books, and let it go at that. This rather lackadaisical attitude is due to the fact that long ago I applied to it the two tests which I am now expounding, and got a negative result. I could find no principle in human nature favorable to my scheme, and I did find one that is dead against it. This principle is the one set forth in the fundamental law of economics, that *man tends always to satisfy his needs and desires with the least possible exertion*.

Man-at-large appears to follow this principle in common with the rest of the animal world, and to accept its guidance as implicitly as any cow or cat in the land. In fact, my philosophical mentor Edward Epstein puts it down, I think

quite correctly, as the second law of nature, rating self-preservation as the first; so for convenience we may call it Epstein's law, even though Mr. Epstein was not the first to formulate it. Like the first law, it admits of occasional short-time exceptions. Considerations such as ambition, prudence, fear, pride, decorum, sometimes come in on occasion to make man act against this principle, but he always *tends* to act in accordance with it; and experience abundantly shows that he does so act with a regularity and persistence which are far more than enough to make hay of my politico-economic doctrine. My doctrine simply will not work, and as long as Epstein's law remains in force it can never work. Let us see how this is so.

There are two means and only two whereby man can satisfy his needs and desires. He can do it by work; or he can do it by appropriating the product of other people's work without compensation. The second means obviously involves less exertion than the first; therefore man, acting under the operation of Epstein's law, always tends to employ it. When he can employ it legally, moreover, common observation attests that he invariably does employ it. The legality of his action, of course, rests with the State; it is the State which gives him the privilege of employing this means without risk of being had up for it and put in jail. A profitable land-grant, for example, conferred by the State, has often legally enabled persons to satisfy their needs and desires with no exertion whatever. A tariff levied by the State enabled the late Andrew Carnegie and his associates legally to appropriate without compensation a vast deal of wealth produced by other people's work, and thereby to satisfy their own needs and desires most prodigally with little or no exertion. Hence, in view of the profitable possibilities resident in State action, man is always under the heavy pressure of Epstein's law to induce the State to take action in his behalf.

The State, however, must be administered, and the only administrators available are folks, people, human beings; and human beings in administrative positions are quite as amenable to the operation of Epstean's law as they are elsewhere; if not, as a rule, more so. It requires far less exertion, obviously, to sit in the House or the Senate or on some administrative commission and direct the distribution of other people's wealth to one's own advantage, than it requires, say, to cultivate corn in Illinois or whack steers in Texas, and thereby produce wealth for oneself. Hence, as long as the State stands as a potential distributor of economic advantage, Epstean's law works powerfully and harmoniously in and out between those who seek that advantage and those who can confer it. The consequence is that on the one hand the State tends progressively to multiply its functions as an auctioneer, while on the other hand the administrative field tends to become a sheer stamping-ground of professional adventurers. It is observable also that the wider this field is opened, as in the self-styled 'democratic countries,' the more freely and largely do these tendencies come into play. For example, I believe that never in the world was there so stupendous a demonstration of the force of Epstean's law as is furnished by the growth of Washington's population in the last eight years.

All this stands to reason as natural and inevitable. The more functions the State takes on, the further its range of control is extended, — in short, the closer its approach to a totalitarian character, — the more of other people's wealth becomes available for its administrators to appropriate and dispose of as they see fit; and consequently the larger will be the number of their political adherents and dependents. Hence the greater will be the attraction for cynical adventurers with a gift for making the most of these circumstances; hence also the progressive exclusion of any but

cynical adventurers from the field of politics — and those, moreover, of a progressively lower and lower order. The most casual glance at political history in any period since the great irruption of *soi-disant* democracy first broke upon the western world is enough to show that this is so; and also to show that the untoward consequences which we are now witnessing have come about in strict conformity with the incidence of Epstean's law.

The faculty of instinctively applying the same order of disinterested and objective criticism to one's own philosophical system that one applies to a competing system is extremely rare. This faculty is one of the marks which distinguish a critic of the very first order; it distinguishes an Erasmus or a Rabelais from a Calvin or a Luther. A Unitarian theologian, for instance, may be, and usually is, a first-rate critic of Trinitarian theology, but a very lame critic of his own theology. Similarly Mr. Wells, Mr. Eastman, Mr. Lerner, and our philosophers of the New Deal, all make a fair fist at criticizing what they call the capitalist system, but do not seem aware that the same order of criticism which they apply to it is also applicable to their own several variants of State collectivism. As we have seen, when Mr. Eastman criticizes doctrinaire Marxism he seems vaguely aware of the existence of Epstean's law, for he speaks of 'the totalitarianism which now seems inherent in State ownership,' but when he broaches Mr. Lerner's variant of State collectivism as a substitute doctrine, he seems never to have heard of it.

So when he and those who are like-minded come forward with proposals for surrendering some of our individual freedom 'to coöperation and the attending State control,' the judicious reader will call a halt until this phrase can be mulled over and cleared a little. Any degree of economic control carries with it a corresponding power to distribute economic advantage; in fact, it is that

power. A power of control which does not carry this power of distribution is unthinkable; any talk of it is simply a contradiction in terms. Clearly, then, 'the attending State control' at once opens the way for Epstein's law to become operative. Hence Mr. Eastman should be asked how he would prevent its operation from going on indefinitely to the confiscation of further liberties. He might reply that 'we must guard with eternal vigilance' the unsundered remainder, but *quis custodiet custodes?* The reader will remind Mr. Eastman that *all* of us alike — both the guardians and those, if any, who guard the guardians — *all* tend to satisfy our needs and desires with the least possible exertion; and therefore the assumption that this tendency would not pretty promptly prevail over any purely hortatory incitement to vigilance seems extremely shaky. Again, if Mr. Eastman produces the scheme which he appears to think producible, 'a scheme of distribution for an economy of abundance *not* involving totalitarianism,' the judicious reader will ask just what derailing device, if any, Mr. Eastman has in mind which can be counted on to switch off the operation of Epstein's law at any given point short of totalitarianism.

III

The tests which I have been discussing hang on the moral and intellectual capacities of mankind. The third test hangs on mankind's affectional capacities. A full discussion of these matters would probably be a rather delicate business, so I shall say only enough about them to make my point clear. It seems to be in the order of nature that man's affectional interests have but a short radius of action. They do not normally reach much beyond one's immediate family or a small entourage of inti-

mates, if indeed so far. Philanthropy (using the word in its strict etymological sense) usually contemplates an abstraction; possibly even Abou ben Adhem, if he had disinterestedly overhauled his own affectional capacities and taken their exact measure, might have found it so.

This disability, if it be one, cannot safely be presumed upon in constructing a politico-economic policy. The danger is a double one. If a policy is designed to stretch man's affectional capacities much farther than they will normally go, it sets up a damaging revulsion, and in the end breaks down. More than this, it powerfully reinforces the operation of Epstein's law in bringing about odious political abuses, all the more odious because they are brought about under the ægis of enlightened philanthropy.

Summing up now, whatever policies or practical proposals may be made by Mr. Willkie or Mr. Roosevelt, or indeed by anyone, the judicious reader will do well to apply to them the three tests which I have set forth. First, is anything discoverable in the moral and intellectual capacities of mankind which will support them? Second, do they run aground on Epstein's law? Third, do they tend to stretch the affectional capacities of mankind beyond the limit which the order of nature appears to have put upon them? Many social philosophers have tried to construct systems which would jump these three hurdles, and have failed; chiefly because, as Mr. Eastman shows, they did not know the hurdles were there. Probably the thing could be done, — I think it might be, — but whether it can be done now and here is another question, things being as they are. At all events it is useful to be aware that, as long as our socio-political architects do not know what the hurdles are and where they are, it will not be done.

SO SOFTLY WALKED THE LADY

BY ROBERT ELLIS STANDEN

I

THIS question arose (and how should mariners resolve it?): Why should the three kittens of Josephine have been born in the afterpeak among the ropes and gear, rather than in the galley or the forecastle, where they would have been shown every courtesy? As easily explain the wanton and quite inconsequential scuttling of dice across a blanket.

Was it because Josephine was modest enough to seek out a dark corner for her lying in? Hardly that. She was an old hand of the blowzy sisterhood of ships' cats, who spent her nights ashore in no better condition and conscience than the crews of the several vessels she had served aboard.

She was a brazen one, — Cat Josephine, — an old blister off the waterfront, and if she chose to deliver herself among the ropes and roaches it was from motives other than delicacy. Damn perverseness of cat and female combined, we said. We were provoked at her secretiveness toward us. For, while she shared our ship, she neither owned our presence nor shunned it. She was our companion by circumstance only, there being no poetical bond of feeling between Josephine and us of the ship's company. Her brats were clawing around with their eyes open before we knew she had them.

Her dark ways earned her no good luck, certainly. When she fetched the first up to the light of day, she chose just the moment a squally comber licked

over the side. It sucked the cub from her very jaws. We saw the last of him swimming stoutly, but to no purpose. He had no will to drown before the last bit of strength had gone out of him. He swam because he wanted to live — a tiny morsel of cat among the slanting, spume-hatched wastes. 'Man overboard!' we said, and looked at one another. But we didn't laugh.

The second of the litter scalded to death in the cook's scrubbing pail, so that left Josephine and one.

We began to say she was jinxed. Not that she showed it. She nursed her last remaining cub for a week or so, and then shook it off. Not even would she let it snuggle her at sleepy time, having about as much family feeling as sailors are accounted to have — or less. We then took turn about having the little one in our blankets at night or under our pea-coats when we went forward. It squirmed and mewed until it began to get some sense.

Josephine was next to go.

We made port and went into overhaul as soon as the cargo was out. We lay there for three or four weeks with Josephine making free with herself about the dockyard. Presently the fumigators came aboard to rid the ship of rats and roaches, according to the letter of the law. The old man called us to his holy of holies and explained it to us, giving to each a paper dollar in lieu of the day's board (which was a tidy bargain), as well as a word of caution about staying

ashore until the gases had cleared out of the forecastle.

He forgot to tell Josephine, and we forgot, likewise, to take her ashore. The kitten followed Big Eric to the gang-plank and so got itself taken along for a holiday which Big Eric spent at Dago Mary's playing checkers with the old woman and drinking needle beer.

Old Konrad, who couldn't get fifty paces off the wharf without smelling out a gin mill, got his dollar's worth in short order, and managed to sneak aboard a bit too soon. Nobody noticed him. We found him sleeping it off in his bunk, and that snooze was the deep and final. The coroner's men carried him down the plank in his patched dungarees and greasy coat.

It must have been a week later (for we were well out to sea) before we missed Josephine — and only then when her voice came up through a ventilator. She sounded boozy, down under hatches, shut up in the hold with the cargo. That night we set a lookout while Big Eric loosened the grating in the ventilator. We then lowered Mexican Joe on a rope's end. After a while he brought up Josephine and some cans of cranberries he had broken out of the cargo.

Josephine was sick and wouldn't eat, so we figured she had been below since before fumigation. Quartermaster Roarty, who was from Nova Scotia, said this couldn't be so, that fumigation gas kills everything — just as, for example, it did for old Konrad. Since he was from Nova Scotia, and a wooden-ship sailor, his word should have decided us, but we didn't like his way and his crazy yarns, so we all insisted Josephine had been fumigated, and carried her to the cook to be looked after. Then we wise heads gave Joe the devil of a talk for breaking into the cargo, and made him divvy up on the cranberries.

When in a day or so Josephine died, we reaffirmed that she had been gassed. Being what she was, a compound of cat-

gut, fur, and spite, naturally she took longer to die than old Konrad. At any rate, since neither had filled any strong position, no vacancies were left in passing. Two old hooligans — a man, a cat.

II

We shipped a new quartermaster in place of Roarty, who had been dropping hints about a mate's berth on a collier out of Hampton Roads. The new specimen had henna-red hair with a band of white running through, fore and aft. He was, so we decided, a cultivated person, well out of the ordinary. He garnished the cap and trade of quartermaster with a certain ministerial indirection of speech and manner that gave the sea lawyers something to fret about. In course of time we identified him as 'the preacher.' His gaunt frame and cadaverous hands may have given substance to the name. If such he was, his devilishly humorous eyes, his snuff dipping, and a Gulf Coast brogue thicker than molasses made him a singular cleric, and an easy one to live with.

The little kitten, a dainty fluff-ball, with erect lynx-tufted ears, adopted him immediately. She took up residence in the preacher's bunk. She came to him for her food. In time she grew to resemble the preacher — seeming to absorb finicky ways from his deceptive gentleness; from his serenity, disdain. He in return pampered her until she would not accept food from any other man of us, unless, by way of exception, the flying fish that occasionally blundered aboard by night, and from which we must carefully cleanse away all traces of oil and dirt. For such a tid-bit our kitty would flourish her tail grandly and show us the best of cat manners.

Our cook, always a lonely man, was visibly upset by this turn of affections. Ordinarily the cook would be a cat's choice for prime minister. Moreover, our cook was no ordinary wage slave.

He presided over his range magisterially, like an organist at the keyboard, with only a cob pipe to denote any kinship to the rest of us and to the world of ships. He was a creative artist with a canny head and hand for dough, who, out of such flour, sugar, and lard as the owners allotted him, could conjure the most incredible puffs, crusts, flakes, and furbelows of pastry that ever came out of an oven.

The captain's mess, of course, and not the crew's, was the destination of all such unseamanly truck, yet enough of it got filched from the galley porthole to secure to him a dignity and consequence far above his calling.

And when this excellent man would appear calling, 'Keet-ty, keet-ty, keet-ty,' and sweetly proffering a bowl of warm milk, the saucy animal would flirt her tail and stare him down. So cold. Then the audience would abash the cook and his overtures with ribaldry until he would slink back to his galley pots.

'She's fixin' to be a real high and proper lady,' we would say. And remembering old Josephine, her mother, we would declare, 'Not just anybody's cat, but a regular princess.'

So it began to seem. The spoiling business went on until she became picky about what she would and would not eat even from the cleric's hand. One scorching noon, our preacher came out of the mess carrying a dripping portion of curried beef. Kitty disdained it, and not unjustly, in truth, since it was not fit food for mariners, much less for a lady.

The preacher stood her rebuff poorly, staring after her with more hurt than exasperation in his eyes, then murmured, 'She won't have slum no more, she won't — she demands hamburger.'

'Turkey,' growled Big Eric.

'Por' chope,' corrected Mexican Joe.

This pork-chop idea of Joe's was apocryphal among us, for there was no such item on the bill of fare when we

sailed for the Starvation and Hunger Line. Yet Joe never called a watch, in calm or storm, morning, night, or noon, without holding forth a breakfast of pork chops as the principal enticement.

'Hi! You see-leep!' he would scream, pulling at the sleeper. 'Hi! Hi! No see-leep! Eess time por breakpa! Gotta por' chope por breakpa!'

A blithe awakening, which usually provoked an exchange of blasphemies. We tried calling him 'Por' Chope Joe,' but, as this made him ugly, we kept it for use in the third person.

Thus did kitty spurn our sailors' slum, and the reverend gentleman got gravy on his fingers all for nothing.

The heat broke that evening, and an uproar of tropical rain confined us below. The preacher entertained me until late, so that before my watch was called we had consumed a quantity of strong drink, with which he managed to be supplied notwithstanding the Articles of Agreement. Along with the refreshment he delivered, for a space of hours, an able discourse on the Monastery of San Pedro Martir, the ruins of which he said we were then breasting, though some leagues offshore. All this he ornamented richly with scriptural citations and references to certain works unfamiliar to me then as now. A more hilarious sermon I had never before heard, nor have I since heard a better one.

When I came off watch expecting to awaken him to his, I found him up, there being nothing to indicate his having slept. In fact, he was quite drunk now, and unfit for duty. He had the kitten cradled in his arms, rocking it, while he half crooned, half chanted: —

'They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.'

I reported him ill and took the wheel for him.

III

We cruised now for several months among various ports, changing one cargo for another, ploughing west, ploughing east. The kitten increased in stature, and if not wisdom — sauciness. She was our darling. We carried her about our work, whether forward, aloft, or below. She even got herself taken ashore, and set her eyes on strange sights that do not in any way pertain to navigation.

From time to time as she ripened in maidenhood, the matter of her name was brought up for discussion. Our preacher held that he would name her 'Balthazar,' for as he said, if he possessed a child of his own he should certainly call it 'Balthazar.' While no one offered objection to this on grounds of gender, yet other names were tried — none of them with much conviction. It seems probable that there is not yet a name in any language that would have been exactly suited to such a subject.

Balthazar she eventually became.

We were somewhere off Barnegat Light, inward bound, late of a blustery winter afternoon. We were idling in the crew's quarters until the clangor of the mess boy's gong should call us up to supper. As we gabbed and smoked — a few sleeping — the preacher let himself in. His eyes were kindled with a mischief that is frequently impelled by alcoholic stimulus. From the embrasures of his dripping oilskins he produced the kitten, dry and in a good state of disdainfulness. Steadying himself against a bulkhead, he intoned:—

'The time is at hand that this cat should get christened with a name. I affirm that she has now attained the age of discretion. Further, my brethren, the hour of our passing is not revealed to us, but stealeth upon us as a thief in the night. Now if anything were to happen to this little one tonight — a shipwreck and peril of the sea — well, that is — if she were to be called to her judgment and we had neglected to equip her with

a name — which, as we well know, is a right, necessary, and Christian thing — I say — well — we'd all feel like a bunch of heels.'

He took a pinch of snuff, and stood stroking the little animal with his long pointed fingers, while his yellowed eyes covered us meaningfully. The fumes of his favorite tonic enveloped him with an invisible, fragrant aura.

The howl of the wind outside keyed higher. The steering engine banged. The poop bucked away from the rudder like a wild horse. Mexican Joe awoke with a yell and swung his legs over the side of his bunk. The door appeared to leave its fastenings. We all jumped save the preacher, who stood braced, rigid, and serene. It was only Big Eric. He drew his bulk in. The door slammed to.

The preacher resumed the thread of his purpose.

'Eric, my lad, the Living Presence has guided you here. The godmother.'

He tucked the squirming fluff-ball into Big Eric's startled, yet compliant, arms; then draped him about the hips with a brown blanket, swathed his head in a towel.

Seizing Mexican Joe out of his bunk by his straight black hair, our preacher stood him at Big Eric's side.

'The godfather,' he explained.

Next he took up a water jug, — a brandy bottle, to be sure, with a wire hook twisted about its neck, — and began to deal out the words: 'Deahly beloved . . .'

Joe doubled up and backed away in a fit of hysterical laughter that clattered about the forecastle. His eyes were frightened. The preacher extended a bony arm and pulled him back to order.

Big Eric glared. 'You be good boy nu, Yoe. Purdy soon coom chow call. Purdy soon ve gat cotta hocus pocus ve go eat por' chope.'

Then once more, 'Deahly beloved . . .'

But again Godfather Joe backed out. To Joe this was not a subject for buf-

foenery. He tore away laughing, but with the laugh of a wretch who mocks his executioner.

Herman, the Danish mulatto from St. Thomas, laughed reflexively, a mirthless crowing. He was enmeshed in the first poisonous-white tentacles of paresis, and was beginning to lose his way about.

Then, under the blazing eyes of the cleric, Joe was constrained to quiet, if not calm.

'*Que sacrilegio?*' he objected, half inquiring, half accusing.

'*No sacrilegio es,*' retorted the preacher. 'It is necessary, right, and reasonable. Without a name there can be no soul. The Holy Ghost cannot reside in the unbaptized.'

Then, exasperated, he snatched the candidate from Big Eric, and with one movement doused it into a wash bucket. Joe crossed himself, and Herman, seeing, started to do likewise, only to end by scratching his nose absently. The preacher galloped through the baptismal service and brought up with a thumping 'Balthazar.'

At that instant the Filipino threw open the door, bidding us to eat, having failed to make the gong audible above the whooping of the wind. The terrified Balthazar bounded past him like a cast-out devil, so that, not seeing her, he could make nothing at all of the tableau within, or guess why we howled like demons.

IV

Now we chanced to sail south presently, and were gone for some time. Our vessel slipped serenely through such clean bright expanses of blue and gold that we forgave the world its meannesses toward us. We all became fine sociable chaps. The North-of-Hatteras ports were left to freeze and fog while we went to sail the Caribbean — taking to the weather like sea birds. It was a fine life, and a fine ship. We were all smart fellows indeed, forty-odd men and a cat. Even poor Herman seemed to benefit.

At least he could now hold up a hand of cards to play a proper game of cooncan. Day by day we sunned the frost out of our bones, until it seemed we should all be whole again, each in his own way. So much so that our Lady Balthazar came to forget the outrage we had visited on her, and her relenting gladdened us.

Consider the men who get their livelihood from ships. They settle with life on hard terms. Angels must weep for the bleak and precarious lives they spend both aboard and ashore. They are so poor that the least shred of a thing — an idea, a quarrel, or a penny's worth of gossip — is handed back and forth and about until, far from becoming threadbare, it is improved, immensely improved. The long-continued preoccupation with petty cares, enforced by the nature of their trade, seems to be the only sure escape from the psychopathic reverses and undoings which inhabit the fringes of boredom.

Why else should sailors tattoo their hides? Or knot string belts? Or drink up their pay when they need sea boots and underwear? Or why, why indeed, should Big Eric spend good hours teaching a pussycat to spring over his hairy arms? Big Eric's arms — ending in mighty bear-paws. From the anterior aspect of the right forearm a scarlet sunrise leered over a blue shipwreck. It bore the explanation 'A Sailor's Grave.' Similarly, the left arm exhibited a skewered heart, presumably human. The legend expressed the stout resolution, 'Death before Dishonor.'

With an utmost content in his baby-blue eyes, he sprawled on the hatch. Little things to gabble about — less to do. The days came and dazzling skies stood over us; the nights when the Caribbean stars hung suspended like blue and yellow swords. The watches changed. Sleep, eat. The watches changed again — and again. The expanses might be broken for a moment by a point of land somewhere. We would gaze idly. When again we looked about, the horizon

would have resumed its perfectly circular aspect with us cutting through the centre. The weather held calm. The weeks whiled away.

'Yoomp, keety,' commanded Big Eric, 'yust yoomp, nu!'

Kitty jumped. She had been able to comprehend this much. She must jump over the arms.

'Good yoomp,' said Big Eric. 'Smart keety you are. Sometime you have marriage — nize hoozban'. Settle down, dat stuff — you know how to raise babeese? By God now, tall you vat — we gat to N'Vyoork aye yust buy you good boy frien'. Yoomp, keety, yoomp.'

Balthazar springs over the arms.

'When the endocrine balance becomes established —' interposed the preacher.

'Huh?'

'When nature has completed her work in a given instance she has provided for its infinite continuance.'

'Sure. All right. I dunno — you min she's gat to have hoozban?'

'My friend, spare yourself much trouble.'

Mexican Joe turned a fishy eye on the preacher.

'For what reasone you don' like haf de papa? Eess true, w're eess de mama mooz be also de papa.'

'Yoomp, keety, yoomp.'

Balthazar — a buxom lass with decided views. For want of mice, she had grown uncommonly preoccupied with the flying fish, and would patrol the hatch coamings and winches each morning. We said to one another that she was doing well and had, to be sure, nothing of old Josephine in her ways. We had reared her carefully, allowing her no shore leave except as suitably chaproned.

At times Big Eric and Joe were to be found deep in earnest conversation. Once Big Eric was heard to mutter, 'Yah, aye tank bast t'ing is for preachers is dey should stick by preaching. You yoost see van ve gat to N'Vyoork — aye show him vech vay is starbour-r-rd hallum.'

V

The circle completed, we had berthed in our port of registry. Spring was in the air. It was midnight. The shouts of the seamen died away. The lines were fast. Stevedores swarmed over the hatches. The preacher took up his watch at the head of the plank. Mexican Joe was preparing to go ashore. He applied perfumed pomade to his hair. Herman was doddering about waiting for someone to give him a push. The cook, rigged out in his shore-going suit, hastened down the plank on urgent business. He must be on hand to prepare breakfast in a few hours. The hatch covers came off and shortly the winches began to hammer.

Big Eric appeared to be shutting Balthazar in the afterpeak.

'Yah,' he reassured her, 'yah, you ban nize lady cotta. Yoost you vait har nu. Yoe and Eric, ve goin' gat you good staddy boy frien'. Good night nu.'

Joe and Big Eric emerged from the confusion, passing the preacher in the waist. Big Eric swung down the plank without a nod. Joe paused to declare with pride and some truculence, 'We haf plan.'

The preacher nodded. 'Yes, I know.' He handed Joe a gunny sack in which was rolled a pair of canvas gloves. In the gloom Joe was not able to discern the wrinkles of an indulgent smile on the mouth of the old-young quartermaster. Joe accepted the bundle and hurried on.

Big Eric and Joe set out on an expedition that night. A big blond fellow and a small brown one — they faded along the wharf under the floodlights. The fall ropes sang. The winches heaved and throbbed. The watches changed again.

VI

It was still night — the same night. The quartermaster's quarters were invaded by two men carrying a gunny sack. The preacher was interrupted in

his reading of a large book. He observed that his visitors were his shipmates — Mexican Joe, who displayed considerable excitement, and Big Eric, who was flushed and seemed pleased. Both were a bit blown, as though they might have been recently engaged in a running exercise. Big Eric's hands presented superficial lacerations and abrasions. Mexican Joe had mud on his trousers.

'Be seated, gentlemen,' said the preacher, wiping his glasses and snapping them into a case.

Big Eric directed that the ports be closed and secured. Then he loosened his tie and wiped perspiration from his face.

The cook materialized in the doorway, his business ashore likewise completed. He stood balancing with difficulty, a sad and slight figure of an old man — the embodiment of all dolorous things, with his beaten eyes and drooping walrus mustaches. The sack drew his attention like a rare and mysterious presence. Big Eric expanded at the prospect of witnesses to his audacity. He beamed at the cook.

'He's yoost about gat away. Yoe, he couldn't hold him. My gollies, vat a vopper ve shanghai for cotta. Yah, he vas tough von. Odder side Fourt' Avenue. Close hatch, cook.'

He opened the bag with circumspection, and a yellow back-alley maunder emerged — a tom tiger — a sultan with cynical eyes.

The cook started and seemed on the point of coming to life.

'*Ja wohl, Landsmann*, I recognize him, dot fella. Dot's Chosephine's uncle.'

Big Eric made no apology. 'Yoost you look, boyse, almost he is bigger as Yoe.'

The tiger strutted stiff-legged over the preacher's bunk.

'Aye tall you dat vas some yob. Coom — ve go nu.'

They raised the afterpeak hatch cautiously, and descended, handing down a cat in a sack. Balthazar was not immediately discovered. Then, by the dim light, Big Eric was seen to stiffen while a wave of blood mounted his neck. The spectacle that met his eye was that of Lady Balthazar, down among the ropes, nestling a family of three. And his great shoulders drooped when she flew at her lately intended, raking his nose and spitting great purple curses in his face.

The preacher took some snuff. 'She ain't no lady no more, my boys. She's done been around.'

'Yah,' agreed Big Eric, wearily. 'Yoost like Yosephine — born har in afterpeak — her ol' man, he must been brown rat — huh?'

POEMS BY GEORGE ALLEN

IN YOUR LIFE WE SHALL LIVE

THOSE who come after us
Possibly noting our time
May wonder what we were,
And what was done, and more
Important, what was hoped.

Had this barbarian time
Better resource than hate?
Was there indeed one thing
Good to be said of it?
Or better all forgot?

You listening to the bells
Out of the past we knew,
Tolling to you to come
Tradition of our age,
But muffled, hard to hear,

O leave us in our peace
Sunk in the deep of time,
Be glad of what you are
And will be — in our ooze
Embedded let us lie,

Who living had no peace,
Who dreamed and did not win:
But if we haunt you still,
Then see, do not obscure
The fact and fate of us!

But know we too in our time
Were sometimes near the mark;

We dreamed the thing you are,
Going beyond our means
As good as you in hope.

The passion of your hands,
The tune your makers sing,
The shape of you and joy
To come of you we hoped,
And got you in great joy.

And in that hope we shall have
Your measure, never fear;
In your life we shall live,
And in your death die again
Who loved you long ago.

NOTHING IS CHANGED

Nothing is changed; the war is on again
They fought at Troy, the Saracen, the Dane,
Cromwell and Wellington, the war to end wars.

After each interval they fight and die:
Others take arms, more prayers for victory
Come for five minutes to eternal Mars.

Nothing is new except the mode of death;
And when new men and women come beneath
The ancient battle, that for them is new.

But their fear strange and sudden, waste of love,
The cold killed heart, these are old things that move
In the long war of Troy and me and you.

A MONROE DOCTRINE FOR JAPAN

BY W. R. CASTLE

I

A JAPANESE Monroe Doctrine? Why not, if it really is a Monroe Doctrine and not an excuse for large-scale annexations? The idea, it is true, sends shivers down the conservative American spine, but there is no reason in the world why it should. If a Japanese Monroe Doctrine means something like Asia for the Asiatics, just as ours means America for Americans, it cannot harm the United States. It would hurt the rest of the world only if the new combination conspired to prevent trade with the western nations. But this seems highly unlikely, since Asia needs to trade with the West even more than the West needs to trade with Asia. Japan is no more likely than any other nation to destroy its own profits.

When President Roosevelt suggested that it would be a good idea to have Monroe Doctrines for Europe and Asia and Africa he had in mind, if anything concrete, some sort of benevolent association of the different groups of nations. For this, of course, the name 'Monroe Doctrine' was completely misleading. The Monroe Doctrine does not envisage any association of nations. It is merely a warning to the world, issued by the United States. If you are going to have a Monroe Doctrine for Europe and Asia it will have to be a declaration by some single nation, and that nation would inevitably be Germany in Europe and Japan in East Asia. If those names could be replaced by Great Britain and China, people would be less worried, but

it is inconceivable that any effective declaration of this kind can be made by any except the strongest nation of the group.

But if we should decide that we do not approve this Monroe Doctrine for Asia, this flattery by way of imitation, there is still nothing that we can do about it. One of the first tenets of successful diplomacy is not to get excited about something over which we have no control and over which we can never obtain control. In the Far East we do not even want control. It is foolish to protest unless there is a strong possibility that the protest may be effective. A hundred years ago both Great Britain and France cast covetous glances on the Hawaiian Islands, a British officer at one time even going so far as to annex the islands in the name of his country. The American Government immediately warned the world that it would not tolerate the acquisition of these islands by a European power. It was an understandable protest, and it was effective. A similar protest as to Australia or some territory across the Pacific would have been ignored.

But, people ask, why should it be Japan which proclaims this new doctrine of East Asiatic solidarity at just this time? Is its action not similar to that of Italy, jumping in at the end of a war to grab some of the spoils? Of course there is something of this, although Japan does not appear to be seeking territorial gains. Any nation will time its

actions to accord with opportunity. But there is another and immediate cause which actually corresponds with recent American pronouncements concerning European possessions in the Western Hemisphere. Japan feels that its own safety may be jeopardized and that the status quo of the Orient will be seriously deranged if European possessions in that part of the world change hands. Most discussed of these possessions have been the Dutch East Indies.

Japan is dependent for tin and rubber on these fortunate islands; so, with the addition of British Malaya, is the United States. Because, until recently, British possessions seemed safe enough, Malaya has been ignored and all attention turned to the Indies. So long as the islands belong to the Netherlands, neither nation has any reason to fear that these essential supplies will be cut off. But if they should be taken over by Great Britain or by Germany the situation would be very different. Thus, as the war in Europe developed, the Department of State in Washington and the Gaimusho (foreign office) in Tokyo both expressed their fears over any attempt to occupy the islands by a foreign power. Strange as this may seem to Americans, Japan was just as much afraid that the United States might take over as the United States was fearful of Japan. When Germany overran the Netherlands, the fears of both became more acute, Washington primarily looking for trouble from Berlin, Tokyo more worried as to what London would do, the East Indies being on the highroad to Australia.

Japan, in this case, was borrowing direct from our own Monroe Doctrine the principle that European possessions, while their ownership will not be questioned, cannot be bought and sold, captured or annexed, by other nations because this would inevitably mean trouble in the neighborhood. Our statement on the Dutch East Indies was based solely on the idea that our trade in vital raw materials might be interfered with. It

therefore had not the justification behind the similar statement by Japan, since no Monroe Doctrine idea was involved. It was irritating to Japan precisely as a similar statement made by Japan about Greenland would have irritated this country.

These various declarations, it must be noted, were issued with no thought of acquisition of territory, but only of maintaining the status quo. Japan, at the time, had no more intention of annexing the islands than had the United States. It would, however, have been more serious for Japan than for us to have the islands fall into anarchy because of having no government, since the whole neighborhood would be affected. For us it was a trade question, and that appeared to depend on maintenance of Dutch sovereignty. For Japan it was a trade question also, but, even more important, it was a question of keeping the European war out of the Far East. There were thousands all over the world who hoped that the Queen of Holland would leave her first place of refuge and proceed with all speed to Batavia. Such unmistakable evidence of intention to maintain Dutch sovereignty would have quieted both fears and discussions, and would have settled the controversy immediately. As it was, fears grew on rumors and Japan was pushed toward her declaration of Asia for the Asiatics.

The European war gave Japan still another reason for the enunciation of her new doctrine, although this reason should have prohibited the use of the name 'Monroe Doctrine.' Japan was at war with China, and the question of shipment of supplies through alien territories to the government of Chiang Kai-shek had been very serious, and still was, in principle at least. The war in Europe seemed to give the Japanese a heaven-sent opportunity to isolate the government in Chungking from all foreign war materials except Russian. It seemed unlikely that Great Britain and France would risk a new conflict in the Far

East merely to keep open a route over which war supplies had been passing to a Government of China for which everybody might have deep sympathy but which could not be of any help in the conflict. This case was not in the least parallel with that of the Dutch East Indies. It seemed rather that Japan was demanding rights in Burma and Indo-China the giving of which to other Asiatic nations it would fiercely resent.

In this Japan turned completely away from our conception of the Monroe Doctrine to a claim of overlordship utterly repugnant to the principles of that doctrine and dangerous to the future peace of the world. There would be plenty of effective protests from Great Britain if the United States began to tell the colonies and dominions what they could and could not do. So far as Indo-China was concerned, France, of course, gave in. It had no alternative. Great Britain, pushed to the wall and fighting for its life, agreed to close the Burma route for three months on condition that Japan opened peace negotiations with China. Our State Department's protest was justified neither by law nor by good sense.

II

Such things as fear over the future of Japanese trade in the Far East and the desire to hasten the end of the war with China were among the immediate causes of the Japanese declaration, aided, of course, by the thought that new principles could hardly be challenged by a world at war. But the essential, underlying reason was much more profound. It was the operation of economic factors, and particularly of one economic factor which is often ignored or brushed aside. Yet this principle explains a great deal that has happened and is happening now in various parts of the world and may well be an indication of how a new world order will develop after the war.

The principle may be stated as follows: a highly industrialized territory

always dominates economically neighboring territories which are technically less advanced. This domination is not so apparent in such neighbor territories as are most progressive. It may be fiercely resisted by more backward states or regions, but they must submit in the end. The domination does not need to be political; it is far less likely to be resented and resisted when politics plays no part. It consists in setting the pace in economic matters, preferably through the play of natural forces rather than through the acts of individuals, no matter how laudable their motives. It is easier to get angry at an individual than at an economic trend.

From this point of view, look at the situation on the North American continent. It is no insult to Canada or Mexico or Central America to say that the United States is the most thoroughly industrialized nation, the richest, the most advanced technologically. This is not owing to form of government, or merely to size; not only because we have had a resourceful and progressive people, vast mineral resources, and far-reaching farm lands; not because of our climate or our rivers and lakes; rather a combination of all these has produced our railroads and our highways, our factories and our great organizations of trade — all the things which make the United States the supreme economic power of the continent. Only the degeneration of the American people, their oversatisfaction with themselves, a growing softness of fibre that would make them shrink away from fearless endeavor or from a fight for mastery, can destroy this preëminence.

Canada is least affected, because Canada also is highly progressive; but equally is this true because Canada is bound by the closest ties to the mother nation overseas. This means that the great trade currents are strongly diverted into east-west channels, whereas the natural flow is across the border, north and south, at least so far as there are needs which could be fulfilled by one or

the other nation. Mexico, on the other hand, less progressive, with practically no industrial development except what has come from the United States, is wholly within our orbit, little as it may like to admit the fact, much as it may chafe under the knowledge. There may be sporadic attempts to break away, but they can never be successful until Mexican development approximates our own. The same thing is true of Cuba and of all the territories of the Caribbean region.

Or look at Europe. When England was the greatest industrial nation its influence in Europe was paramount. But as British supremacy in manufacture and trade was more and more challenged, and as Britain more and more emphasized empire trade and subsidized such trade, the economic mastery of Europe passed to that great industrial region extending from the Ruhr through Belgium into Northern France. It did not, in this instance, coincide with nationality, which seemed to be a good thing for the peace of the world. But this hope was vain, because, as time went on, Germany, the most virile nation in the combination, began to struggle for political as well as economic leadership. There are many reasons for the war in Europe, but not the least of them, though certainly the least considered, is this German struggle to maintain and to extend always more and more widely its economic domination.

This brings us back to the Far East. Fifty years ago a declaration by Japan establishing a Monroe Doctrine for Asia would have been one of those futile diplomatic gestures which lead nowhere. Today the situation is wholly different because Japan has become the great industrial nation of the East and is therefore the economically dominant power of the region. The so-called Monroe Doctrine proclaimed by Japan ought not to mean any curtailment of trade with the rest of the world. Except for the fact that different groups of nations are likely to coördinate their activities

more and more, this new doctrine of the Far East should mean that trade will increase rather than diminish. With greater coördination of effort there should be higher general prosperity, and therefore an increased demand for foreign commodities. Japan would not worry about its own exports to other East Asiatic countries, because lower standards of labor, as compared to the West, and greater proximity would ensure its predominance in the sale of competitive goods. In noncompetitive goods it would not be interested.

It should thus be clear that a Japanese Monroe Doctrine, so far as it brought about closer coöperation among Asiatic nations and consequently an improvement in living conditions, would be of value abroad as well as locally. It would be dangerous, harmful locally as well as abroad, only if it meant cutting off trade with the West. This would only accentuate the national differences that lead to war.

As a 'keep off the grass' sign, an Asiatic Monroe Doctrine would have to be backed by force, exactly as our own Monroe Doctrine is backed by force. Here Japan is already in the ascendancy. In a military sense it is recognized as supreme in the Orient even more clearly than in an economic sense. Nobody can say — at least no military man will say — just how wide an area can effectively be defended by a militarily dominant power. Perhaps as good a guide as any would be the radius over which a plane could fly with a load of bombs and return. This might be put at a thousand miles. But it cannot be the sole measure. Other questions must be answered. How strong are the economically dependent states as to their navies? Would a combination of their navies be able to defeat the navy of the sponsor state? If they have strong armies could those armies, alone or in combination, be effectively used against the state controlling the regional economic group?

Regarding all these factors Japan is

in a position somewhat similar to ours — stronger than ours, if anything, because in Japan invasion would be practically impossible. The Japanese can easily prevent any communication with the Asiatic mainland, and invasion from any other direction would be unthinkable. On the other hand, we have Canada to the north and Mexico to the south, and, although we certainly do not expect to be invaded by either, we are here discussing only geographical factors. Japan could be bombed from the air, but so could we, if any neighboring territory were in unfriendly hands. It is thus clear that Japan, unless attacked by Russia, is in a position to enforce compliance with the hands-off doctrine in East Asia just as surely as we can on the North American continent and in the Caribbean.

But under any interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine this military power should be used only to repel attempts to seize territory. If Japanese military power can be used similarly in the Far East, protecting the different states from outside aggression and therefore helping to keep the peace, its influence will be beneficent. If, on the other hand, it becomes an aggressive force within the region, its influence will be wholly bad. Neither must it be used to disrupt international trade, but rather to protect it. It must not threaten the political integrity of the weaker nations, but instead act as a guaranty to their sovereignty — a guaranty never thrust into the foreground and therefore irritating, but recognized as a force which will prevent outside influence from interfering with normal internal development.

III

'This all sounds very beautiful,' people will say, 'but how about China? After what Japan has done in China it cannot ever be trusted. Is not all this talk about the Japanese military as a possible stabilizing influence pure nonsense? And why should it be Japan any-

how that proclaims an Asiatic Monroe Doctrine?'

The questions are well taken and cannot be precisely answered because, except for the last question, they are in the realm of theory. If there is to be a Monroe Doctrine for East Asia, the only nation which can effectively sponsor it is Japan, since, as we have seen, Japan is unquestionably the dominant economic and military power of the Orient. For any other nation of the Far East to proclaim such a doctrine would be futile. But then, can Japan be trusted?

After all, since Japan emerged from its isolation less than a century ago its promises have been at least as sincere as those of western nations — and that, alas, remains true even today, when Japan has been ripping through treaty provisions whenever its pledged word seemed to work to its own disadvantage. Unfortunately, it is not being cynical to say that nowhere, any longer, is there much respect for a pledge. We Americans like to think ourselves better than most, but a list of our broken promises, including the recent shameless disregard of one of the principles of the Hague Treaty, would be surprising and unpleasant reading for most honorable Americans. And it is fair to say that there are thousands of honorable Japanese just as there are thousands of honorable Americans who believe that a pledge is sacred and are sorry and ashamed for the broken promises of their nation.

The plain fact is that there has got to be a spiritual regeneration, not only in Japan and Germany and Italy, but in Great Britain and France and the United States. Britain's Monroe Doctrine covers the Empire, but few of the stones of which the Empire is built are bloodless. The Spaniards in the past and the French in more recent years pushed forward their empires with contemptuous disregard of the rights of others. Whatever the apologists may say, our own Mexican War was a war of conquest. It is no answer to claim that the world is better off for those

conquests — that they all advanced civilization. The same claim will undoubtedly be made a hundred years from now by Germany, Italy, and Japan, if they are still independent and powerful nations; and it stands to reason that we cannot, from our own narrow outlook of the present, refute this claim.

The American Monroe Doctrine was no self-denying ordinance. We did not pledge ourselves never to expand. We did seize the southwest United States, and at other times we should probably have taken more territory if it had seemed to our advantage. We therefore have no right to insist, much as we should like to, that unless the Japanese Monroe Doctrine contains a self-denying clause it is wholly pernicious. The Japanese move into Manchuria ten years ago, induced by pressure of population and the need for security in certain raw materials, — which needs the Japanese felt overrode even treaty provisions and national promises, — had probably more justification than our own move into California. In both cases subsequent developments have proved the conquests wise for the territories in question and for the world. The Manchurian invasion seems to us worse only because it is so recent that the moral obloquy of it blinds us to the resultant benefits.

On the other hand, certain facts due to modern conditions have made conquests and the enslavement of peoples far more dangerous and less lucrative than in former years. Rapidity of communication has greatly increased the power of world public opinion. When the Japanese bomb open cities in China, the cabled news reaches America within a few hours. Funds for China relief flow more freely and Americans cry for an embargo on Japan. In the old days we should have heard nothing until the war was over. When it was learned recently that the Germans were seizing cattle and foodstuffs on which the peoples of France and Belgium depend to save them from starvation next winter

the moral indignation of America rose to the boiling point. Not many years ago we should have heard nothing until starvation had actually set in. Acts of terrorism have thus become more dangerous to the nations indulging in them, because instantaneous news mobilizes world indignation.

This same rapidity of communication, moreover, has made international trade as simple and as lucrative as domestic trade — always, of course, when it is not hamstrung by embargoes and prohibitions and exchange difficulties. It is therefore generally true that a dominant economic nation or region will find itself more prosperous, will make more money and exert greater influence, through peaceful economic coöperation than through conquest. Japan is just as capable of learning these facts as is any other nation.

It would thus seem that self-interest, once the theory of an Asiatic bloc was established, would induce Japan to carry on by means of coöperation rather than through attempted conquest. The China adventure has certainly not been of such a nature as to induce Japan to go blithely into similar attempts at conquest. In fact, except for a few fire-eating militarists, what Japan wants above all else is peace. It is always acutely conscious of the Russian bear peering hungrily across a narrow sea, sending its emissaries to spread the gospel of communism. Japan wants to be free to deal with that bear when the time comes. The wise men of the nation are afraid also of a victorious Germany — know full well that any irritation caused in Eastern Asia because of British and French possessions would be as nothing compared to the menace of a German Hong-kong or a German Indo-China or a German Singapore. Everybody knows there is a campaign of excited Japanese militarists against Britain, but this seems to be temporary, the immediate result of events in Europe. Japan feels its great dependence on the United States, and

above all does not want to quarrel with this country. If this idea of an Asiatic Monroe Doctrine sponsored by Japan is accepted by the rest of the world, the chances of a peaceful Orient after the Chinese war is settled will be far greater than if Japan feels itself thwarted in its just as well as its unjust ambitions.

IV

Whether we like it or not, the stake of the United States in the Orient is very large. This is not the place to discuss the Philippines, and momentarily the Philippines must be lumped with the possessions of the other western nations in the Far East. But, omitting the Philippines altogether, our stake is still large — sentimentally, in our missions and educational work; materially, in our trade. American missions are far more numerous in China than elsewhere; on the other hand, our trade is greatest with Japan. It is also very important with the Dutch East Indies and Malaya. Japan buys more annually from us; we buy more from the Dutch and British colonies than they buy from us. And it must be remembered that our purchases are largely of essentials, like tin and rubber, which are not elsewhere produced in sufficient quantities. We could get on without buying from Japan, but to stop selling to Japan would be disastrous, especially to the cotton growers of the South.

We must not forget, moreover, that we can continue our essential purchases from the Dutch East Indies and Malaya indefinitely only if we remain on good terms with Japan, the dominant economic and military power of the Far East. This is a simple fact that it is useless to try to hide. It has become a fact partly because the war in Europe has loosed the bonds binding the colonies to their absentee landlords and has decreased if not entirely destroyed the power of those landlords to defend their possessions.

It would seem, then, that the part of wisdom for the United States would be to welcome this Japanese Monroe Doctrine, not because we particularly like to accept it without greater clarification, but because it has in it seeds from which may grow crops which will be useful to us as well as to the Far Eastern group. If we should be the first to accept it, we should quickly regain our position as the best friend of Japan. We should, of course, be acting primarily to help ourselves, and this the Japanese would understand and applaud. But we should also be helping Japan to remove the menace of Germany from the Far East. Nobody as yet knows what demands Germany may make on the colonial possessions, in Asia, of the Allies or of the Netherlands when the war is over. There is always the possibility of annexation, if Germany is wholly victorious. In the long run this would be as disastrous to Japan as similar changes in the Caribbean would be to us. In fact it may be this very point which accounts for Japan's use of the name 'Monroe Doctrine.' In the Western Hemisphere the Doctrine prohibits the transfer of territory from one European power to another. Might not a Japanese Monroe Doctrine maintain the same prohibition in Asia? In Japan, if our Government only realizes the fact, this is of vital importance. There would be no such thing as Asia for the Asiatics if Germany succeeds to the colonial possessions of England, France, and the Netherlands.

Nor would there be for the United States free access to the markets of the Orient. Germany in control of the Dutch East Indies and Malaya would insist upon practical monopoly of the products of these regions, would use their strategic raw materials for political purposes. The Japanese must know this as well as we do. They can look back on the German management of the ports held in China before the last war and can thereby gain some idea of what would

happen today. If Japan, too deeply impressed with German power, should be tricked into an alliance to the extent of permitting Germany once more to get a foothold in the Far East, the honeymoon could last only a very short time. Such promises as Germany might make in order to gain the confidence and gratitude of the Japanese would go the way of other German promises when Japanese friendship was no longer necessary. The Monroe Doctrine of Asia would prove to be Asia for the Germans — not for the Asiatics.

The situation is intolerably confused. Our only endeavor must be to discover what is best for the United States, and then to act. Certainly we cannot prevent Japan from declaring a Monroe Doctrine for Asia, and we should therefore be unintelligent to oppose it. If we have the courage to applaud, Japan might well be willing to draw from our own past experience. Fortunately, we have in Tokyo as Ambassador an extraordinarily able man who is always completely American and has at the same time the full confidence of the Japanese, who know they can trust him to tell the truth and to be always courteous in doing it. With appropriate authority from Washington, Mr. Grew could coöperate with the Japanese to make the new Monroe Doctrine a success, useful to Japan and the group of nations which make up East Asia — in fact, to the world. For the sake of Japan, the sponsor, as well as for other nations, the Doctrine must not be permitted so to develop as to strangle trade by means of quotas and embargoes. There might in time be an East Asiatic customs union, but this could grow out of the Doctrine only as the result of real coöperation; it would not permanently hurt the rest of

the world any more than the customs union between the states of the United States has hurt the world. Also, as the result of working together, there might gradually develop some unified plan of buying and selling, a development which will probably be necessary everywhere to meet the totalitarian purchasing and selling units.

Finally, it is said that Japan is rapidly becoming a totalitarian state itself. This may be brought about by the formation of a single political party. We Americans believe such a system dangerous to peace and a certain menace to steady national progress. But we must also remember that Prince Konoye, slated to be the head of the new single party, is one of the most honorable men in Japanese public life. He is no Hitler or Stalin, with delusions of grandeur, but a man working unselfishly for the good of his nation. Prince Konoye is not a man to cling to power, but rather one with a clear vision who would be the first to turn the nation back to a parliamentary system. This he undoubtedly would do if the Japanese Monroe Doctrine helps to bring peace, prosperity, and stability.

All these things are in the future. We cannot decide them, but we can influence their development if we are wise enough to be objective; if we are sufficiently patriotic to consider only the ultimate good of the United States; if we submerge sentimentality in common sense. The American Monroe Doctrine warns the rest of the world against interference with the political life of the two continents; it connotes similar restraint on our part toward Europe and Asia. An Asiatic Monroe Doctrine enforcing the same principles, emphasizing coöperation as against aggression, could only benefit, not injure, the United States.

DALLAS

BY DAVID L. COHN

HOTEL ADOLPHUS
DALLAS, TEXAS

DEAR ELISAVETA ANDRIEVNA: —

Trains were sliding into and out of the railroad station the other morning when I got off the Memphis sleeper at Dallas. Big black trains, old style, and silvery streamlined trains, new style. There was an immense clanging of bells on the bright air, and the sound of deep-throated locomotive's whistles, which, more than any other sound, stirs the soul of the American who hears it because it is forever part of him, with the promise to a restless people of far places on a huge continent.

Inside the station, as I waited for my friends to fetch me, a trainman in a high-pitched voice which seemed half exhortation to the reluctant traveler to be on his way, and half moan as though he lamented the going of those whom he would never see again, called the roll of America: Abilene, Amarillo, San Angelo, Oklahoma City, Pawnee, Albuquerque, New Orleans, San Francisco, Denver, St. Louis, Chicago, 'aa-n-d po-ints we-e-est.' Bells clanged again, feet shuffled, ticket punchers bit into cardboard, drive wheels pounded the rails, and the California limited was gone. Gates opened, and incoming travelers, wiping the morning from their eyes, walked chatting with friends out into the wide plaza of the station.

Sitting there amid the sound and the movement, enveloped by the warm friendliness of the people, listening to the accents of Southwest and Far West, I

was strangely moved. It seemed to me that I was at the heart of an empire ruled by a youthful, energetic people who were unafraid and had never tasted the bitterness of disillusion. I felt as I used to feel in the ancient days of ten years ago when I landed at New York from a tired Europe and was lifted up by the surging exuberance of the city, the certitudes of a young country, and the powerful thrust of a people who had known many reverses but no defeats.

These feelings were magnified in me because I had come fresh to Dallas from the Old South. My homeland is overgrown with tangled and clinging memories of another day in which ivy and Cape jessamine, inextricably intermingled, partially shut out the light. Here there is release from the spiritual burden of the historical past, and a voluptuous reveling — as of swimming at night amid great waters — in the heady present. The Old South, tied to a losing plantation culture and hostile to alien immigration, saw many of its best men go North after the Civil War, while in recent years it has been unable to attract much more than a dribble of domestic or foreign immigration. Here the plantation has never dominated, and the immigrant has long been welcome whether he brought new ideas, new blood, new capital, or all three.

In representative cities of the Old South — Richmond, New Orleans, Louisville — the patterns of living have long been defined and set; an indispensable element of success is often whiskers,

mental or facial. In Dallas there are no patterns. Nothing is set or defined except the people's political conservatism, their allegiance to the Democratic Party, their passionate devotion to the open shop, their inbred (and mistaken) belief that near-by Fort Worth is a crude cow town and the other forty-seven states of the Union were founded so that they might become in time a suitable framework for the State of Texas. Within the range of these tribal and political taboos, a man may rove high, wide, and handsome; whiskers, mental or facial, are not essential to success in business or politics; and the patterns of today may form the scrap heap of tomorrow. A phenomenal city in a phenomenal state, Dallas daily faces the sun rising over an ever-expanding world of its own creating. Against this background, and blown along by the sheer exuberance and joyous animal energy of the people, the visitor from the slower-paced, memory-burdened Old South finds it hard to keep in step.

Situated upon a vast plain with boundless vistas on every side and endless horizons unbroken by the thrust of hills, drenched with light, clean of skies, and set down in a state which could shelter the land areas of old Germany and France, Dallas gives one the impression of being in a world detached from the continental land mass of the United States. Nor is the impression dissipated because the town exhibits so many characteristics common to other American cities. It has, for example, its quota of large, comfortable, sprawling Victorian houses. These were built by the earlier cattle barons who moved to the city at the behest of wives tired of living on lonely ranches, or for the sake of the children's schooling. In the business section, skyscrapers testify that the plague of elephantiasis of the ego which afflicted other cities of the country also afflicted Dallas. On its continuously expanding outskirts there are rows and rows of jerry-built, monotonously sim-

ilar houses — glued together by speculative contractors, and with a useful life shorter than that of a good watch — which shelter in anonymity newcomers to the city. In the suburbs, and along tree-bowered Turtle Creek in the centre of the town, are the lavish homes, the gardens, the cool green lawns of the rich. And, to complete the count of similarities to other American cities, scattered here and there over the length and breadth of Dallas are the mean streets and tumble-down shacks of the Negro and Mexican poor. Yet such is the impact of this city upon the mind of the visitor that, despite these likenesses to other communities, he has the feeling of being in a new town of a new world.

It is hard to say why. Perhaps it is because there still lurks in the American's soul an atavistic urge for elbow-room: a survival of the days when a man sometimes moved farther west because his nearest neighbor, now but fifty miles away, was beginning to cramp him. Here, although one is in a city, the boundless horizons and the imperial vastness of Texas produce the illusion of endless space. Perhaps it is because the older states and cities of the country, long settled, formalized, and a little weary, are, for all their apparent strength, weak at the core, bowed beneath the weight of unemployment and baffled by problems too difficult to solve. Here nearly everything is still fluid; there is little unemployment; the pains of the community are growing pains. Or perhaps it is because this is America's last frontier, inexhaustible of promise and only in the initial stages of exploitation. But, whatever the reasons, I assure you that one has the exciting feeling here of being in a new, energetic, and somehow strangely innocent world.

It is characteristic of the engaging naïveté of Texans — a naïveté which often conceals a Yankee shrewdness and deludes the outland slicker — that the founders of Dallas, back in the days when Texas was a republic, chose to

name it for a man who was Vice President of the United States in the administration of Polk. Any community which deliberately takes its name from a man who, barring accident, is almost inevitably doomed to historical oblivion manifests either a sublime ignorance or an unshatterable confidence. What manner of men were the founders? One gets a glimpse of them from a roll call of privates who went to the Mexican War in 1847, as reported forty years later by a Texas Thucydides, John H. Brown: —

. . . Thomas Dykes, who died in New Orleans, en route home; — Hatfield, who deserted on the Rio Grande to avoid prosecution for a row (had too much of the good old Methodists' hell cat in him); — Hunter, killed by his own pistol at Jalapa; Wm. Hicklin, afterwards killed in an impromptu duel; Anderson Pruitt (his 'society' title in camp life being 'Piney Woods'); George R. Paschal, eighty years old, lives at Terrell, and has a youthful desire to emigrate to the land of gold and grow up with the country, because his elder kindred oppose his using tobacco; Hiram Shirley, died and was buried at sea en route home; Wm. Wilhite, died in Mexico, as did his brother, McKinsey Wilhite. . . .

This is obviously a hard-bitten tribe in the old American 'half hoss and half alligator' tradition, whose members kept moving and doing until they were cut down by a bullet, a knife, or disease. These men 'fit,' duelled, drank, cussed, and died only fifty to a hundred years ago. Their Dallas descendants, victims of the vulgar modern doctrine that the same gross court which presides over a suit by a farmer against a railroad for the death of a cow can settle with equal facility delicate issues of personal honor, have long given up dueling. But when challenged they can still drink with superb facility, and, despite the enervating influence of college education, many of them cuss with much of the old effectiveness and picturesqueness. Texas was won by fighting men, and Texans mean to keep it free by fighting if neces-

sary. Only the other day fifteen thousand persons turned out for a mass meeting in Dallas to express their contempt for Hitler and to urge aid for the Allies (France was still fighting) in language which not even a lawyer-politician could misinterpret. And you may be sure that if these people lay their hands on any fifth-columnists near-by oaks will bear fruits more exotic than the acorn.

Wars, as you know, work strange wonders whether or not they are comprehended at the time, and environment produces its mutations and transformations upon men at war or at peace. Thus the Mexican War was by no means fought only by tough frontiersmen. At their side were numerous aristocrats and slaveholders of Mississippi, Kentucky, Louisiana, and the Old South who went to help the Texans win a vast territory from Mexico, and so increase the area of their political dominance by increasing the area of slavery. Many of these soldiers remained to merge their fortunes with those of the newborn state and to become its leaders. Others, having exhausted the fertility of their lands back home in the older cotton states, went out to Texas in search of new, cheap lands, and their numbers were sharply increased after the devastations of the Civil War.

In the '70s and '80s, when inquiries as to the whereabouts of a man were made in the Old South, the answer commonly given was 'Gone to Texas'; and as the migrations increased, the phrase became abbreviated to 'GTT.' These immigrants from an older and more complex civilization brought with them their manners, their political and social traditions, and, so far as they could be realized in a pioneer community, their ways of life. If they tended to transform their environment, they were inevitably and subtly transformed by it. The result is that today one finds among their descendants in Dallas a curious amalgam of manners and a point of view which de-

rive from the complex, formalized Old South and the relatively simple, breezy Southwest. These men, for example, foster a hospitality which William Howard Taft, amiably exhausted by it, described as 'ferocious'; they tend to be intelligent rather than intellectual; they are far more money-minded than their Mississippi or Kentucky kinsmen, much more energetic and aggressive, and yet in general they respond to the same codes of manners and behavior. The marriage of the tall beaver topper and the ten-gallon hat has turned out well.

Dallas, however, contains elements other than ex-Southerners and native Southwesterners. Here are to be found the offices and warehouses of three thousand out-of-state corporations that distribute goods and services to an enormous territory. Here is located a great financial centre which revolves around the Federal Reserve Bank snatched by aggressive Dallas from somnolent New Orleans. Here is the fourth largest insurance group in the United States. Here, in short, is a city grown large and rich not by manufacturing or exploiting natural resources, but by distributing goods and dispensing services. Great numbers of executives have come to Dallas from the Middle West, New England, and the Eastern seaboard states. They are generically lumped together under the heading of 'Yankees,' but they quickly go native and find time, while distributing ploughs, chill tonic, and typewriters, to boost Dallas with fervent ardor in the accents of Connecticut and Nebraska. Their wives, released from the gray skies of New England or the chill atmosphere of Iowa sewing circles, revel in the sun and breeziness of Southwestern life; their children, put through the machine of public schools, emerge as Texans; and the family that may have come to town with the notion of remaining a few years on the raw frontier stays on to become permanent residents. The consequence is that, except for the absence of con-

siderable numbers of the more exotic European stocks, Dallas is a thoroughly cosmopolitan American city with an unmistakably Southwestern flavor.

The visitor to Dallas, coming from a state where the average family income is about \$200 a year, is astonished by what seems to him the plutocratic richness of the city. The average Dallas family has an annual income of about \$3600, which means that it can spend more in a single month than an average Mississippi family in a whole year. Only two other American cities — New York and Washington — have a greater family purchasing power, and when it is remembered that three fourths of all our non-farm families have annual incomes ranging *downward* from \$2500, it is clear that Dallasites enjoy a standard of living unapproached by most of the country.

Where does the money come from? Dallas is not made up of oil millionaires; it is not a manufacturing centre; men of dazzling wealth are few. It earns its keep as a wholesaler, retailer, middleman, banker, and insurer for a vast area. Thousands of Dallas executives earn \$5000 to \$25,000 a year, or more; wages tend to be higher than those paid elsewhere in industry; and the town has in addition a considerable number of men who, having made fortunes in oil, cotton, or cattle, moved to the city to spend their lives and incomes. Here, then, is a community with a population approaching four hundred thousand which is not dominated by one industry, or by one group of overwhelmingly wealthy men, and yet enjoys a wide distribution of more than ordinary incomes.

It would be pleasant, therefore, to tell you that Dallas is one American city which has abolished poverty. I regret that this isn't true. A short distance from the centre of the business section, within sight of its towers and the winged metal Pegasus that bestrides the air high above a skyscraper, lies the Mexican quarter, containing about five thousand persons. They are the meek who shall

some day inherit the earth, but who up to this point have achieved merely hovels that lie along rutted roads filled with the dust storms of summer and the mud of winter. The pneumonia rate among this group is appalling: disease ends what poverty began. Scattered throughout the quarter, starring its mean streets with mercy, are the missions of the churches that must first save the temporal bodies of their parishioners before they can begin to assure the salvation of their immortal souls. Here the descendants of the great Montezuma who once held nearly all the Texas territory, and who erected an astounding culture while Europe still groped in barbarism, run little grocery stores, go out to work as laborers and domestics, or sit on stoops in the sun dreaming who knows what strange dreams behind the façade of impassive faces.

But, whatever the poverty and hardships of these folk, the ancient instinct of their ancestors for beauty burns in them undimmed. They are passionate lovers of flowers, upon which they lavish unstinted tenderness and devotion. In their tiny, rocky, thin-soiled front yards, one sees young brown girls and toil-bent old women lovingly and painfully coaxing flowers and plants from the earth, cultivating them in tomato and oil tins, guiding their slow flights on poles and trellises, watering them from homemade spouts, and so giving forth through petal, frond, and color a joyous affirmation of living in what would otherwise be a dark and shabby sterility.

Out of the needs of the poor, the obscure, and the inarticulate of Dallas has grown one of its most distinguished institutions — Civic Federation. Its founder and motivating force is Elmer Scott, who (despite the spectacular yowlings of Maury Maverick) is perhaps the most effective and notable liberal in Texas. He is, however, no snarling, humorless, suspicion-encrusted, dialectic word-splitter like many Eastern liberals whose intolerance is matched only by that of

their opponents. In common with Oscar Ameringer, of near-by Oklahoma, he is a warm-hearted, mirthful, plain-speaking, courageous man of wide sympathies. Scott understands those who oppose him as well as those who concur with him. He sees, better than they, how they are enmeshed in the coils of society. He knows that a man's point of view — as James Madison stated in a memorable passage of *The Federalist* — is deeply affected by the ownership of property and his place in the community. By virtue of his insight and tolerance he has secured the approbation of the majority of his townsmen and the support of nearly all the powerful except a few who regard any aid to the downtrodden as tinctured with red unless it is in the form of a handout of sowbelly and cowpeas.

In the prime of his life, Elmer Scott renounced a lucrative business career to become chief of the department of public welfare in the municipal administration of Dallas, but so innocent was he of the world that he was amazed when soon kicked out of office. He then nourished the quixotic belief that the place for the man who sought public service was in the public service, but, although wounded in his societal impulses, he was not discouraged. Twenty-three years ago, with almost no money and few supporters, he established Civic Federation, and through two decades of untiring, selfless effort has brought it to its present high estate in the life of the city.

This organization follows no rigid pattern. It trains social workers, holds open forums on economic and political questions, interests itself in the preservation of civil liberties, presents foreign and unusual domestic films to audiences who otherwise would see only the run-of-mill variety, and has built up a large library of books and phonograph records. Federation frequently examines the ledgers of democracy through institutes on taxation and other governmental problems, conducted by local and foreign experts.

This it does not in an effort to turn up double-dealing entries but out of an old-fashioned belief that the people who theoretically own the government are entitled to know how their managers are running the business. Sometimes the managers resent these inquiries, just as some heads of private corporations are angered by the small stockholder who not only dares to attend the annual meeting of his company, but has the gall to ask questions about the management. Federation, however, is little disturbed by the grumblings of politicians. It goes on quietly teaching, conducts a radio forum known as 'You Might Be Right,' and, in the quite outmoded belief that man is more than a politico-economic animal, encourages the playing of chamber music by local amateurs. Federation's president is an enlightened and humane movie magnate — Karl Hoblitzelle — who has gathered around him a board of directors made up of leading business and professional men of Dallas. This may seem a small accomplishment to you, but you must remember that it has been brought about in a community where social thinking moves slowly, in an area where buffoonery in politics and a sometimes antique conservatism exist side by side.

Dallas, a modern city which some of its citizens unfortunately think of as a Southwestern New York, still carries on an old rural tradition and does it with a magnificence unapproached elsewhere in the United States. Although no Stravinsky has composed a *Petrouchka* for the Dallas County Fair, and it necessarily lacks the Asiatic splendor of the fairs once held at Nizhni-Novgorod, nonetheless its prize hens cackle in gilded seraglios, giant bulls stamp the ground inside imposing enclosures, and mountainous boars grunt in an agricultural Petit Trianon. The Fair's structures are valued at \$15,000,000. Many of the buildings erected for the Texas Centennial Exposition in 1936 have been pre-

served by Dallas for its fair, and a hopeful woman bringing a layer cake or a patchwork quilt to enter for a prize winds her way through man-made lagoons and fountains into the prescribed room of a building where the product of her homely skill is shown with something of the éclat with which rare pearls are exhibited to lordly customers in the private chambers of metropolitan jewelers. Enormous cash prizes — quite staggering to those who know the modest sums offered at fairs in New England and the South — are given for the best cattle, horses, poultry, grains, and fruits. Even gargantuan Texas, fully aware of its riches in timber, oil, and other resources, is wisely conscious of the eternal strength that resides in the ancient farm trinity: cow, sow, hen. It is therefore fitting that bulls richly garlanded, horses sleekly curried, sows cleansed and shining, and roosters knightly caparisoned in the glory of comb and spur, should be exhibited against a tapestried background. No great American of the past, if he could arise from the grave, would be more pleased with this than Thomas Jefferson, who thought that the United States would remain strong and its citizens virtuous only so long as they retained touch with the earth from which come all things.

At the other end of the scale, Dallas is famous for its well-dressed women and for the store which leads the way in dressing them well. The most widely publicized institution of this city located in a state where men are men is not a saloon, hung with bar nudes and adorned with time-mellowed whiskey aromas, but — shades of Crockett and Houston — a store for women. Mention Neiman-Marcus anywhere in Dallas or the Southwest, and the eyes of ladies glow with the soft, rapt light usually evoked only by memories of a favorite obstetrician or a superlative dressmaker. For this shop has achieved a minor miracle. Beginning thirty years ago when Dallas was a small town in an area where the voice of the

cow was loud in the land, Neiman-Marcus has taught Southwestern women to dress well and without self-consciousness; contrived to sell more fine clothes than any similar store in Chicago and almost as much as the largest in New York; and in so doing has earned the lush gratitude that women reserve for those who show them how to improve upon nature.

In derrick-cluttered oil towns where cooking is still in the frying stage and drinking is whiskey followed by a beer chaser, Germaine Monteil and Elsa Schiaparelli are names not unknown to many women. On lonely ranches where angora goats dream in sparse shade of the Turkish hills from which their ancestors came to Texas, ladies go attired in Bianchini silks subtly scented with the perfumes of Paris. In the office buildings of Dallas sit girl typists and clerks simply and smartly clad. From St. Louis and Chicago, from states as distant as North Dakota and as near as Oklahoma, women come to Dallas to buy their clothes. Once a week Neiman-Marcus stages a style show at luncheon in a local hotel, where capacity audiences watch beautiful models display evening gowns, furs, or sports clothes; twice a year it gives huge style shows within its premises which are attended by crowds so large that the performance must be repeated for several evenings.

This, it seems to me, is all to the good. I can think of no great civilization, ancient or modern, in which there was not at least some attempt toward elegance. Generally speaking, where the arts flourish there flourishes also the minor art of woman's dress. Even Elizabeth of England, master of statecraft and one of the architects of her country's greatness, was enormously concerned with her clothes and wore silk stockings at a time when they were one of the rarest and costliest of all luxuries. I need say nothing to you of the beauty of women's clothing in the ancient days of India, China, and Japan, of Renaissance Italy and France. One

might, coming to modern times, draw interesting deductions from the fact that Germany alone of the great western countries has made so few contributions and has been so little given to elegance. But to return to Dallas. While women gain in attractiveness by being well dressed, they must inevitably in the process learn something also of form and line and color which they carry over into the appointments of their homes and into the influence they exert upon the appearance of their communities, until the whole becomes greater than the sum of its parts.

You may think me fanciful if I suggest that beneath all this there may be the stirrings of something even more significant. At first glance there is no apparent relationship between the well-groomed hens of the Dallas County Fair and the well-dressed ladies of Neiman-Marcus. And to the mind coarsened by pragmatic thinking there is none. You know, however, that fashion has long proceeded from France: a country given to a superb agriculture, not in the gross sense of tonnage, but in the refined sense of quality. The geese of Toulouse, the asparagus of Argenteuil, the truffles of Périgord, the cheeses of Normandy: do not these derive from the same soil which produces the world's greatest dress-makers? Have not the vegetable vendors of the French markets always created symphonies of form and color as they instinctively arranged the yellow of carrots, the pale green of cabbages, the blood-red of beets, the ivory-white of cauliflower, into an ordered whole which enchanted the eye even as it beguiled the palate? None of this is needful to the demands of commerce. What is it but part of the French instinct for form, and therefore the essence of the feeling which made France the world's centre of fashion and elegance?

A superb rooster crowing lustily on the farm of a peasant in the Nièvre and a beautiful evening gown worn by a Parisienne at dinner: are these not re-

lated fragments of the same instinct — of the harmonious eighteenth-century order so beloved of Voltaire surviving into the disordered twentieth century? And if the origins of the instinct are mysterious, while its strength is such that it cannot be destroyed by wars or revolutions, is it impossible then to believe that some particle of it — however pale and attenuated — may now be taking root in Texas and shyly putting forth its first fruits in the form of queenly hens and well-dressed ladies? Who shall say where the brodered Twelve driven from Parnassus by war's alarms may not take up their new abode in exile?

In this huge, rich, roaring state where oil gushes out of the ground like blood off the hide of a behemoth, where ranches are as large as Rhode Island, cowboys ride herd in airplanes, and a prodigious Browning collection has been assembled at Baylor University in the near-by cotton town of Waco, one is prepared for miracles. But it was with a shock of surprise that I came upon the Cokesbury Book Store in Dallas. Fitted with simple and dignified fixtures, its stock of books large and diverse, and air-conditioned throughout its five floors, Cokesbury is perhaps the handsomest bookstore in the United States. But this is not its most surprising aspect.

The Texas atmosphere is filled day and night with the howlings of primitive preachers who make sinners jump through hoops of fire as they sit before their radios. More perhaps than Georgia or Mississippi — no mean competitors in this sphere — Texas is given to religious orgiasticism, hydrophobic fervor, Sodom-and-Gomorrah sermons. Hosts of holy men working frenetically in around-the-

clock shifts beat off the hosts of Satan. And the Cokesbury Book Store is owned and operated by the Methodist Church, some of whose ministers fight the devil's flames with flames. Yet the church imposes not the slightest censorship on books or readers. Here one may buy any volume that is offered for sale elsewhere; adjacent shelves are labeled 'Sex' and 'Religion.' It is something of a feat for any church to run a bookstore and refrain from the temptation of trying to run the minds of its customers. The feat is the greater when it is accomplished in a largely fundamentalist area where the prevailing doctrine concerning the Bible — and much else besides — is 'I'd believe it even if it ain't true.'

This is my last day in Dallas, and I'm sorry to leave. I regret especially leaving the coffee-shop waitress who has shared with me ever since my arrival my morning grumpiness and morning newspaper's headlines. This morning I asked her: 'What kind of a town is this?' She looked at me with the swift, appraising eyes of one who has spent years bringing eggs and bacon to armies of men away from home. 'I can tell you right now,' she said, 'that more traveling salesmen lose their jobs here than anywhere else in the country.' 'Why?' I asked. 'Because,' she answered with a gleam of patriotic pride in her brown eyes, 'Dallas is famous for its strong whiskey and wild women.'

It is just as well, then, that my bags are already packed; just as well that I shall be leaving in an hour with newfound friends for Fort Worth — a city, I hope, of fewer temptations than Dallas.

Affectionately,

DAVID

FARMERS WITHOUT FARMS

BY HAZEL HENDRICKS

I

THE dispossessed are walking the roads of America today — refugees, not of war, but of a revolution that is turning agriculture into an industry, dealing in subsidized, downtrodden, exploited, unregulated, unprotected labor.

Government estimates have set the present total at about half a million homeless wanderers, with the Department of Agriculture reporting that 40,000 persons, who have not been on the road before, join the tragic total each year.

There have always been migratory agricultural workers following the crops in this country, but the new migrants are different. Those of earlier days were single men, who liked to be on the move, bindle stiffs who chose a mobile way of life, who had no desire to settle down and fit themselves into a community social scheme. The new migrants are evicted American farm families who want to get another piece of land more than anything else in the world, but instead find all the good land grabbed by the big fellows who grudge them thirty cents an hour or less for helping with the harvest.

Investigations and revelations, set off by Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*, which spotlighted the problem as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* did that of slavery, have recently revealed this clearly as a national problem. Senator Robert M. La Follette's subcommittee of the Senate Education and Labor Committee and Representative John H. Tolan's special

House committee are continuing serious and searching probes into the problem.

These investigations reveal the stark and frightening fact that many states are today the scenes of dispossession, others are receiving great influxes of migrants, and still others foresee the early extension of the pattern to and within their boundaries.

The migrants come from poor homes in the Dust Bowl and also from rich lands in that most stable of all agricultural areas, the Corn Belt, where mechanization is estimated to have pushed more than 6 per cent of Iowa's farm families off their land in the last three years. They come from the Cotton Belt, the Wheat Belt, from all areas.

Many are the causes of this exodus. The waste and exhaustion of our soil through overgrazing and one-crop planting, unchecked for more than a century, made thousands of acres ready victims to drought, dust, grasshoppers, wind, and flood, which destroyed them for any owners. Much of the land settled in the northern part of the lake states was poor to begin with, and this has been the real problem in that region, rather than erosion. In the years 1930 to 1939 more than one and a half million farms were lost by their owners because of inability to meet mortgage or tax payments. This represents more than one quarter of all the farms in the United States.

There have been years of ruinous farm prices, foreign markets have disappeared, and the depression has greatly

aggravated many already serious farm conditions. Unsound systems of tenure and an alarming increase in farm tenancy as opposed to farm ownership have played their part. A growing surplus in the farm population, as farming opportunities dropped and restricted employment in the cities failed to take up the slack, added to the distress.

But outstanding among all causes contributing to the present agricultural problem of the dispossessed is the mechanization of American farms.

The typical farm in the traditional American sense has always been the 'family-size farm,' ranging from 40 to 160 acres, worked by its owner and his family, with possibly a hired man, treated as part of that family. Today, found in increasing numbers throughout the United States are large industrialized concerns, often corporately-owned, with huge acreages handled by hard-headed business men frequently without previous experience in farming, which use many machines, few work animals, and few humans except in peak harvest time, when great hordes of 'laborers' are temporarily employed.

Compare the following great farm businesses with the family-size farm:—

The United States Sugar Corporation, operating 30,000 acres in Florida;

Tom Campbell, the 'wheat king,' whose operations in years past have covered tens of thousands of wheat, barley, and other grain land in such widely separated states as Montana, New Mexico, and California;

Stokely Brothers and Company, Inc., with 7545 acres in Tennessee, and 27 plants in Indiana, Wisconsin, Delaware, Tennessee, Washington, Florida, Texas, and California, preparing, packing, and selling food products such as vegetables, fruits, and condiments;

The Applecrest Orchard of Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, largest apple producer of New England, with its own packing plant, which produced last year more than 70,000 bushels of apples (nearly one twelfth of the commercial apple crop of New Hampshire), employing 8 men the year round and 125 seasonal workers through picking and packing;

Walker-Gordon Farm near Princeton, New Jersey, operating the big 'Rotolactor' milking machine built like a merry-go-round, with a capacity of 50 cows at one time, and at the present time milking 1400 cows three times a day;

Large-scale poultry farms such as Christie, Hubbard, and Colby of New Hampshire, shipping annually thousands of broilers, baby chicks, and eggs;

Seabrook Farms, a corporation truck farm of vast acreage near Vineland, New Jersey;

Starkey Farms Company, owning asparagus acreage in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and South Carolina, which it divides into small farms of approximately 40 acres each, worked by share-cropper tenants on a 50-50 basis with the cropper planting the crop and doing all labor, and the landowner supplying housing (such as it is), mules, and equipment;

The Godchaux Sugar Corporation, owning 34,140 acres of land, of which 13,700 acres are in sugar cane in Louisiana;

The great British-controlled Delta and Pine Land cotton plantation in Mississippi;

The California Packing Corporation, owning and operating 20,000 acres of land in California valued at nearly \$9,000,000; leasing and operating nearly as much land in canning vegetables in Illinois with the largest fleet of rubber-tired tractors in the world, plus leases, operations, and contracts in other states, Hawaii, and the Philippines, bringing it control over crops on a grand total of nearly 100,000 acres;

The Di Giorgio Fruit Corporation, owning through its subsidiary, the Earl Fruit Company, 15,855 acres of farm land in 22 units in California, valued at \$5,754,000, with irrigation equipment worth \$1,585,000 more, plus land in other states; and through another subsidiary, the International Fruit Corporation, having large holdings in Florida and in Georgia totaling approximately 31,745 acres.

Such concentration of acreage and values into huge corporate farms is probably most prevalent in the cotton, sugar-cane, and tobacco plantations of the South and the fruit and vegetable ranches of California, plus their holdings in other states. Of the 7875 large-scale farms in the United States reporting a

normal value of production of \$30,000 or more in the 1930 census, 36.7 per cent were in California. The census failed to include cropper-operated plantations in its enumeration of large-scale farms. Representing only 2.1 per cent in number of all farms in California, large-scale farms accounted for more than one fourth of the land in farms, more than one fifth of harvested crop land, two sevenths of the value of all farm products, and more than one third of all expenditures in the state for farm labor. In Louisiana, 2 per cent of the state's sugar-cane operators, who grow 80 or more acres apiece, hold 60 per cent of the state's cane acreage.

Large-scale farm managers, unable to regulate other overhead charges such as transportation of produce to markets, rent, interest, power and water, fertilizer and machinery, insist on their right to control wages and to hire and fire arbitrarily to meet fluctuating economic conditions. They beat down hourly rates of pay by recruiting an excess of labor and accepting those who will work for the least. They demand the release of 'reliefers' from WPA and relief rolls to work for whatever wages they wish to pay, and they often prefer migrants over resident laborers because migrants will be 'glad to find a home and job' and are also less likely to be unionized. The managers themselves are organized in associations which control labor policies, but they brand any attempts of their workers to organize as the activities of 'reds,' 'radicals,' and 'communists.' This attitude makes for an antagonism between employer and employee and provides no possible basis for understanding or negotiation.

II

How does mechanization work to make possible so drastic a change in the farm picture?

Recent developments in manufacture of small, all-purpose tractors at low cost

have been the important means of changing farm sizes, operations, and employment. The Farmall tractor, applicable to all field operations, needing few men to handle it and designed as a complete replacement of horses, was introduced in 1924. In 1933, a smaller and cheaper Farmall was put on the market, and even less expensive ones have appeared since.

Thus, in the last seven years, small farmers — both tenants and owners — able to buy these all-purpose machines have found themselves equipped to expand operations while cutting their human help. One farmer, finding himself able to handle more acreage in a shorter time than ever before, buys or leases an adjoining farm or farms, throws off less fortunate tenants, and handles 200 acres with one year-round helper where he had formerly only 100 acres and five hired men. Such high rents are bid for good lands by farmers with machinery, seeking to expand, that other tenant families with little power equipment are unable to compete, and are either forced off the land entirely or forced into poorer sections where they can raise only meagre and unprofitable crops. Absentee owners, such as insurance companies and banks holding overdue farm mortgages, have been able to operate the land with the new machinery more cheaply than the original owners.

The difference in social and financial status between their former estate as farmers on the land and their present position as seasonal laborers is graphically illustrated by the following report of the Texas Agricultural Experiment Stations: 'The typical farm tenant in the High Plains or Blackland may be expected to earn a net farm income of from \$800 to \$1000 annually, even with cotton prices as low as they are today. As either a common or an agricultural laborer, the same tenant cannot expect to earn more than from \$250 to \$300.'

Throughout the country, mechanization has hit rural schools because of the increasingly transient population

and hurt the business of small-town merchants who have fewer farms and fewer people to supply. Even the implement dealer who sells tractors estimates that for every one he sells he drives at least five customers off farm land.

Where is mechanization taking place?

Tractors are moving throughout the Southeast. Word is passed from cabin to cabin, from the Georgia cotton fields to the Carolina sea islands, north to the Alabama and Tennessee hills, and west even to Louisiana, Mississippi, and Arkansas, that the only work for the obscure, disheartened, and landless people of the area will be in the wake of the machines in harvest time. Then they will work for a pittance from 'can to can't.' In all the agricultural areas of peninsular Florida, development of large-scale industrialized farming is under way with tractors, gang ploughs, dusting by airplanes, thousands of acres under intensive cultivation, and migratory labor forces hired under pitiful conditions.

In wheat areas of the nation, tractors and combines have taken over the fields, stepping up acreage that can be handled by one man, and one unit of power and machinery, from 200 to 800 acres.

Following their earlier attack on wheat, machines are now rolling through the cornfields of the country in increasing numbers. Three years ago an Iowa report stated that mechanical corn pickers were already replacing 15,000 to 20,000 men formerly employed in hand-picking.

In fruit and vegetable areas, machines are fast turning truck farms into factories. Mechanization in Aroostook County, Maine's great potato-producing area, cut the time needed to produce and market 100 bushels of potatoes by 84 per cent from 1909 to 1936.

In the rich cotton lands of Mississippi and Arkansas, displacement of farmers by machines is beginning to be heavy. One planter alone purchased 22 tractors

and 13 four-row cultivators, dispossessing 130 of his 160 share-croppers, retaining only 30 for day labor. Such displaced croppers are swept into towns of the Delta and choke the slums of Memphis. During cotton chopping in the spring and picking season in the fall, they are hauled daily in great trucks to work on plantations as far as forty-three miles distant. The rest of the year they remain largely unemployed and a heavy burden on relief. Thus they constitute a mobile labor reserve supported at public expense in the winter.

This condition is true throughout all industrialized agricultural sections, for the employers, who admit frankly that they need seasonal labor, refuse to take any responsibility for its livelihood and support in off seasons, passing the buck to government and private relief agencies which maintain the needed labor force during slack seasons as a public subsidy to the big growers. Yet, as we have shown, they demand that workers be made immediately available when needed, even if that means throwing them off relief for wages far below even the relief pittances they were receiving.

III

With this black present, the future looks even more ominous. There is the mechanical cotton picker yet to be adopted throughout the Cotton Belt, and the machine industry is working to perfect new, low-cost machines, such as a sugar-beet harvester, a corn combine to pick, husk, and shell corn in one continuous operation, and a sugar-cane harvester. These will make further deep inroads on the human labor of the farms. Even without these new developments, the Bureau of Agricultural Economics states that a conservative estimate points to the displacement of 350,000 to 400,000 more workers in agriculture in the next decade by the adoption of machines which have already been developed. With an average family

numbering 4.5 persons, these displaced workers will have between 1,225,000 and 1,400,000 dependents affected by their plight.

Figures recently submitted to the Temporary National Economic Committee, investigating the migrant problem, clearly show the shift of farmers' money into machines rather than wages. The percentage of cash farm income spent for the machinery to operate farms has risen from .24 in 1910 to 11.71 in 1939, while the percentage spent for agricultural wages dropped from 9.13 in 1910 to 7.13 in 1939 (a period in which the wage levels rose). Farmers' expenses for farm implements, tractors, and repairs to machinery, have risen from \$95,000,000 in 1932 to \$422,000,000 in 1939. The 1932 figure represents only 1.7 per cent of the gross farm income, while the 1939 figure equals 4.9 per cent.

Obviously the machine, plus rural electrification and other technical changes, has made farming easier and more productive and farm life more comfortable for the farmers who can afford these improvements, but it tends to freeze the social status of the farm community. Unhampered by business regulatory practices, employers provide whatever living conditions they wish for their workers. Let's take a look at this part of the picture of American agriculture in 1940. It isn't an edifying spectacle.

In the East, thousands of children are taken from school to work in the cranberry bogs of New Jersey; in the South, Negroes are transported in trucks from slums to be 'sold' by row bosses to farmers for harvesting jobs; in the West, white Americans are herded into baricaded, boss-run, armed work camps on California ranches. Throughout the migratory areas there is seldom decent housing or sanitation, and little medical care, but there is widespread disease, and lack of education for children. In East and West alike, any migrant who protests against wages or conditions, or mentions unions, is thrown into jail.

In the cane-sugar area near Lake Okeechobee in Florida, housing for migrants is left entirely up to the profit motive, with growers shirking the responsibility of the landlord by leasing land to anyone who wants to speculate in cheap houses. No standards of sanitation or housing are set up by local authorities. An outstanding exception is the United States Sugar Corporation, which provides free sanitary housing for all year-round and most of its seasonal workers. Here and there other growers build relatively decent houses, but fail to keep pace with the influx of seasonal workers.

Children of migrants in Florida, as of most migrants everywhere, receive little schooling. Their education is 'in competition with beans, and the beans seem to be winning.' The Belle Glade nursery school cares for approximately fifty children whose parents are employed in packing operations. These children remain in the school all day long, week in and week out, so that it is more like a temporary orphanage than a day nursery. At night they sleep on the back seat of cars parked outside the packing house. Migrants who do place their children in schools must take them out after a few weeks or months to 'move on.'

In Georgia, Tennessee, and Arkansas, white share-croppers working in beans, celery, radishes, cabbages, and other vegetables, settle their families in tents or tar-paper shacks for which they pay \$3.00 a month. Work in this area at peak season often equals 93½ hours a week, or six consecutive shifts of over 16½ hours each. Many women work 32 hours straight. One, after 35 hours without pause, dared to ask to be allowed to go home to her shack. She was fired.

In New England, the cradle of liberty, one of the largest apple orchards hires undercover operatives to spy on the workers, and the vigilante activities carried on by employers and union opponents in California and other West

Coast states have been widely publicized. In Colorado, sugar-beet growers prefer migratory laborers because resident workers are more highly unionized, explaining simply, 'A beet laborer who is a member of a union is perhaps not as good a beet laborer as others.'

In certain Eastern states, toilets in migrant housing were found so insanitary that State Health Departments condemned them. The landlords just nailed them up, and then there weren't any toilets — not much improvement over the earlier insanitary ones.

Plans of big growers in Florida to shift their point of operations from Sanford to Belle Glade will mean the gradual destruction of the marginal 'security' now enjoyed by Negro celery workers of Sanford. Negro migrants in this district occupy ten-by-ten stalls in long sheds or barracks with one window and a door, or no window, paying \$1.00 to \$1.50, unfurnished.

IV

This, then, is the situation, these are the conditions that the Federal Government and state and local agencies are seriously investigating today. The questions — now that the unhappy, shameful picture is growing clear — are 'What can be done?' and 'Who should do it?'

In placing responsibility, it seems pertinent to ask, 'Who needs these people?' Certainly those to whom they are important should share the burden of their subsistence. The answer, of course, is obvious. They are needed, at least a certain number of them, by an agricultural system which freely admits its dependence upon large bodies of labor for very short periods of time. They are also needed, all of them, by government — national, state, and local — as good citizens rather than sore plague spots breeding disease, social unrest, and delinquency. Thus it becomes a problem to be solved by govern-

ment and large-scale agriculture in partnership. The latter has shown little inclination to help as yet.

It is not possible to solve the problem by barring migrants from one state, or by merely making conditions better at points where large migratory groups gather. Causes as well as effects must be considered, and this problem's place in the whole general picture of a complicated and depressed agriculture must be evaluated. A general agricultural readjustment is necessary. Disadvantaged rural people today include immobile laboring families and farmers on marginal and submarginal farms as well as the migrants. Broadly speaking, all of these unemployed and underemployed groups are equally in need of help. What are their prospects for the future?

They will be joined in the next decade by 400,000 more displaced farm operators, tenants or laborers, plus thousands more reduced in status from operator or tenant to laborer. In addition, there are all those farmers now living on poor land, which ought not to be farmed and which does not provide them with an adequate living. Add another million and a half men as representing the present excess unemployed workers living on farms (971,000 totally unemployed or emergency workers, male, and 576,000 partially unemployed males living on farms in November 1937, according to Census of Unemployment).

When these somewhat overpowering figures are pulled together, it becomes obvious that only a small proportion of the threatened and distressed groups who have previously looked to farming for a livelihood can look forward in the future to security and a decent living in agriculture.

Even if we were fortunate enough to experience an expanding market for our farm products, and additional land for farming were required, it would be possible to bring more new farm land under the plough only by developing new supplies of irrigation water in the West, or

by clearing and draining land in the South. Much of the land which could be developed in this way is of high quality, and should be settled. But it is most likely that new land of this kind will hardly be adequate to take care of farm families now on barren, eroded farms in the South, or on the wind-swept Great Plains or the rocky cut-over forest land in the Great Lakes region, who haven't a chance where they are. Moreover, the development of new land by irrigation or drainage is slow, and the country faces the immediate problem of what to do with millions of impoverished, idle, or half-idle rural people, whose numbers grow so alarmingly each year.

Vigorous action along several broad lines of attack are needed. First, we must push the development of good new land for the farmers we shall need in the future who are now on poor land, or who are working good land so hard that erosion and depletion of soil fertility are becoming problems. Second, we must strive to make more secure the tenure of farmers who can stay on the land if given an opportunity to take advantage of the technical improvements so quickly adopted by their bigger neighbors. Third, we must bring to an end the present wasteful, vicious system of exploitation of the unprotected, helpless farm laboring population. Fourth, we must face the greatest and most difficult fact that most of our disadvantaged rural people must look outside of agriculture for a decent living. In the face of our present urban and industrial unemployment, this is a difficult problem indeed.

For the migratory group, the principal problems are a place to live and a way of life. There are at present many immediate and temporary programs, such as Farm Security Administration camps and housing units and grants, and some special health provisions, designed to alleviate the more acute distressed conditions. Starved by lack of sufficient appropriations, these programs are pitifully inadequate. They must be contin-

ued and expanded, but for any fundamental reform and remedy it seems plausible to make a three-way division of the unknown total of agricultural migrants. One group will continue in seasonal agriculture as wage laborers; one must somehow be resettled to farm for itself; and the third group — by far the largest — must be diverted from agriculture, in which it does not belong and cannot make a living, to some other form of livelihood.

For those who are to remain seasonal laborers the first requirements are more security of work and greater stability of residence. A program of housing should be worked out to permit the laborers to provide homes for their families and schooling for their children while they work from the home base, over a reasonable radius, following the crops in a systematic and routine way through the aid of accurate and complete reporting of harvesting employment possibilities and crop conditions. At present, migrants must rely almost entirely upon the 'grapevine' in deciding where to go next to look for work. This, of course, leads to both gluts and famines in the labor market.

For this group, as for all agricultural workers, there should definitely be an extension of social-security laws, wages-and-hours laws, and the labor-relations act. This would undoubtedly ameliorate some of the harsher aspects of prevailing conditions and afford them legal protection in partially working out their own solutions to difficulties. Uniform state settlement laws and uniform standards of relief, perhaps with federal assistance through grants-in-aid, would further improve the situation. The exemption of agriculture from social legislation has greatly aided the large industrialized corporate farm, which is enabled to exploit the abundant supply of cheap farm labor, while hurting the little farmer, who works his own family-size farm and must compete with the low wages paid by subsidized big fellows.

V

In planning any resettlement of farm families — migrant, stranded, or submarginal — there is first the question of where land may be found for them.

There are settlement opportunities developing on new irrigable land to be brought in on the approximately fifty Federal Reclamation projects scattered throughout the West and projects such as Fort Peck Dam in Montana, which will make possible irrigation of nearly 80,000 acres of farm land below the dam. The great bulk of land is yet to be brought in on the reclamation projects, but already several hundred families, some of them from the migrant group, have been settled on the Owyhee project in Oregon, and about one hundred families each on the Sun River project in Montana and the Riverton in Wyoming. An applicant for a public land farm unit on such a project must have a cash capital of at least \$2000 or an equivalent in farm implements, livestock, or other useful assets, and must have had at least two years' farming experience. In cooperation with Reclamation, the Farm Security Administration plans to make loans to migrant and stranded farm families to enable them to settle on certain of these irrigation projects in the northern Great Plains. However, the most optimistic forecast is that these projects will make room for only a few hundred thousand farmers.

In Florida, to the south and east of Lake Okeechobee, lies America's greatest undeveloped reserve of fertile land, the muck prairies, 2,000,000 acres more fertile than any other land in the world. About a quarter of this area has been destroyed by muck fires irresponsibly set, but there is still enough land to settle 100,000 people and to support them if markets can be found for what the land will produce. Beans can be grown in this rich soil in forty-two days.

Elsewhere in the South there are swamp lands which might be reclaimed

by pumping water up and out, as in Holland. The Mississippi Valley might be able to bear a greater population in certain of its great reaches.

In any resettlement or agricultural stabilization program, it will be well to consider coöperative farms. The present experimental plans for such farms provide for only a few hundred families and represent little if any smaller outlay in initial investment than required to establish such families on independent farms; but more effective programs of this kind may be worked out. The co-operative ownership of breeding stock and heavy machinery and community facilities for storing, processing, purchasing, and selling by a number of independent farmers is another and smaller form of coöperation that might bring many of the advantages of large-scale operations to family-size farms without loss of individual initiative.

A real solution depends, of course, on a return to full employment which would permit readjustment of the agricultural-industrial, farm-urban migration pattern. This may not be so far off as we think.

Perhaps most important of all the vital needs in the complicated task of finding a 'place' for America's agricultural refugees is that whatever place is found or made for them shall be one fitted into the normal social and economic system of the country, rather than one established as a 'special' place, making of these people a segregated class or isolating them into a caste, stigmatized as 'Okies,' 'Arkies,' and 'fruit tramps.' Any and all remedial legislation should be designed to see that democratic processes are substituted for strong-arm tactics in labor relations in agriculture, and that somehow these hundreds of thousands are rescued from bitterness and despair to a renewed trust in what James Truslow Adams, in *The Epic of America*, called 'the belief in the value of the common man and the hope of opening every opportunity to him.'

'MAGGIE' BRYAN

BY DONALD MOFFAT

I

MAGNUS BRYAN was a nervous teacher at the boarding school I went to as a boy. I call him nervous not because he had a timid drop of blood in his body, but because he twitched; and he twitched because twitching was clearly the only possible outlet for his overwhelming store of energy. One of his tricks, while waiting impatiently for a slow mind to work, was to brush an invisible bit of fluff from his left shoulder with a flash of his hand and a jerk of his head. He was small and lean, with a long leathery face and a thin red nose that he used to seize in moments of despair, and a long red upper lip that snapped up and down over his words like strong elastic. His clear blue eyes were blue as a winter sky and bright as a lens, and pointed at their objective like the round muzzles of converging rifles.

He was a fine man, in many ways a great man — a quick little terrier-like great man; and the finest teacher I ever knew. Though he regarded boys as his natural enemies, and carried himself with an air of expecting good from none of us, he somehow contrived to mix with his wary disillusionment a consistent demand for perfection. He would consent to nothing less. (No wonder he twitched!) He had an ironic humor that was as much a part of him as the nose on his face; a sarcastic tongue that he used very sparingly (the threat of it was enough); and he simply couldn't be fooled: he knew all the answers. He was infallible, objective, experienced, and

utterly impartial. He would have held a low opinion of Mr. Chips: I don't believe it ever occurred to him to give a damn whether we liked him or not. If he wanted our respect (and of course he had it) it was solely as a means to the end of more effective teaching. He taught with passion, as if every minute in the hour were precious. He wore himself out teaching, quite literally wore himself out: he was still in his thirties when he died, victim of his own energetic quest for perfection.

II

To wake up his classes Maggie used a devilish scheme of his own invention. He'd stride into the classroom (German, say) at his usual rapid walk, slam his books on the desk, fire a round from his blue eyes for perfect silence, and haul out of his coat pocket his pack of white filing cards, each inscribed with a boy's name. For a moment he'd stand there facing us, grimly shuffling the cards; then: —

'Prepositions governing the dative!' he'd snap out of his rat-trap mouth, and turn the top card: 'Brown!'

Uneasy silence, focused on the miserable Brown, who seemed to fade in his chair, like a light going out. A couple of the bright lads would be brandishing their arms. Maggie's time limit was five seconds. He turned another card: 'Willets!'

'Er —' (Maggie reached frantically for his nose, gave it a desperate tug, then

slapped down another card like a pitcher in a railway smoker.)

'Hagen!'

'*Aus — ausser — er —*'

'I have told you before, Hagen, and I now tell you again: there is no preposition *er* in the German language. Crowell!'

'*Durch — für — gegen — ohne — um — wider!*' gasped Crowell — a splendid tackle and first-baseman — and fell back in his seat, spent, to realize at once that he had confused the dative and accusative prepositions. Maggie gave a kind of low growl. His face darkened. He turned another card with a weary air.

'Mitchell.'

'*Aus — ausser — bei — mit — nach — seit — von — zu.*' Mitchell's soft and infallible voice always came as a relief. We relaxed for a moment.

So it went. The inquisition usually lasted about ten minutes. Maggie marked each card with a check or circle and totted them up every week. He was a stiff marker. Nobody ever got a perfect grade from Maggie, though there were those who broke their hearts trying. Himself a perfectionist, he believed perfection to be unattainable, the effort more important than the goal. The 'go at the cards,' as he called it, had the virtue not only of nailing down our attention for fifty minutes, but also of teaching us the stuff for keeps. By the end of the period every boy was empty, exhausted by concentration; and Maggie himself — his voice rising progressively from a bark to a thin rasp of pain — was a wreck. We could relax on the soft bosom of the gentlemanly English teacher who followed Maggie's German. Maggie had it all to do over again with his senior American History class. He got results: his students learned the history of their country; and I think I can truthfully say that no member of his course ever flunked his college entrance. By some strange divagation of our native educational system I had had no American history whatever from the age

of ten until, at seventeen, I took Maggie's course — and there learned for the first time and with a vague feeling of disappointment that the dimly remembered Nebraska Bill was not in fact a glamorous early rival of Buffalo Bill but an Act of Congress.

III

A small boy in his first year at boarding school can be one of the unhappiest mortals on earth. Homesickness is only part of his misery, and in any case is normally soon done with. No, it's the New England cold: the bleak New England eye, the flat New England voice, the celebrated New England conscience, just, implacable, unemotional — or rather perhaps fearful of emotion, longing the while to give expression to a genuine inner warmth but helpless under the discipline of a habit generations old. Steaming radiators are no substitute for the kind of warmth a new little boy needs, or thinks he needs. The warmth is there, of course, but safely hidden: he must earn the right to it. If he can learn to keep his mouth shut, his opinions to himself, his idiosyncrasies buttoned under his jacket; if he can play the part of communal enthusiast without original ideas, tastes, or emotions; and, embracing these and other afflictions, if he can learn to submit unflinchingly to the impersonal discipline of conformity — then, at the first year's end, he may find that he has won an emotional balance that couldn't well be gained in any other manner, and be the better for it. But woe to the stubborn individualist! Colder than the January winds that whistle through the bleak red school buildings is the wind of lonely indifference that pierces and chills his unhappy little soul!

I must have been an extraordinarily fresh kid, probably spoiled by the soft comfort of a warm and affectionate childhood, as well as by earlier attendance at a little-boy school in which I and

my gang had ruled the roost. Boarding school came, of all possible forms of shock, doubtless as the most necessary for my airy, flip complacency. An elder brother had done his best to warn me. For a fortnight I managed to keep my mouth shut and wear the new-boy habit with becoming meekness. Then I began to feel at home. It was much, much too soon. I found that a wag at home is not so waggish at school. I discovered the folly of talking back to a sadistic little classmate who had attained the social seniority of a previous year of school. Older boys and masters took to snubbing me with enthusiasm; and my own classmates — my equals, I supposed — went about with lips in a permanent curl. Foolishly stubborn, I continued to walk the perilous ways of pride; and the evening came when I received a written invitation from the head of my class to present myself behind Abbot Hall after supper.

It was a shock. Yet I suppose it did me good; it must have, for I survived. Even Mr. Willard, my housemaster, apparently thought I needed the discipline, so tactfully did he keep his face turned away.

Ingenious brutality in the dark! They were so many, and they seemed to enjoy it so heartily! I went down fighting. For a moment, when one of my random swings landed on a nose, I even felt that life was good. After it was over I crept up to my room, bruised, dirty, ashamed, and bawling with rage and ruined pride. Later I took a kind of secret satisfaction in the knowledge that never before had a new boy been so fresh as to require the organized attention of his entire class. And if my years at school were never quite free from the memory of this episode, and I as a result never entirely happy there, I was ready to admit before I graduated that the fault had been mine and not the school's. I had it coming.

That first year was a long and painful struggle to repair the dents in my pride,

to carry without showing it the heavy, lonely burden of fancied unpopularity. There was an occurrence (it's funny the little things a boy remembers) that helped me enormously: Mr. Willard called me to his study one day after the term examinations and accused me point-blank of cheating. He said I had sneaked a preview of his algebra examination — and in a way he had good reason to believe it: I was rotten at algebra, yet by sheer luck had turned in an almost perfect paper. Though I think I seldom resented being caught and punished for a crime I had committed, I never did learn to take personal injustice sitting down; and it so happened that one of my little sources of secret pride was that I never cheated. (Every boy must have a private store of self-respect, some kind of hidden reservoir of integrity which he can tap at need. Mine happened to be not cheating.) It wasn't at all like Mr. Willard to fling such random accusations about; I knew it and he knew it; and so I was able to prove my genuine innocence through the simple medium of sheer passion. Mr. Willard ended, in fact, by apologizing.

Afterwards Maggie Bryan found me triumphantly brooding in the musty, oak-paneled Common Room.

'What's the matter with you?' he demanded in his customary truculent bark. I told him.

'Mr. Willard admitted he was wrong, didn't he?' I said he did.

'Then forget it!' And he bustled away, on the run as usual. Excellent advice!

IV

Maggie did me good in more ways than I can possibly tell. Some of them I remember, many more are forgotten. For three years I hated him with a dull grinding hatred; then came my final year, and I woke up on the second morning to the horrid realization that I was to have him in two courses and three sports — that I should, in other words, practi-

cally be living in his lap till I graduated. He taught German and history; he coached hockey, second-team baseball, and helped with football. There must have been some episode, some unusually dramatic or subtle incident, that marked the turning point in our relations. If there was, I've forgotten it. All I know is that I ended the year his wholly devoted slave. At last I knew him, through and through, understood his character, his fairness, his passion for the best. Perhaps, too, he began to know me. God knows I was trying, at last, with all I had in me — and with Maggie the effort was all: success to him was merely a pleasing by-product. I don't know how to reconcile this principle with his perfectionism; but Maggie did.

He rightly never had a high opinion of my intelligence, especially of my athletic intelligence. His own mind worked with the speed of flame; a cow mired in a swamp would be by contrast an appropriate figure for mine. In the spring of my last year I caught on Maggie's second baseball team. As a backstop I had one outstanding virtue: I was the only catcher available, and Maggie knew it. The plain and regrettable fact was that Maggie didn't have the proper temperament for second-team coaching. He deserved the best material. He loved baseball, all baseball, and in particular he loved accurate, 'heads-up' baseball, such as he had enjoyed at college. We gave him, I'm sorry to say, the kind of game in which the centre fielder is the busiest man on the team: the ball had a way of ending up there whenever our opponent got a man on base. Maggie suffered severely, and kept plugging away at us with all the weapons he commanded: derision, cajolery, patience, temper, reason — whichever he thought each case required. I, who could be counted upon to lose my head in the pinch, must have been among the heaviest of his burdens.

Playing at St. Mark's one sunny Saturday in May, — a close game, — I got

so excited in one of the late innings that I forgot to put on my mask. Maggie noticed the omission after a couple of pitches and shouted courteously to the St. Mark's coach on the opposite bench, 'Is it all right to remind my catcher to put on his mask?'

'By all means,' laughed the coach.

I remember this not because it was the first time I'd forgotten my mask, but because it was the last.

At Milton, on another day, he used another method. The Milton pitcher, a chubby youth, had a slow roundhouse curve that was poison to my batting technique. (That's what I called it, so help me: my 'batting technique'; it consisted of a blind and terrific wallop at the spot where the ball had last been seen, and it left me, too often, face down on the ground.) When I walked back to the bench after striking out for the third time, shaking my head in the conventional way, Maggie fixed me with his high-power eye and growled in a quivering voice, too low for the others to hear: 'Moffat, if you strike out your next time up, I'll throw you off the team for good!' His threats were never vain. I knew he meant it. And his force of character was such that I actually singled to left field, my next turn at bat, and knocked in the winning run. Did Maggie pat me on the back? Not he! He had already stated his terms; I had merely met them. In Maggie's code there were medals only for actions beyond the line of duty.

Only once was I able to surprise us both by this kind of meritorious conduct. We were playing the Groton Seconds. They had men on first and second, the batter laid down a hit-and-run bunt along the third-base line, and I, throwing off my mask, was on it quick enough to catch the batter at first — if I'd cared to. Instead, I deliberately used my head, an experiment Maggie had been urging me to try all spring long. Out of the corner of my eye I had seen the second-base runner rounding third: I picked up the ball, turned and faked the throw to

first, and tagged the ambitious Grotty as he ran into my arms. It was the third out. As I walked over to the bench I wore a becomingly dead pan, one ear pricked at Maggie.

'Good play, Moffat,' he grunted. 'How did you think of it?'

'You taught it to me one day in practice, sir,' I smugly replied.

'I did, did I? Good for you!'

It was the first time he had ever mentioned me, so to speak, in dispatches. The praise went to my head: my last time at bat the Grotty pitcher hit one of my horizontal swings fair on the nose, the ball soared high and handsome to pastures green, the centre fielder misjudged it, and — thanks to a subsequent fumble by the third-baseman — I slid safely into third for the only triple I ever made in my life. It goes without saying that the scene is still fresh in my memory and that even today I think of myself as a powerful hitter. The credit is wholly Maggie's.

V

Granted that icy discipline is prone to nip the seed of self-expression, to blight the soft green bud of latent genius, the fact is that the creative gift is rare, and the main wheels, the big wheels that make a school go round, must of necessity be geared to the pedestrian pace of the ungifted average. If talent is real, it will probably survive any kind of treatment except indulgence. The autobiographies of countless great figures of British arts and letters testify with a sort of boastful bitterness to the numbing effect of public-school discipline on their free and tender souls. A point to be argued, however, is whether or not their talents would ever have ripened without having undergone the discipline they so hotly resented. May not the violence of their rebellion against tyranny, injustice, and traditional brutality have been the very instrument of their release, the springboard that flung them high into the regions of their subsequent triumphs?

Whether Maggie ever thought consciously along such lines may well be questioned. If he did, he never let on. An expert opportunist, he doubtless trusted rather to his instinctive knowledge of what boys needed 'for the good of their souls.' Tradition, as such, never bothered him in the least; nor did the old school tie ever form a part of his professional wardrobe. He regarded boys as individuals, subject to certain ancient laws of juvenile behavior, but nonetheless to be handled according to their separate colors and shapes. He found something soft in me that needed hardening, and so, with what I took for discriminating brutality, he kept bearing down.

Sympathy! I craved it; he made sure that I didn't get it. Each spring we used to hold an interhouse track meet between teams selected in time trials run off by the older boys. My house boasted as its chief ornament the school god, John Hill — fleet as the cyclone, powerful as a Percheron, captain of everything in school (except perhaps his soul), worshiped by the younger boys, and gratefully trusted by weary masters: character incarnate. There's one in every class in every school. Sometimes they grow up.

Hill, of course, was conducting the time trials for our house. My turn came. I toed the line, — skinny, anxious, clumsy, — crouched in my own version of the sprinter's start, and listened to the thumping of my heart. Hill stood over me, watch in hand, grim of face.

'Ready,' he trumpeted, 'on your mark — get set — go!'

I lurched forward in a shower of gravel and do-or-die, and fell flat on my face. As a reasoning creature I naturally expected to get up and start fresh: it was a time trial, not a race. And there was Hill, leaning over me even before I had time to rise, his voice twisted with passion.

'What are you lying there for? Get up and run, you little yellow dog!'

I got to my feet in honest amazement. 'What the heck!' I piped, brushing off the sand, 'This is a time trial,' and walked back to the starting line.

Hill placed his face close to mine. 'You've had your chance,' he said, and pointed sternly towards the house. 'Now get out!'

I laughed shrilly in his face (none of the other boys joined me; they looked coldly virtuous), and I was still laughing, though with a growing bitterness, when I reached the house and met Maggie Bryan, going somewhere in a hurry.

He took a quick look at me. 'What's the matter with you?' he asked. God knows I was wholly used to this form of greeting from Maggie.

'Gee whiz, sir —' and I told him, surging with injustice.

He listened till I had finished. 'Hill's running the trials,' he remarked, and was off about his business. It was good for me, I suppose, more especially because I knew that he treated the great John Hill exactly as he did the rest of us.

VI

My first year of Maggie was the toughest. There was no doubt in my mind that for him the day was lost on which he couldn't indulge in a round of sadistic recreation at my expense. How I loathed the man! By night I lay in my white iron bed muttering intricate plans for revenge; saw him apologizing to me before the assembled school, a shabby figure of remorse, while I accepted his self-reproaches with a manly nod of forgiveness and the boys crowded round to congratulate me.

By day, however, things went rather differently. Maggie continued to hound me — or so I believed; continued to invent humiliations for my benefit. It happened one evening that he replaced the junior master at study hour (this was not one of Maggie's ordinary duties), and I seized the opportunity to show him what an earnest student I

really was. Getting out my Latin, I put on an act for his benefit, part deliberate, part unconscious. Such writhing, such stifled groans and pain-wrung grimaces, such ruffling of the hair and furrowing of the brow, have probably never been witnessed from that school day to this. Maggie sat sideways at his raised desk, quietly reading. Not once did he glance in my direction. Yet presently into the pool of silence dropped, and exploded like a bomb, my name, in Maggie's softest voice — soft at the edges, round a core of cut steel: —

'Moffat.'

'Yes, sir?' I sat violently erect, innocent as a dove — least innocent of birds.

'It isn't really as hard as that, is it?'

'No, sir,' I answered feebly. Maggie turned back to his book, I to my mortification, aware of the snickers rippling round me.

Little things like that!

VII

The incident that formed the kernel round which all my anti-Maggie feelings grew had, however, a more definite shape and substance. I felt, perhaps with reason, that the trap he set for me was unfair; and I save it for the climax of these rambling reminiscences not because of its intrinsic importance, or because of its effect on me, but because its curious sequel was to me so surprising. Even after he had won — as I have said — my deep affection as well as the whole of my respect, the memory of the thing used to stir and whimper like an uneasy wind in the secret caverns of my soul.

Our main field of battle, that first year, was beginners' German. I got off to a bad start, and as time oozed along I found myself gummed in a sticky mass of nouns, verbs, adverbs, and pronouns, all basted in the thick gravy of that nonsensical backhanded German construction. (I still think of German as a language in which nothing comes out even.)

At the term examination I miserably failed. My report — not too bad except in German — went home, and in due course one of my mother's weekly letters contained a 'How come?' clause. I replied at some length, laying my cards frankly on the table and basing my defense on the broad premise that (1) German is an abominable language and (2) trying to learn it a waste of valuable time. Nevertheless, I continued, I work at it hard and faithfully; it is obvious therefore that (3) my failure isn't really my fault at all, but due to causes beyond my control: i.e. Mr. Bryan. Mr. Bryan is notoriously unfair in general — all the guys say so — and down on me in particular. However, I concluded, I will continue to do my best in spite of all handicaps, because, as you know, Mother, that is my nature — or suggestive hints to that effect. I ended on a strong don't-blame-me note. Mine was the plea of a manly victim of calculated injustice. I haven't a doubt that I sincerely believed everything I said — or did after I'd written it, anyway. That's one trouble with writing things down.

The winter term ran on in the sluggish, sinister way of winter terms, and in spite of what I chose to call my best efforts the tongue of Goethe continued to elude me. Then one evening Maggie told me to come to his room after study hour: he wanted to have a talk with me. That, and nothing more.

At the appointed hour I shivered across the black arctic campus and climbed the stairs to his office and knocked on the door.

'Come in!' . . .

'Sit down, Moffat.' Maggie's study was in darkness except for the powerful green-shaded reading lamp that stood on his desk. It was a bare little room, the working retreat of a busy man impatient of all but professional necessities. It contained, besides the desk, Maggie's own swivel chair, a table with a few magazines in neat piles, a shelf of books along one wall, and a Morris chair

of yellow oak, upholstered in brown corduroy. There was one curtained window, and a door leading to the inner bedroom. I perched on the edge of the easy-chair, he sat at his desk and turned the lamp so that it shone full in my face. He was a voice from the darkness, a piercing eye, and a shadowy beak of nose.

For a moment he gazed at me, blinking in my chair. Then: —

'Moffat,' he said quietly, in a let's-get-down-to-business tone of voice, 'why can't you do better in German?'

'I — I — don't know, sir. I do my best, really I do, sir.' My voice sounded very small and thin, even to me.

'You're not stupid.' It was a statement, not a question. I remained silent. 'And yet your work is consistently abominable,' he continued, with a jab at his left shoulder, a jerk of the head.

'I — I work harder at German than everything else put together — honestly I do, sir,' I replied hopefully.

'I thought I knew something about teaching German,' he continued, half to himself, 'but you've got me beaten. There must be *some* explanation. . . . Do you think my methods are wrong?'

'Oh no, sir, not at *all*, sir!' In my anxious voice rang the conviction that, of all teachers since the world began, Mr. Bryan was the first and finest. The lamp was beginning to hurt my eyes; I felt mesmerized by a Voice, issuing from blazing light.

'Then it isn't that.' He turned away, humming thoughtfully to himself, leaning back in his swivel chair and rocking a little as he picked up a pipe and slowly filled and lit it. Then he swung round and faced me again, and his voice took on an unusual gentleness.

'You think I'm fair?' he remarked casually, as if determined not to leave even the ultimate absurdity unplumbed. 'You don't think I'm harder on you than on the others? It isn't that, is it?' (Oh, sucking dove; oh, milking tiger!)

'Oh no, sir, of *course* not, sir!'

He pounced: slam went his chair as he leaned forward, one arm pointed at my head, and the letter in the outstretched hand terribly visible in the beam of light. 'Then why did you write to your mother that I was down on you?'

Nemesis! Doom appalling! A roaring blackness shot with stabbing flame! (Of course I'd forgotten all about that letter weeks before.) What happened next, what I said, how and when I got out of that evil room — I remember nothing whatever about it. When I came to, I was halfway home, gripped in an agony of shame and a dull rage directed equally at Maggie and my mother — Maggie for trapping me under that light, my mother for an act of criminal naivety in passing my excuse on to the Headmaster. That night I lay long awake, plotting futile revenge on Maggie and composing a dignified yet piteous rebuke to my mother.

Maggie never referred to the episode again, by look or word. I had learned my lesson and he knew it. And from that time on my German improved. I don't know why. Yet, despite our subsequent friendship, many years passed before I could think of Maggie except in terms of a bright light, an accusing eye, and a piece of white paper.

It is the sequel, however, that lifts the incident out of the commonplace — the astonishing sequel that waited eight years to be revealed. One evening during my senior year at college, Maggie dropped into my room in Holworthy for a smoke — as he did now and then — and we chatted for an hour or so before he got up to go. He was driving back to school. He was twitching more than usual. The bit of fluff on his left shoulder seemed harder than ever to brush away. I thought he looked tired and not too well, and had told him so. He shrugged, smiling, and murmured something about its

being a tough life. It was not till then, not till we had shaken hands at the door, standing together in the semidarkness and laughing in close community of spirit, that I suddenly and without premeditation plucked memory from its hiding place and showed it to him. Even then it came out hard; I felt, even then, that this phantom shape, to me so long familiar, might turn into a thing of horror under the light. And I knew as I spoke that what I really feared was the thought of shaming him with it. Of course he'd remember; of course he'd feel ashamed — as I, secretly, still was for his sake.

'Maggie,' I said, trying to keep my voice casual, 'do you remember the time, my first year at school, when you hauled me up to your study and confronted me with that letter from my mother?' I watched his face with my whole soul — and learned the truth.

Maggie didn't remember! He obviously had no idea what I was talking about. He repeated, in a puzzled tone: 'Letter? What letter? From your mother?'

I told him the story.

'Do you mean to tell me,' he said after a long pause, in a low voice and very slowly, 'do you mean to tell me you've remembered it all these years?'

'I sure do!'

'Strange,' he mused. 'I haven't the faintest recollection of it myself. . . . Strange what boys remember.' Then he gave me his quick smile and held out his hand. 'Damn dirty trick, wasn't it? Do you mind if I say I'm sorry now? Good night!'

'Good night,' I called after him down the stairs.

The ghost was laid. I felt a great release. 'Strange what a boy remembers!' True enough! Maggie himself has a pretty good kind of immortality in the memory of every boy he ever taught.

THE NEGRO VOTE

BY LAWRENCE SULLIVAN

I

THE sudden shift of the Negro vote in the North and the Border States from traditionally Republican to strongly Democratic, in the historical clock-tick of four years, presents a phenomenon without parallel in American political history. 'Turn Abraham Lincoln's picture to the wall,' an influential Negro editor proclaimed during the 1934 Congressional campaign; and that slogan, widely embraced by the race, fairly epitomizes the guiding impulse of the mass conversion. No other extensive group, bloc, or sectional vote in the United States ever switched so fast. Political conviction normally moves more like warm tar.

In this year's scattered local elections, the Negro vote has been drifting perceptibly from its hasty New Deal moorings. But the movement has been ragged and spotted. Concentrated in the larger cities, this vote is dominated notoriously by local patronage machines. With a casting of political accounts for seven years, there are nevertheless distinct rumblings in the Negro wards, reminiscent of the first ominous cracklings from an ice jam in a spring freshet.

Chicago's Second Ward carries a median registration of approximately 55,000, more than 93 per cent of which are Negro votes. In 1932, the Republicans got 74.6 per cent of the vote in this ward. By 1936, the Republican vote had dropped to 55.8 per cent, and in 1938 to 55.2 per cent. In the 1939 mayoralty election, the Republican can-

didate got but 44 per cent. Third Ward results, embracing a somewhat smaller percentage of Negro ballots, reflected the same general trend. Here the Republican vote dropped from 79.3 per cent in 1932 to 55.3 in 1936, to 44.5 in 1938, and to 41.6 in 1939.

These figures summarize the general movement in all the metropolitan areas of the North. In Harlem, the percentage of conversion was not so marked, because Tammany Hall long had paid particular attention to the Negro vote, had assisted Afro-Americans in setting up their own precinct clubs, and consistently had awarded a reasonable share of City Hall patronage to key men in the race wards. The general movement to the New Deal, therefore, merely changed the Harlem picture from 50-50 Republican to approximately 60-40 Democratic. But, with this single exception, the Chicago figures present the whole story — for Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Indianapolis, Baltimore, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Kansas City.

Applying the Chicago conversion percentages to the total Negro registration in the North and Border States (2,250,000), we arrive at a shift of 700,000 votes from the Republican to the Democratic side, largely concentrated in the seven states of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri. After deducting 15 per cent for non-voters on the poll books (the experience in Negro wards of both Chicago and Pittsburgh), the net shift amounts

to 600,000 votes. This movement, then, explains perhaps 1,200,000 votes in President Roosevelt's 1936 majority of 10,797,090.

Reputable political commentators are agreed unanimously that Harry A. Hopkins really turned Lincoln's picture to the wall. This judgment was confirmed in the 1940 National Conference on the Problems of the Negro, which reported that federal relief, on averages, reached one third of the population in the Negro areas of the North, as against one fifth of the population in all other areas of the same states. It was this federal manna, as the Negro editor was at pains to explain in 1934, which justified the race in a tentative experiment with the two-party system. The long, hateful shadows of Jim Crow fell athwart the movement; but there is no impulse to social experiment quite so compelling as prolonged unemployment. And Mr. Hopkins's readiness to see this cosmic compulsion among the blacks harnessed firmly to the New Deal glory-wagon is at least no reflection upon the horse-and-buggy humanitarianism of the Great Emancipator. Republican predilections among the Negroes withstood the depression, but the faith was not sufficiently robust to withstand the moral erosion of political relief.

II

Preliminary reports from the 1940 census show that the Negro registration in the 'voting states' totals about 2,250,000. New York and Pennsylvania vote approximately 300,000 each; Illinois, 250,000; Ohio, 220,000; New Jersey, 145,000; Michigan, 130,000; Indiana, 80,000. The total Negro vote in New England is a little less than 65,000; Delaware, 25,000; Kansas, 48,000. This leaves roundly 700,000 in the Border States — Maryland, 180,000; Missouri, 165,000; Kentucky, 140,000; West Virginia, 75,000; Oklahoma, 105,000. Although Tennessee often is listed with the Border States, she is a part of the Solid

South when classified by election machinery and laws.

With the total Negro vote thus distributed, it is easy to demonstrate that in no state was that bloc decisive in the 1936 presidential election. Some commentators suggest that the Hopkins mobilization of the Negro vote alone explained Democratic victories in such Republican strongholds as Pennsylvania, Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, and Michigan. But Mr. Roosevelt's 1936 majority in Pennsylvania was 700,000 votes. If the entire eligible Negro vote had been cast and had moved to a man from the Republican to the Democratic column, there would still be an item of 100,000 votes to explain. Precinct reports from Philadelphia and Pittsburgh indicate that a maximum of 75 per cent of the Negro vote actually was recorded at the polls; and this vote was split roughly 70-30. On this basis, Mr. Roosevelt received approximately 160,000 Negro votes in Pennsylvania, about 60,000 of which would have been Democratic in any event. Thus, of a 700,000 Democratic majority, only 100,000 is explained by the intense cultivation of the Negro vote in the Democratic campaign.

The same story is told in the Illinois precinct returns. Roosevelt carried the state by 712,000, including a Negro vote of 175,000, of which 40,000 were Democratic in previous elections. Recognizing the transfer of perhaps 140,000 votes from the Republican to the Democratic side, there remains a Roosevelt majority of 432,000. Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan tell the same story. In no state was the Negro vote *decisive*. Political relief pressure had the effect only of swelling the Democratic majority to percentages previously unknown in these normally Republican strongholds.

The overall mathematics of this picture are simple. It is impossible to demonstrate how less than 2,000,000 votes scattered throughout eighteen states could have been a decisive factor in a Democratic majority of almost

9,000,000 in those states. Theoretically, the Negro vote may be extracted from the 1936 picture, or it may be credited entirely to the Republicans, and Mr. Roosevelt still would have carried the same states, save Kansas.

The historical significance of this analysis is that in fundamental shifts of political attitude and feeling the Negro vote in the North now moves with the general tide rather than as an isolated bloc. On this basis, 1940 may be expected to disclose a large return of this vote to the Republican fold, entirely apart from issues and policies of peculiar concern to the race. Dr. George Gallup's recent reports appear to sustain this interpretation of the figures from three general elections.

Further evidence that the Negro vote tends currently to divide on party lines approximately in proportion to every other voting group is found in the 1938 results in the First Illinois Congressional District, which embraces practically the entire Negro voting population of Chicago. Each party nominated a Negro candidate for the House seat. The Democrat won 30,207 to 26,396, giving a Republican minority of 46.7 per cent. This was very close to the consolidated Republican percentage for the state's twenty-five Congressional Districts, fifteen of which were won by Democrats and ten by Republicans.

Broadly speaking, therefore, the net result of the New Deal mobilization has been to shift the Negro vote pattern from 75-25 Republican to 60-40 Democratic. Thus, the Negro in the North is now a cog in the fixed two-party system.

III

Political leadership among Negroes divides roughly into two types, the first of which, the recognized professional group, includes educators, clergymen, trained social scientists, lawyers, and doctors. This leadership moves through education, organized social enterprises,

legal procedures, and systematic welfare work.

The second group may well be described as the political mercenaries — editors who are sustained in off years by advertisements for hair glosses and intimate proprietary medicines, and whose sheets usually are for sale to the highest bidder in campaign season. There are notable exceptions among Negro editors, but they only prove the rule.

Beneath this layer of editorial politicians, whose general pattern of operations closely resembles that which still flourishes in Mexico and Central America, are found the professional ward and precinct heavy men, the bruiser-bosses, who owe their livelihood entirely to patronage and the secondary forms of racketeering which are the concomitant of machine politics in all metropolitan areas of the United States.

The tinsel flow of federal relief funds through the routine channels of political patronage since 1934 has tended to give this last group predominant influence among the Negro people. In the words of the Chicago Better Government Association, in its 1939 report on the Second Ward: 'The relief situation probably has had more to do with the falling off of the Republican vote in this ward than any other factor. It is believed, too, that the policy racket, which obviously is protected, has had some bearing on the change in the vote.' This report named one important Republican leader, a former alderman, who 'went over openly to the Kelly-Nash machine in the '39 election and carried all his crowd with him.' Moving to the Third Ward, the report continued: 'Relief conditions are about the same as in the Second Ward, and here, too, the policy racket has its influence.' The report named a leader who formerly had served in Congress as a Republican, concluding, 'There have been many rumors afloat as to his relationships with the Democratic organization.'

Illustrative of the whole system of re-

lief patronage is the letter written under date of November 3, 1939, by Arthur W. Mitchell, Negro Democratic Congressman from the First Illinois District, to an applicant seeking WPA work.

'It is an unbroken rule of the Democratic organization in Chicago,' the letter runs, 'that each person seeking help from his Congressman must first get a letter from his ward committeeman requesting the Congressman to take care of the matter. I must, therefore, insist that you get a letter from your committeeman first, and then I shall be very glad to do everything in my power to help you.'

Among reputable Negro leaders there is growing disillusionment concerning the long-term impact of New Deal policies upon inter-race relations. Specifically, they mention discrimination against Negroes in the distribution of federal subsidies for education, housing, public health, and for elimination of farm tenancy. They charge that Negroes, by various devices, practically have been excluded from the higher brackets of the federal civil service. They recall many eloquent campaign promises by New Deal lieutenants that a federal anti-lynching bill would be enacted.

Detailed analyses of these problems were presented before the Second National Conference on the Problems of the Negro, in Washington, January 12-14, 1939, under the auspices of the National Youth Administration. The conferences were held in the auditorium of the Department of Labor, presided over by Mary McLeod Bethune, Director of the Division of Negro Affairs in the NYA. Mrs. Roosevelt, a principal sponsor of the NYA program, addressed the group on January 12.

The discussions developed that in the fiscal year 1938-1939 the Federal Government allocated \$3,374,474 for vocational education in the eighteen states embracing the largest Negro populations. In these states Negroes make 21

per cent of the total population, but the Negro schools therein got only \$324,490, or 9.6 per cent of the federal subsidy. This means that the Negro schools received only 45 per cent of their 'proportion' on a population basis.

Federal contributions amounted to \$294 for each white teacher in these states, against \$131 for each Negro teacher. Calculated on a per capita basis for pupils, the federal contribution amounted to \$7.87 for whites and \$4.42 for Negroes.

'Thus,' said the report, 'the more federal money the South gets for vocational education, the less, proportionately, is spent on vocational education for Negroes.'

Greater disproportions were revealed in the distribution of federal funds for vocational rehabilitation. This program for the fiscal year 1935-1936 rehabilitated 3402 persons in the seventeen states having the largest Negro populations. In these states the Negroes make 21.5 per cent of the population. Negroes rehabilitated under the federal program were 273, or 8 per cent of the total.

In the special educational services of the Department of Agriculture's extension program, the conference reported 3734 beneficiaries in sixteen Southern States as of February 1937. Although the Negro population of these states was 24.2 per cent of the total, the Negro beneficiaries of the agricultural program were 488, or 13 per cent of the total. Throughout the same states there was one county agent for every 1455 farms in those counties where the agent was white. But the Negro county agents had an average of 3607 farms each. Total federal and state expenditures for agricultural education in these sixteen states for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1937, were \$13,044,286. The direct expenditures on Negro projects were \$804,657, or 6.2 per cent of the total. This total represents 25.6 per cent of a proportionate share on a population basis.

Special subsidies for agricultural research and scientific inquiry aggregated \$1,440,000 for the fiscal year 1935-1936 in the seventeen Negro states. 'All went to white colleges; none to Negro,' the conference report observed.

The report on farm tenancy continued the discrimination indictment: 'We note, also, that not a single Negro has been appointed on a State or County Advisory Board, and it is these boards which have the power to curb or abolish racial discrimination.'

The conference emphasized that 54.6 per cent of all the Negroes gainfully employed in the United States are beyond the scope of the Social Security Act, which does not apply to agricultural workers or domestic servants. Among employed Negro women, 85 per cent are engaged in domestic service.

One of the most vexatious problems of federal administration arises in the matter of race segregation within projects sponsored or supported by the Federal Housing Administration and the United States Housing Authority. 'This conference notes with alarm and vigorously condemns,' the report said, 'the attitude of certain federal agencies, such as the Federal Housing Administration and the Tennessee Valley Authority, in requiring segregation in federal financed projects, where, in many instances, Negro and white Americans have lived together in amity for generations. We insist that this establishment of patterns of segregation be speedily eliminated.'

When the AAA cotton curtailment program took some 15,000,000 acres out of production, Negro share-croppers were the first to be deprived of their wretched livelihood. A Department of Agriculture survey in 1936 reported that roundly 1,000,000 persons throughout the Cotton Belt thus were driven from their established employment in the fields, gins, seed mills, storage houses, the trucking companies, railroads, and wharves. Some of this government-made unemployment was absorbed for

a time by WPA and associated activities. Later, as relief demands increased, Negroes were the first to be lopped off the rolls. The net result is a new class of unemployed — landless, practically nomadic Negro laborers, unwanted in their accustomed lines, and untrained for general participation in the increasing industrial migration to the South. Those who have connections in the North are moving to the larger cities. They arrive often in an incredible state of destitution, only to be sucked quickly into the new horror and humiliation of political relief and vanishing opportunities for work.

IV

After five years, the larger truths of economics began to appear, even to that leadership group which has been described as the mercenaries. In the 1939 state, city, and borough elections throughout Ohio, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Indiana, there was a marked decrease in the Negro Democratic vote. In 1936, for example, President Roosevelt carried the 20th, 24th, 30th, and 44th Wards of Philadelphia by more than 5000 votes each. In the November judicial elections of '39, the Republicans again carried the 20th, 30th, and 44th, and lost the 24th by only 92 votes, in a total of more than 19,000. In Cleveland, Negro wards elected two Republican aldermen and placed a Negro woman on the Board of Education. These results, when analyzed percentagewise, parallel closely the general national tide against the economic merry-go-round of New Dealism, as reckoned from the consolidated mayoralty count for 1939.

For the most part, this revulsion among Northern Negroes flows from a growing realization that relief is at best but a palliative. A study of the plight of the Chicago Negro by Dr. Fred Eastman, of the Chicago Theological Seminary, published in March 1940, reported that 'more than half of the Chicago Negro population is jobless.' Economic

and social conditions in the Negro areas were found to be growing steadily more demoralizing. A summary of the report concludes: 'Approximately 115,000, or 57 per cent, of the 200,000 or more Negroes on the South Side of Chicago are unemployed. Of these, about 75,000 are receiving direct relief; 20,000 more receive their means of existence through WPA projects. More than one third of the young people, fifteen to twenty-four, are jobless. In general, the opportunities for employment of Negroes seem to be diminishing. They have to struggle against much race discrimination. They are given the hardest and most dangerous jobs, receive the lowest wages, and are most likely to be dismissed in slack times.'

While these progressively more deplorable conditions operate to increase temporarily the power and influence of the relief dispensers, they tend at the same time to restore the influence of the more reputable Negro leaders, who have been warning for years that mass deliverance of the race vote to any party solely on the basis of benefits received could lead ultimately but to a new form of enslavement. By these processes, the Negro population is moving slowly to a practical understanding and appreciation of the fundamental significance of the American two-party tradition. As one influential Negro clergyman put it to me in Chicago, 'Our people are growing sour on the New Deal. It's an everlastin' botheration and it gets us nowhere.'

V

Finally, recent Democratic domination of national affairs has contributed nothing to the political status of the Southern Negro in return for his vastly lowered economic position. A decision of the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals at Richmond, on June 18, 1940, decreed payment of equal salaries to Negro and white teachers in Virginia schools; but continued attempts to open the primaries

of the Solid South to tax-paying Negroes have been blocked, as have all efforts to uproot the discriminatory poll-tax laws inherited from the travails of Reconstruction.

Efforts of the Federal Government to police the Southern States directly in relation to the Fifteenth Amendment, guaranteeing equal suffrage, produced at last a reign of violence and terror which once more threatened destruction of the Union. Gradually, in the period 1875-1900, federal policy shifted from direct enforcement to mere judicial check upon state election laws. In this period, the doctrine of state's rights was tacitly revitalized, but always within the limitation that no state law in direct conflict with the guarantee of equal franchise should receive federal sanction in the courts. Under this dispensation the poll tax became the favorite device to circumvent Negro domination. These laws generally required presentation of the poll-tax receipt at the voting booth, often six months to a year after date of the actual tax payment. Since the laws were general in application, they did not violate the federal guarantees of the Fifteenth Amendment against discrimination. Unaware that their poll-tax receipts would be required at the voting booths, the Negroes were careless about them and thereby lost their votes.

The poll tax was written into the Tennessee Constitution in 1870. Eleven other states adopted the provision, either in their election laws or in constitutional revisions. Florida was the last to amend her Constitution in this regard, in 1885.

North Carolina expunged the poll tax from her constitution in 1920, but the Legislature has not yet revised the Election Code to conform to this amendment. Under Huey Long, Louisiana repealed the poll tax by a constitutional amendment in 1934. Florida modified that portion of her election code in 1937, but other local conditions still militate against Negro registration.

Another favorite device of disfranchisement was the so-called 'Grandfather Clause.' In framing election laws, provision was made that anyone eligible to vote as of a certain year — the year stipulated being always in the slave era — should be eligible for permanent registration as a voter. The next clause of the act extended eligibility to all descendants of persons qualified to vote in the slave days. By these provisions of law the only qualified voters were those whose grandfathers had been eligible in the same state. This device, however, soon was held unconstitutional, as in conflict with the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, and so gradually fell into discard, although it still is carried in the election laws of several states.

Other states disqualified voters for certain crimes, an act held constitutional in that it was not a discrimination on the basis of race, although in practice it disfranchised many more Negroes than whites. The same result followed in relation to all educational qualifications.

Many of these devices were weakened by the celebrated Chinese Laundry Case (118 U. S. 356), in which the Supreme Court decided, in 1885, that discriminatory *administration* of state election laws was in effect the same as discriminatory legislation. This decision appeased the moral-legalists of the North by placing the stamp of federal disavowal upon discriminatory laws and procedures within the states. In practical effect, however, it left the Negro in the South in a situation which accorded him the vote only when he could command it by individual legal action. The net result was the general disfranchisement of the Negro throughout the Solid South. As Dr. Charles S. Mangum, Jr., concludes in his scholarly work, *The Legal Status of the Negro*, prejudice and fear conspired for total disfranchisement. 'With white politicians in charge of the polls and the election machinery, a fair administration of these laws was practically impossible.

The average election official was of the opinion he had been given a mandate by the people to exclude the Negro from the polls entirely and acted accordingly, with no regard for the intelligence of the particular Negro who came before him to qualify. The more conscientious whites deplored these conditions, but thought that even this was better than the return to the former state. The Negroes themselves suffered from apathy or else fear of what might happen to them if they demanded a fairer deal. Such fear had been engendered by race riots, notably those which occurred at the time when the disfranchising amendments were adopted, and was the result of the threatening gestures of the whites to adopt again the methods of the Ku Klux Klan' (p. 393).

Democratic primaries in the Southern States now are limited generally to white voters, first because state primary elections have not been held to lie within the federal province, secondly because primary elections in certain states have been held to be functions of the political parties rather than the state. However, when Texas passed a law specifically excluding Negroes from all state primaries, the United States Supreme Court emphatically outlawed the legislation. Whereupon a law was passed limiting the primary franchise to bona fide members of the Democratic Party. The Executive Committee of the party organization then was vested with full authority to fix the qualifications of party membership. Attacks upon these devices were rejected by the federal courts in 1928 and 1930, chiefly on the ground that political parties within the states were not subject to federal supervision. In 1932, however, a new attack upon the Texas situation brought a 5-to-4 decision from the Supreme Court which held the State Democratic Committee to be an agency of the State Government and therefore subject to the Fourteenth Amendment. Finally, in 1935, the Supreme Court again held,

this time unanimously, that the Democratic Party was not an agency of the state and that primary voting qualifications thus were beyond federal supervision. Apparently this ruling arises from the peculiarities of the Texas election laws, which provide that the expenses of primary elections shall be borne by the candidates, and the ballots furnished by the party rather than by the Election Commission.

The net result of this maze of laws is that Negro voting in the South is highly selective, limited by practical application to some of the larger cities where it can be controlled by the machine. This situation prevails in marked degree in Memphis, New Orleans, Houston, and San Antonio. In isolated cases elsewhere throughout the South, educated Negroes and those owning property are permitted to vote in local elections only. Under the constant constructive pressures of the Council on Inter-Race Relations, selective Negro voting had been increasing over a period of twenty years prior to 1934. At that point a new conflict of interest between the races was presented in the grab for the federal bounties. Negro participation in local elections since has tended toward the vanishing point.

Economic dislocation inevitably entails increasing social and political pressures against submerged or minority groups. The smallest fellow in the bed usually has the least covering on cold nights. The whole post-war — or pre-war II — history of Europe illustrates the point. On a smaller stage, the same forces have been moving against the Negroes of the South over the last decade. In the race for political bounties and patronage, the administrative group has tended first to care for its own kind. As a result, the Southern Negro finds himself today in an economic, social, and political quagmire, with every effort at self-improvement in one direction frustrated by new and unanticipated

pressures flowing from the other two aspects of his unhappy plight.

One significant upshot of Dixie's dilemma has been a revived and spreading support among Southern whites for a once-forgotten movement to establish a Negro homeland in Africa, the migration to be paid for out of the United States Treasury. A measure (Senate 2231) to authorize this project was presented formally on April 24, 1940, by Senator Theodore G. Bilbo, of Mississippi. In support of the proposal, Senator Bilbo said in part: 'For the fiscal year ended June 30, 1939, the Government's expenditure for relief amounted to \$2,617,974,000. One half of that amount could be spent in providing for resettlement of the Negro in his fatherland, and the Government would save money on the transaction. If we could effect the resettlement of 5,000,000 to 8,000,000 Negroes who are now ready to go to Africa, we could solve the unemployment problem, and we would be able soon to do away with these large annual appropriations for relief. . . . Published reports reveal the happy state of many American Negroes in Liberia. These reports serve to convince one that every American Negro should covet the privilege of returning to the continent of his forefathers, to establish a home on the fertile lands of Africa, where he could live under a government of, by, and for his own people.'

Viewed in the light of today's tragic panorama of racial discriminations and forced migrations throughout Europe, the Negro homeland proposal becomes a gesture of despair, defeat, and surrender — wholly one in its primary moral motivations with Hitler's Semitic purge. Reduced to terms of parallel, the Negro problem with the Democratic Party in the South is insoluble; therefore the answer *must be* a mass repatriation.

Such, as my soundings go, are the ominous reflections which agitate the Negro thought of America today.

THUS I REFUTE BEELZY

BY JOHN COLLIER

'THERE goes the tea bell,' said Mrs. Carter. 'I hope Simon hears it.'

They looked out from the window of the drawing room. The long garden, agreeably neglected, ended in a waste plot. Here a little summerhouse was passing close by beauty on its way to complete decay. This was Simon's retreat: it was almost completely screened by the tangled branches of the apple tree and the pear tree, planted too close together, as they always are in suburban gardens. They caught a glimpse of him now and then, as he strutted up and down, mouthing and gesticulating, performing all the solemn mumbo jumbo of small boys who spend long afternoons at the forgotten ends of long gardens.

'There he is, bless him,' said Betty.

'Playing his game,' said Mrs. Carter. 'He won't play with the other children any more. And if I go down there — the temper! He comes in tired out.'

'He doesn't have his sleep in the afternoons?' asked Betty.

'You know what Big Simon's ideas are,' said Mrs. Carter. "'Let him choose for himself,'" he says. That's what he chooses, and he comes in as white as a sheet.'

'Look. He's heard the bell,' said Betty. The expression was justified, though the bell had ceased ringing a full minute ago. Small Simon stopped in his parade exactly as if its tinny dingle had at that moment reached his ear. They watched him perform certain ritual sweeps and scratchings with his little

stick, and come lagging over the hot and flaggy grass towards the house.

Mrs. Carter led the way down to the play-room, or garden-room, which was also the tea-room for hot days. It had been the huge scullery of this tall Georgian house. Now the walls were cream, there was coarse blue net in the windows, canvas-covered armchairs on the stone floor, and a reproduction of Van Gogh's 'Sunflowers' over the mantelpiece.

Small Simon came drifting in, and accorded Betty a perfunctory greeting. His face was an almost perfect triangle, pointed at the chin, and he was paler than he should have been. 'The little elf-child!' cried Betty.

Simon looked at her. 'No,' said he.

At that moment the door opened, and Mr. Carter came smiling in, rubbing his hands. He was a dentist, and washed them before and after everything he did. 'You!' said his wife. 'Home already!'

'Not unwelcome, I hope,' said Mr. Carter, nodding to Betty. 'Two people canceled their appointments: I decided to come home. I said, I hope I am not unwelcome.'

'Silly!' said his wife. 'Of course not.'

'Small Simon seems doubtful,' continued Mr. Carter. 'Small Simon, are you sorry to see me at tea with you?'

'No, Daddy.'

'No, what?'

'No, Big Simon.'

'That's right. Big Simon and Small Simon. That sounds more like friends,

doesn't it? At one time little boys had to call their father "sir." If they forgot — a good spanking. On the bottom, Small Simon! On the bottom!" said Mr. Carter, washing his hands once more with his invisible soap and water.

The little boy turned crimson with shame or rage.

'But now, you see,' said Betty, to help, 'you can call your father whatever you like.'

'And what,' asked Mr. Carter, 'has Small Simon been doing this afternoon, while Big Simon has been at work?'

'Nothing,' muttered his son.

'Then you have been bored,' said Mr. Carter. 'Learn from experience, Small Simon. Tomorrow, do something amusing, and you will not be bored. I want him to learn from experience, Betty. That is my way, the new way.'

'I have learned,' said the boy, speaking like an old tired man, as little boys so often do.

'It would hardly seem so,' said Mr. Carter, 'if you sit all the afternoon, doing nothing. Had *my* father caught me doing nothing, I should not have sat very comfortably.'

'He played,' said Mrs. Carter.

'A bit,' said the boy, shifting on his chair.

'Too much,' said Mrs. Carter. 'He comes in all nervy and dazed. He ought to have his rest.'

'He is six,' said her husband. 'He is a reasonable being. He must choose for himself. But what game is this, Small Simon, that is worth getting nervy and dazed over? There are very few games as good as all that.'

'It's nothing,' said the boy.

'Oh, come,' said his father. 'We are friends, are we not? You can tell me. I was a Small Simon once, just like you, and played the same games you play. Of course there were no aeroplanes in those days. With whom do you play this fine game? Come on, we must all answer civil questions, or the world would never go round. With whom do you play?'

'Mr. Beelzy,' said the boy, unable to resist.

'Mr. Beelzy?' said his father, raising his eyebrows inquiringly at his wife.

'It's a game he makes up,' said she.

'Not makes up,' cried the boy. 'Fool!'

'That is telling stories,' said his mother. 'And rude as well. We had better talk of something different.'

'No wonder he is rude,' said Mr. Carter, 'if you say he tells lies, and then insist on changing the subject. He tells you his fantasy: you implant a guilt feeling. What can you expect? A defense mechanism. Then you get a real lie.'

'Like in *These Three*,' said Betty. 'Only different, of course. *She* was an unblushing little liar.'

'I would have made her blush,' said Mr. Carter, 'in the proper part of her anatomy. But Small Simon is in the fantasy stage. Are you not, Small Simon? You just make things up.'

'No, I don't,' said the boy.

'You do,' said his father. 'And because you do, it is not too late to reason with you. There is no harm in a fantasy, old chap. There is no harm in a bit of make-believe. Only you have to know the difference between daydreams and real things, or your brain will never grow. It will never be the brain of a Big Simon. So come on. Let us hear about this Mr. Beelzy of yours. What is he like?'

'He isn't like anything,' said the boy.

'Like nothing on earth?' said his father. 'That's a terrible fellow.'

'I'm not frightened of him,' said the child, smiling. 'Not a bit.'

'I should hope not,' said his father. 'If you were, you would be frightening yourself. I am always telling people, older people than you are, that they are just frightening themselves. Is he a funny man? Is he a giant?'

'Sometimes he is,' said the little boy.

'Sometimes one thing, sometimes another,' said his father. 'Sounds pretty vague to me. Why can't you tell us just what he is? I'll tell you why.'

'I love him,' said the small boy. 'He loves me.'

'That's a big word,' said Mr. Carter. 'That might be better kept for real things, like Big Simon and Small Simon.'

'He is real,' said the boy, passionately. 'He's not a fool. He's real.'

'Listen,' said his father. 'When you go down the garden, there's nobody there, is there?'

'No,' said the boy.

'Then you think of him, inside your head, and he comes.'

'No,' said Small Simon. 'I have to do something with my stick.'

'That doesn't matter.'

'Yes, it does.'

'Small Simon, you are being obstinate,' said Mr. Carter. 'I am trying to explain something to you. I have been longer in the world than you have, so naturally I am older and wiser. I am explaining that Mr. Beelzy is a fantasy of yours. Do you hear? Do you understand?'

'Yes, Daddy.'

'He is a game. He is a let's-pretend.'

The little boy looked down at his plate, smiling resignedly.

'I hope you are listening to me,' said his father. 'All you have to do is to say, "I have been playing a game of let's-pretend — with someone I make up, called Mr. Beelzy." Then no one will say you tell lies, and you will know the difference between dreams and reality. Mr. Beelzy is a daydream.'

The little boy still stared at his plate.

'He is sometimes there and sometimes not there,' pursued Mr. Carter. 'Sometimes he's like one thing, sometimes another. You can't really see him. Not as you see me. I am real. You can't touch him. You can touch me. I can touch you.' Mr. Carter stretched out his big white dentist's hand, and took his little son by the shoulder. He stopped speaking for a moment. The little boy sunk his head still lower.

'Now you know the difference,' said Mr. Carter, 'between a pretend and a

real thing. You and I are one thing; he is another. Which is the pretend? Come on. Answer me. Which is the pretend?'

'Big Simon and Small Simon,' said the little boy.

'Don't!' cried Betty, and at once put her hand over her mouth.

'Well, my boy,' said Mr. Carter. 'I have said you must be allowed to learn from experience. Go upstairs. Right up to your room. You shall learn whether it is better to reason, or to be perverse and obstinate. Go up. I shall follow you.'

'You are not going to beat the child?' cried Mrs. Carter.

'No,' said the little boy. 'Mr. Beelzy won't let him.'

'Go on up with you,' shouted his father.

Small Simon stopped at the door. 'He said he wouldn't let anyone hurt me,' he whimpered. 'He said he'd come like a lion, with wings on, and eat them up.'

'You'll learn how real he is,' shouted his father after him. 'If you can't learn it at one end, you shall learn it at the other. I'll have your breeches down. . . . I shall finish my cup of tea first, however,' said he to the two women.

Neither of them spoke. Mr. Carter finished his tea and unhurriedly left the room, washing his hands with his invisible soap and water.

Mrs. Carter said nothing. Betty could think of nothing to say. She wanted to be talking: she was afraid of what they might hear.

Suddenly it came. 'Good God!' she cried. 'What was that? He's hurt him.' She sprang out of her chair, her silly eyes flashing behind her glasses. 'I'm going up there,' she cried.

'Yes, let us go up,' said Mrs. Carter. 'Let us go up. That was not Small Simon.'

It was on the second floor landing that they found the man's shoe, with the foot still in it.

LIBERTÉ, ÉGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

LET us not fear for the creative word.

Though madness spreads its wings of fantasy,
Soulless and shameless, over a France bespelled,
Over a France betrayed, and wooing defeat;
Though from the Halls of Justice and the playgrounds
And fair façades of Paris and the ancient
Provincial Capitals, those leaping letters
Vanish, besmeared upon and chiseled out,
Let us not fear: they shall not cease to burn
Behind the brow, to beat against the lips,
The sealèd lips; they shall not cease to haunt
The echo in the prisoned heart of France.

We call them words, these three great attributes
Of the Logos; words, this life-stuff of the Spirit
From the Beginning. — We have juggled with them,
Delivered them over to the rant and bombast
And sentimental cant of politics,
Complacently: — and now the fate of the world
Hangs on these three we comprehended not.

So we, that knew not what we did, go down
To Doom? Heads high, too stupid to repent?
So the Dictator, with his bloody sponge,
Wipes off the dishonored motto from the face
Of captive, fearful, and bewildered Earth?
And generations crawl from slavish wombs
To people England, France, America,
With senseless robots, to eternity?

Defeatists! — In the Beginning was the Word.
We could not spawn a robot, breed a puppet,
Bring forth a soulless engine, if we would.
Though we be forfeit, still within our blood
Whisper the deathless syllables of life.

Let us not fear for the Creative Word.

MUSIC AND THE SCHOOL BOARD

BY BARBARA REX

I

OUR school stands not far from Germantown Avenue. The bustle of the town moves around it, but in the spring the magnolia blooms above the Burying Ground, and the eaves of the Meeting House, throw a protective shadow. A Friends School, in the full sense of the word. Quakers founded the school, teaching their children that mathematics, English, science, were of equal importance, and belief in God most important of all. Here children are still taught to have liberal views, to practise tolerance and social justice. The school's attitude on all subjects has been for generations eager, receptive, critical — on all subjects, that is, except music. Only a Quaker half-century ago, music sprang from the devil. A couple of years ago, music was something to listen to occasionally, something children 'took' once a week. Music was considered easy for a few, impossible for most.

The truth is that music is easy for no one, and possible for everyone. Parents spend fat sums for music lessons — yet, as the pressure of school and outside activities increases, music is the first thing to be dropped. Now, music is an exact craft, as difficult to master as the Latin declensions. Children have to be forced to practise — most of them would be either geniuses or psychiatric material if that weren't true. But practice at home fast becomes an impossibility. Glorious in theory, of course, to rise with the dawn and stumble through

a Ševčík exercise; ghastly in reality. Hopeless to practise at the end of the day when hands and mind are exhausted. Children must be allowed to practise in school hours, while they are fresh. They must feel that they, and their musical efforts, are as important a part of the school as the football team. The eager, hard-working, not necessarily talented child, possessed with a real desire for music, must be fed the stimulation of playing and singing with other children. Music must be fun. Music must be considered a major subject.

We have found in our school, step by step, that this can be made a workable truth. It began with thinking about the Fine Arts courses — at least as far as I was concerned, it began there. An 'Art Course' used to be something to be avoided at any cost. In all schools, these days, a child gets more or less adequate instruction in painting, or modeling, supplemented by Art Appreciation courses. It was possible in our school, for example, to take an Art Major. But — if our Friends School now taught and recognized the Fine Arts — what place and importance was the school giving to music? What about a Music Major?

Our school had no orchestra. The general student had no music period a week. There was no shared musical experience. The instrumental student had no position; he was an outcast, playing alone. That mattered personally to me because in our family we have a trio: my husband, piano; myself, violin; and

Jimmy, aged thirteen, cello. Our son enjoys playing with us, but not nearly so much as playing with his own friends, or making new friends through his playing. Some Sundays boys and girls flock to our house because they want a chance to play with people their own age. We could fill the parlor with children. Music for fun! Not for careers and plat-forms — just for everyday, long-enduring fun.

Jimmy has no desire to be a professional musician. He plays his cello moderately well — just an ordinary boy who likes music. But gradually, inexorably, he was being forced to give his music up because of the slow squeezing process on time inflicted by school activities and school schedules and — school attitude. It is increasingly difficult these days to find space to inject any homemade æsthetics into a child's life. The schools, though they deny it, have taken over. I for one regard this with equanimity and confidence. But, because it is true, I felt the music problem was up to the schools, too.

So I began. I began with Mr. Barton, head of our Upper School, a determined man with a clear blue eye and a direct manner — a Quaker, and a competent Quaker. To Mr. Barton falls that complicated task, the arranging of schedules.

How, I asked him, could we get more music, and more time for music, in the school? How could we give recognition to our now solitary instrumentalists? How about my own son's music? Wasn't there some minor subject on Jimmy's schedule we could eliminate? The quality of music in our school was of the best, I admitted. But how could Miss Denny, talented though she was, do much with the slow-starvation diet of one music period a week? Music is a relationship, and, like all relationships, needs to be developed by contacts.

Mr. Barton, year on year, deals with the ticklish business of school schedule

versus parents' demands. He eyed me in a detached way.

'Would you rather do without Latin, Mrs. Rex?' he asked.

I suppose I was red-faced and excited. 'I don't *have* to do without Latin — or French, either — or algebra. I want time for them all, and for music, too.'

Mr. Barton answered, quite equably, 'Then you find a place, Mrs. Rex.'

So I said, all right, I would.

II

It is always foolhardy to attack an institution single-handed. I needed someone to work with me — someone with an impressive number of children in the school — someone who saw eye-to-eye with me on this music business, and who wanted music for her children as much as I did. I wanted someone whose backbone would stiffen under opposition, one who at the same time could charm headmasters. I found her. We made a pretty good team.

First we talked to the parents. They were all polite and attentive. They remarked, mildly, that there was a goodly *quality* of music in the school already. It could be favorably compared with near-by schools. Hadn't the Glee Club recently given *The Mikado* with outstanding success? The school — didn't we remember? — had tried an orchestra many years ago, and it had failed miserably. . . . Interest had just faded out. . . . The schedules were so full, as it was. . . .

We knew the School Board was our eventual goal. We had seen those Friends work miracles, and knew their calibre. Our School Board is shrewd, cautious, alert, and curious. Its members deal in terms unusual to such boards. They have a rigid concept of their duty, and they speak of spiritual values. Surely, we thought, they will recognize music as a spiritual value.

But we knew that we must have facts.

We were two parents who, cherishing a healthy respect for the Latin School tradition, yet believed music could be made an integral part of it. But, no matter how much we believed it, we had to prove that it could be done, and that it already had been done. We must have schedules from other schools showing pupils with three music periods a week in the lower grades, schedules of high-school students earning musical credits towards college. We must know what the colleges thought about this, and where the successful orchestras were, and how firm a position the instrumentalist held. The Parents Auxiliary gave us permission to make a survey of music work in other schools.

So we set out. Everybody said private schools were more progressive than public schools, so surely in them music would be flourishing. We were considerably taken aback to find most of the near-by private schools more than satisfied with their music departments. A Music Appreciation course for the upper grades, they told us, plus one period of music a week and a little Glee Club on the side, was most ample. Neither parents nor pupils had ever asked for more. Music was a minor subject, and was treated as one. Thus a series of suave, distinguished school heads slid smoothly away from us. Desperate, we ferreted out a few parents of musically gifted children who were pupils in those schools. There we got an answer. Music, they said, seemed impossible to arrange. It meant 'special courses.' It meant isolating their children, making them seem odd. In these expensive, exclusive schools the Parent-Teacher organizations are far from potent. The schools had no desire to find out what was in the parents' minds. And the parents had given up.

We were pretty much discouraged. Where was there music for children? Where a school with vision? It turned out to be just across the river from us — a vast gray public school with the music

for which we were searching: the finest *a cappella* choir we had ever heard anywhere; rooms full of horns, base viols, drums, cellos and violins and violas; enormous orchestras of boys and girls playing Brahms, Beethoven, Wagner, and playing *well*; free lessons; free instruments; free sound-proof practice rooms; and Music Majors flourishing on every side.

'Trouble?' the music director smiled. 'I had trouble. But in the end the School Board agreed. This is a movement — don't forget that. You ought to see what the schools in California are doing!'

Our traveling budget didn't run to California. But we did get to Boston. And as we drove we made concise, careful entries in our notebooks: facts and more facts for our School Board. In a private school outside of Boston we found music periods, children composing and conducting, and music a major subject. Here was a school with two hundred and fifty pupils and two orchestras! Here fourth-grade pupils came to school at eight-fifteen in the morning, so that they could have Recorder lessons, and here little children piped the tune while the whole school filed in to Assembly. More important still, they played classical music. No 'Pomp and Circumstance' for this band.

In another private school we saw twenty-two pianos and fourteen sound-proof practice rooms. Here twelve teachers of instruments were giving lessons *in school time*. (We noted this down under 'Mr. Barton. Schedules.') Here was a Music Major that *worked*. Pupils were carrying three music units into Smith and Radcliffe, and the attitude was 'But colleges are eager for musical students!' Here, at last, a school was guaranteeing music and marking it identically with Latin or mathematics.

We began to get sketchy bits of information about how the colleges regarded music. We found that Vassar, Smith, and Holyoke allowed two or

three music units for admission. Yale's music school offered B. A. courses. Harvard and Princeton and Mills had elective music courses. We wrote it all down. We sent for dozens of college catalogues.

We came home and added another heading in our notebooks. 'For *Our School*,' it read. An orchestra to be established immediately. Two full-time teachers (requisite of any first-class music department). Enough music in the eleventh and twelfth grades to meet requirements for one college entrance credit (entering wedge for a Music Major). Supervised practice rooms. And — hardest of all to catalogue neatly, most important of all to us — a change in the school's attitude toward music. Music must be as important as Latin. Music must be something that mattered as much as science on Mr. Barton's schedules.

The Music Committee was kind to us. The headmaster was receptive. Miss Denny gave us full support. But — wise heads shook thoughtfully. . . . The average parent . . . The necessary outlay of money . . . The School Board . . .

We tackled the parents again — at their houses; at meetings; sitting on kindergarten chairs with our knees touching our chins. . . . 'Music is a craft . . . A satisfaction a child carries into youth, into age . . . Something these boys and girls can never lose, no matter what the state of the world. . . .'

III

It was a raw windy morning when our orchestra gathered for the first time. Children ran into the schoolyard, hurrying against the cold, lugging instruments. Jimmy hauled the case off his cello, and the dust blew on it while boys crowded around to look. The flutist was tootling someone's clarinet. One of the older boys beat out a fine staccato on his drum, and a mother was struggling, with

the help of two small girls, to unload a harp from the family car. A boy who had never had an instrument in his hands before cradled a trumpet with awkward pride. Children touching instruments, twanging strings . . . music for fun.

We had our orchestra, and a couple of makeshift practice rooms. And Mr. Barton's schedule showed three practice periods a week for Jimmy. Miss Denny's new assistant smiled from the doorway, and the Headmaster smiled too. Solid fruits of victory were three new boys who had transferred from a near-by school where there was no orchestra. They had come to play flute and oboe and viola with us.

The time was ripe to face the School Board. Now we could point with pride. Now we could make it clear why we needed money. 'Conductor,' it said in our notebook, and 'Ensemble.' We must have a conductor, because an orchestra needs watching. Here were eager children, fine, excited ambitions that wouldn't last forever without expert help. The players were unevenly talented, unevenly trained. A little girl who had developed a raging case of poison ivy on her left hand, after two cello lessons, remarked firmly that she could finger just as well with her right hand, 'if not maybe better.' A first violinist with great talent played distractingly next to a beginner who missed six notes out of ten. The conductor must be someone with unbounded energy, a good nervous system, and an understanding of amateurs; a person not above transposing three notes for our new trumpeter and remembering to yell 'Blow!' at the right instant; someone, preferably, who had had experience with other school orchestras; and ideally, of course, someone who could also teach the ensemble players. For behind the orchestra we needed an ensemble. The beginner must be able to hear his own sourness in a small group, not to be fooled, as he is in an orchestra, by the

full blare of sound. The competent player must have a chance at the fun of quartet and trio playing. An ensemble would train our beginners, hold the interest of our good instrumentalists. Interest was important, for we had no intention of making music compulsory. Make a school orchestra compulsory, and your players die off like flies in a frost.

Our conductor must be a teacher, not a technician; someone who would work with the school, with Miss Denny, with us; someone in contact with other schools and colleges, who could arrange 'exchange music.' Schools playing together — not for concerts, just for fun.

So, at last, we faced the School Board — with accomplishment behind us, and our now battered notebooks in our hands. We wanted money. We wanted music as a major subject.

Nobody on our School Board plays an instrument. Meeting that night, these men and women spoke softly to each other. 'I'm glad to see thee . . . ' 'How is thee . . . ' Kindly, intelligent, peaceful faces. These men and women had run our school successfully through many hard years. We put our case. We talked statistics, schedules, money. I remember that we talked our feelings, too. 'Children and music . . . Boys and girls playing together, singing together, carrying all through their lives

this music you give them . . . In time of stress . . . In time of fear . . . '

The Board granted us the money. 'A growing demand for music,' their statement said in part, 'has undoubtedly arisen. The Friends School must meet it. . . . We believe in the spiritual value of music in the lives of the pupils in the Friends School. . . . *We consider music a major subject. . . .*'

This fall the new teacher arrives. We are buying two more pianos. Horn players have group lessons. There is a movement on foot to make the practice rooms free. Our instrumentalists are important children in the school, to be looked up to, even to be envied. We consult frequently with the Curtis Institute of Music. Eventually we shall establish a music school within our school.

Mr. Barton, with sardonic cheerfulness, juggles study periods and music periods, squeezes time here, expands it there. Jimmy won't have to give up his cello. My neighbor's boy takes fiddle lessons at school now. Our valiant poison-ivied cellist plays ensemble, fingering with her left hand exclusively, and is about to tackle the flute on the side.

It can be done. Good strong Quakers administer our school, teaching the children that mathematics, English, science — and music — are of equal importance.

STATEHOOD FOR HAWAII

BY RAY LYMAN WILBUR

IT is always a surprise to present-day Californians to find that the early gold-rush families of '49 and the '50s sent some of their children to Hawaii for their schooling. The American missionaries had set up such good schools for their own boys and girls that they were sought by others. This typical Yankee influence has had a steady spread in the Islands ever since, and has given the culture there a character of its own quite distinct from anything else in the Pacific. The native Hawaiians readily absorbed American ways and, as a proud and virile people, blended into the culture and economic life which rapidly developed with the introduction of sugar cane and the pineapple. Various Europeans and Americans came in as settlers. Successive migrations of Chinese, Japanese, and Filipinos were attracted by the agricultural jobs available, and a harmonious and happy citizenry of diverse origins has developed.

Within a few years these people living on some of the most strategic islands in the world have become the subject of many inquiries, and evidence is gathering that they have not been given the place in our scheme of government that they richly deserve. In our history, territorial status has been considered as temporary until an adequate number of settlers and sufficient taxable wealth was available, and then statehood came about somewhat automatically. The gold and silver mines of Nevada gave a scantily settled, semi-arid area statehood during our Civil War. Certainly Hawaii has

every quality required for statehood, and only lack of information has kept it back for some forty years.

The Pacific is not only the ocean of America's future, but the ocean of a today which is crowded with uncertainties and the tough problems of war, trade, race, and of ideas that cross its dreary waters almost instantaneously. The prompt admission of Hawaii as a state would fix our position in the Pacific. As long as we keep Hawaii and Alaska on a territorial basis our Pacific policies will seem unsettled to those who from both without and within are studying them so assiduously. When the Hawaiian Islands were taken over, they were absorbed into the United States and given only territorial status, but it was assumed that they would soon be eligible for statehood with economic development. The long delay in bringing this about has in itself now become a definite obstacle.

It is difficult for Americans on the continent living in the states to understand the mingled motives of pride and self-interest which urge territorial citizens so strongly toward statehood. This has been true throughout the history of our nation. Viewed superficially, the distinction between the lives and rights of citizens in the states and in territories does not seem to be of great importance. Certainly in Hawaii or in Alaska there are the same general conditions of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness that exist throughout the nation. But history shows us that this drive toward state-

hood is normal as a step in political evolution. It is an old and fundamental American process which works itself out. So much time has elapsed since Arizona was admitted to the Union that we have forgotten just what this procedure has been. It has been a phase in our national development which has gone on steadily from the very beginning of picking up new territory and adding it to the United States. In its essentials, this process has always been the same. Every new people of a territory has felt its impulse to develop, to become of consequence, and to be given the dignity of statehood.

Statehood has been brewing in Hawaii for more than a century. There was an American settlement there before there was one in California. The New England Missionary Colony of 1820 brought about changes in the culture of the Islands through both birth and immigration. The transplanted American civilization expanded more slowly than it did in California or elsewhere, but not the less surely it expanded to become dominant. By the time the Islands were annexed to the United States in 1898, in tradition, education, and spirit, in economy and culture, they were intrinsically American. One of the most interesting developments has been the rather high percentage of those accepting the Mormon religion as a result of the teachings of some eager and intelligent early Mormon missionaries.

The plebiscite which is to be held in the Hawaiian Islands this year on the subject of statehood is an expression of this drive for recognition. The people of Hawaii do not consider themselves in the nature of an adopted group, but rather one for whom statehood would be a natural heritage. There is an increasing conviction too that the interests of an advancing agricultural economy of great productive value are entitled to have safeguards through proportionate representation in Washington with the forty-eight states. A territory has a rather undignified position, being represented by

a voteless delegate in the lower house of Congress. While it has representation through the Department of the Interior, it seems unfair to have so large an area of American economic life made subject to federal regulations with such powerlessness to be represented when the legislation behind these regulations is enacted. Certainly there are several states weaker in economic power, in agricultural production, and in established wealth than the Hawaiian Islands. From a practical standpoint a very good showing of the strength of Hawaii can be made.

An analysis of 1937 federal expenditures and federal tax collections in the states, which has attracted wide discussion in Hawaii, shows the Territory in the honor circle of the sixteen states which contributed a higher tax total to the Federal Government than they received in civilian federal benefits. In the case of Hawaii, tax payments were \$15,464,031.08 as contrasted with \$11,876,582.78 in federal spendings. Over a period of thirty-seven years, a contrast of tax payments with benefits indicates that the Federal Government has had \$144,000,000 on the plus side from its Hawaiian Territory. In the face of such a record, it is illogical that Hawaii should continue to be classified in an inferior political category to the thirty-two states whose contributions to the Federal Government have been so much less conspicuous.

The reverse of this is that Hawaii is being continually reminded of the handicap of its territorial status by the habitual omission of territories from federal legislation providing grants to the states. One of the unceasing tasks of its delegate is to scrutinize all proposed federal legislation carrying allocations to the states to make certain that Hawaii has not been overlooked. A glaring instance of such forgetfulness which still rankles in the memory of Hawaii was the omission of the Territory from the original benefits of the Federal Aid Road Act.

It was not until eight years after the passage of this act that Hawaii finally succeeded in removing the discrimination. In this instance Congress made restitution for Hawaii's withheld quota by appropriating for Hawaii — after yet another seven-year interval — the sum of \$880,000 in unmatched road funds.

However, the loss of federal allocations is a relatively minor issue to Hawaii in comparison with the continuous threat to her economy of possible discriminatory federal legislation or rulings.

This is of particular concern since sugar — one of the most regulated of American commodities — is the cornerstone of Island economy. Under the present Sugar Act, the sugar industry, in accepting compliance payments, also accepts federal determination of the acreage which it shall plant, of the wages which it shall pay to its employees, and of the conditions under which it shall produce its cane. With such authority centred in Washington, it becomes a matter of vital importance to every sugar-producing region to have equal representation at the Capitol with all other competing regions. But so long as Hawaii remains a territory, she does not have such equality. Her well-being is dependent upon the continued good will of the Senators and Representatives of other and sometimes competing regions.

It is clear that an excellent case can be made for full state status for Hawaii, but the question of statehood is, of course, not to be weighed solely from the standpoint of Hawaii. It must be equally conducive to national interests in order to command national approval.

The climate and general conditions in the Hawaiian Islands have been favorable to the health of members of the Caucasian race. Aside from a very small percentage of leprosy, which is diminishing and is well under control, there are no characteristic diseases. In general the mortality rate is low and the birth

rate is high. The Caucasian element in the population has had a steady growth. In 1936 the registered voters divided roughly into 29 per cent Hawaiian, 35 per cent Caucasian, 9 per cent Chinese, 24 per cent Japanese, and 2 or 3 per cent for all the others. A study of the legislative body elected in the Islands indicated that choices were not made on racial lines, nor did those chosen bear a percentage relationship to racial groups. The people of the Islands provide excellent schools; there is good, orderly government; such social institutions as the Palama Settlement are equal to any similar institutions in the United States and the Queen's Hospital is of the highest quality.

The people of Hawaii have done a fine job. They have a worthy civilization, but since on the Islands there is the formidable naval base at Pearl Harbor, and one of the largest military establishments within our borders, we must view the situation unblinkingly. The crux of the problem of Hawaiian statehood is the high preponderance of Japanese in the population of the Islands. Can the children of Japanese parents become good and loyal American citizens who can be depended upon in the unstable Pacific area? I think the answer is 'Yes.' We have built up America out of a mixed citizenship. We have absorbed peoples of other nationalities and races in our American democracy. There is no chance for a real peace in the Pacific Ocean unless we recognize that all the races represented there are good material for American citizens. While we have set up barriers to any extensive migrations from country to country, we do have on the Pacific slope and in the Hawaiian Islands and Alaska enough representatives of all the countries of the Pacific so that considerable numbers of their children are and will be American citizens. Since the Hawaiian Islands are an outpost of the most vital importance to the United States from a military standpoint, those who live there become

a part of that outpost. Every resident on the Islands is either an asset or a liability to the United States in case of war. Fortunately the populations of small islands have certain characteristics of their own. There are always fewer thieves when the only means of escape is by boat; there are definite limitations for all island citizens, and these lead to a much more homogeneous and harmonious population than is the rule on our continents. Unless we can view these island populations of ours with confidence and not with concern, we have already gone a long way to our own defeat in time of trouble.

Fundamentally the question of recognition of statehood inevitably revolves around this question of American citizens of Japanese ancestry. So far as the Chinese are concerned, they have merged into the life of the Islands without any question, and without criticism. The attitude toward the Japanese taken by many is not based on the Japanese in the Islands, but upon the nation from which they come. In Hawaii they are an orderly, law-abiding group, characterized by thrift, industry, and ambition. They are certainly becoming more American all the time. With the hindrances placed in the way of future Oriental immigration it is only a matter of time to bring about an amalgamation of all the

racial groups in the Islands. On a Fourth of July in the late '20s, I attended a celebration at one of the Honolulu parks to which had come a distinguished group of Japanese who were attending the meetings of the Institute of Pacific Relations. They were interested in the parade and in the ceremonies and singing, but they were simply astounded when the master of ceremonies announced that the winner of the oratorical contest among the colleges of the Islands would deliver an oration on 'The Flag,' and a full-blooded Japanese stepped up and took the platform. If he had been behind a curtain, his perfect English would have convinced the audience that he was a Caucasian.

We must realize that there is no place in Japan for second or third generation Japanese living on the Islands or in California. They do not know the language or culture, nor do they understand the people who gave them origin. Sooner or later we shall have to recognize that they are a part of our body politic. The melting pot has done well in our country. It will have to work along the Pacific as it has around the Atlantic. The sooner we bring the Islands into statehood, and bring these citizens of diverse origin into all the responsibilities of statehood, the better it will be for our future in the Pacific.

SCHOLARS, POOR AND SIMPLE

BY DOUGLAS BUSH

I

ONCE heard from a Cambridge don a pleasant anecdote of A. E. Housman. Housman and three advanced students of Latin regularly met in a large lecture room where they pored over textual problems in that astrological poem of Manilius which students of poetry neglect. Before the end of the hour the room would begin to fill with undergraduates and all the unoccupied old ladies of Cambridge, and when the hour was up the four devotees of truth, Housman at the head flashing fires of scorn, had to elbow their way out through the crowd assembled to hear a lecture by the charming Quiller-Couch.

The picture might be taken as an allegory of the relations between scholars, especially literary scholars, and the public. They are always being derided or damned because they write with painful dullness for other scholars, instead of displaying their wares in artistic fashion for the general reader. The usual reason, spontaneously supplied by journalists and others, is that scholars are out of touch with contemporary literature and the contemporary mind, that they have no vital ideas even about the past, and that if they had they could not write anyhow. The more charitable admit that scholars now and then may have ideas, but in the shape of frozen assets. So the literary world is divided into two very unequal groups, the academic scholars who play solemn, futile games by themselves and the large body of intelligent writers who produce all the

books that matter, review them, go on lecture tours to spiritualize academic communities, and, in a word, carry on the great task of forming our minds and tastes. If the scholars who teach in our universities and colleges are of any value to the geniuses who for a while are in their charge, it is mainly in a negative way; they represent something to be revolted against.

Such complaints are of course not unwarranted, and indeed are often made by scholars themselves. Volumes of research do get published from which even specialists derive small nourishment. Learned journals, however valuable for those who know enough to be able to use them, would not be chosen for one's desert island, unless for tinder. A scholar who has had a surfeit of research, his own or other people's, is sometimes seized with a revulsion against his austere ideals and limitations. He knows in his heart that literature was meant to provide a truce from cares, not to add to them, and he vows that he will henceforth be a human being and write for other human beings. He will cease to be a digger and delver and become a man of letters. By way of clearing his brain and exercising a fresh set of muscles for the great enterprise, the scholar reads or rereads a number of successful popular books. . . . And then he vows that he would rather be damned with Housman than saved with 'Q' (not that 'Q' hasn't his virtues), that it is better to be a burrowing mole than the crawling

scourge that smites the leaf (to borrow an elegant eighteenth-century phrase for a caterpillar).

For the scholar is a less noxious kind of parasite than the popularizer. At his worst the scholar, like John Earle's plodding student, brings to his task nothing but patience and a body, and he does no harm to his subject and his few readers. The popular writer, at his worst, brings nothing but impatience and a temperament, and he often gives a distorted picture of his subject to a multitude of readers. One pernicious thing about popular books on literary figures is that they enable people to feel that they have read a great author's works without the trouble of doing it. Of the thousands who read *Ariel*, how many were moved to read Shelley? Perhaps it would have been odd if they had been.

Of course, it may be granted once for all, we do have popular or semipopular biographies, mostly written by academic scholars, which are as far from shallow inadequacy as from dullness. But our concern here is with the great mass of average productions. In the last nine years there have been four biographies, English and American, of Sir Philip Sidney, no one knows why; the Elizabethan scholar still turns to the sober and standard *Life* by Principal Wallace. There is an unceasing stream of books about the Brownings, about Byron, about all the legendary figures, and, since publishers continue to print them, one must assume that they sell.

The thirst for literary cocktails seems to be maintained by two motives, neither of which is the desire for a help toward appreciating the works of Sidney or the Brownings or Byron. In the first place, people can escape from humdrum life or excessively realistic fiction by reading about the romantic embodiment of Elizabethan chivalry or the wedded lovers or the noble rake; their cultural inferiors find similar solace in contemplating Clark Gable and Ronald Colman.

Secondly, for the last twenty years or so America, as Sherwood Anderson once remarked, has been on a culture jag, and the itch for self-improvement inspires or afflicts all classes of society. Instead of leading a natural life in the state to which God has called them, people still want to rise to power by way of the Harvard Classics, or to keep up with their children and be sure of the difference between Sir James Jeans and James Joyce, or to hold their own in conversation; or they may have an entirely pure and earnest desire to give their souls a shampoo.

Though sentimental or romantic 'human interest' is perhaps the surest ground of popular appeal, our self-consciously candid age has nourished a strong rival. The author who wants a popular audience has won half the battle if he, or she, chooses a subject with an aura or halo of scandal. The splenetic Carlyle declared that the biographies of men of letters were the wretchedest chapters in our history, except perhaps the Newgate Calendar. But that was the croak of a Victorian Calvinist. The modern biographer may slight facts and ideas, yet he rightly prides himself on the frankness which the modern reader so abundantly craves. While Judy O'Grady holds her breath over *True Confessions*, the colonel's lady reads a biography or, what is even more rewarding, an undraped autobiography. Think how Wordsworth's stock has gone up since the discovery that he had a natural daughter. And Byron's, though always high, rose higher when the business of Mrs. Leigh was aired. Who would write or read about Rossetti if it were not for Elizabeth Siddal? Who would write or read about Poe if it were not for alcohol, the child-wife, and the platonic seraglio?

The great authors who have worn the white flower of a blameless life — happily few! — are at a discount. One often wishes that Tennyson might be found to have been the father of, say, Lillie Langtry. And there is always the

hope of unearthing an intrigue between Longfellow and one, or preferably both, of the Miss Carys. Alfred Austin might take rank as a poet if only he could be caught out on the tiles. If scandal or pathology is lacking, one's subject can be made a text for the exposure of an earlier generation's puritanical hypocrisy. The popular writer's notion of the Victorian age in England and America reminds one of Mr. Shaw's speech in a mock trial: 'Does the court think that an upright and intelligent jury is to be influenced by such a thing as evidence?' Then something can always be done with a title. The laborious and artless scholar would put forth a drab tome, *Jane Austen: Her Life and a Study of Her Works, with Some Unpublished Letters*. The knowing popular author would have a gayly colored volume called *The Spinster of Steventon*, or, better, *That Georgian Wench*. The authors of a book on the heroines of English fiction contrived to season their learning with unexpected anatomical detail. One wonders how soon scholars may be introducing a touch of sentiment or a strain of salacious gossip into the *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, so that the five thousand subscribers will be tearing off the austere wrappers with eager excitement.

Certainly the scholar who thinks of seeking a wider field of usefulness, as clergymen say or used to say, soon learns some fundamental lessons about the treatment of literature. Great authors are to be viewed as persons, in themselves and in their relations with others. Reference may be made to their works, since after all they were writers, but there must be no serious discussion of their ideas or their art. General readers, like many undergraduates, do not want to think or to be spurred on to read original texts; they insist upon unexacting entertainment as the prime function of their mentors. Any publisher shies violently at the thought of a philosophic, critical, non-biographical book. 'People

must be amuthed,' as Dickens's asthmatic circus proprietor said. This is satisfactory all round. The popular author has little new light to shed, since his book is normally a smartened abridgment of older and solidier works (the modern psychological approach saves a good deal of time and trouble), and readers are kept at home enjoying the pleasant sensation of improving their minds with things that count. Of course both parties might be much worse employed. Sometimes they are. Several years ago the highly intellectual critic and poet, Mr. Herbert Read, published a long essay called *In Defence of Shelley*; the defence consisted mainly in the proof that Shelley was a homosexual narcissist. A scholar who had something to say about Shelley's poetry would look in vain for a hospitable editor or publisher — unless there happened to be a centenary, and even then he would have to chatter about Harriet. I remember an essayist who said he tried to get by an editor with a piece beginning, 'It is now a hundred and thirty-three years since the death of Cowper,' but this seductive chronological gambit did not succeed.

II

Many popular books are deservedly successful because the writers are not too many jumps ahead of their readers to have lost the common touch. The case of Mr. Will Durant illustrates the advantages of conducting one's education in public. What many thousands of people welcomed as *The Story of Philosophy* some regarded rather as a lively handbook of night-school liberalism. After omitting the mediæval scholastics from that work, since they included no great central personality, Mr. Durant later admitted Thomas Aquinas to his list of the world's ten greatest thinkers, a decision which, though reluctant, must have gratified the anxious spirit of Saint Thomas. The considerable advance in learning and wisdom represented by

Mr. Durant's *The Life of Greece* (1939) was accompanied, one may guess, by a drop in sales. If Mr. Durant has gone forward as a popularizer, Professor E. T. Bell has gone backward. Professor Bell, having produced a good popular book, *Men of Mathematics*, on a subject he understood, evidently fancied himself as a philosopher and universal doctor and undertook, in *Man and His Lifebelts*, to expose some of the fallacious creeds mankind has lived by. The chief result was an exposure of the obtuseness and dogmatic ignorance which so often go with what complacently regards itself as hard-headed scientific rationalism. As a soldier in the liberation war of humanity, Professor Bell fights side by side with Mr. E. Haldeman-Julius. And since Spurius Lartius and Herminius need a Horatius, he may be found in the prolific Harry Elmer Barnes.

In popular historical writing the vigorous merits of Mr. James Truslow Adams have been amply and justly rewarded. From *Building the British Empire* the reader who knows nothing beforehand will learn a good deal, at least about the procession of events. About the fundamental causes of those events, economic, political, religious, and the like, he will not learn much; but the sufficient answer to that is that he doesn't want to.

In the field of cultural history probably no theme attracts popular writers more than the Italian Renaissance, and most books about it may be roughly described as Cecil De Mille mixtures of Burckhardt and Baedeker. Burckhardt's work is a classic of artistic scholarship, but there can be few competent scholars today who accept his theory of the Renaissance. Popular writers, however, continue with undiminished zest to serve the good old Italian dishes, with the prescribed romantic sauce and spicy scandal about the Borgias. Mr. Ralph Roeder's title, *Man of the Renaissance*, suggests an exceedingly difficult and complex problem, but Mr. Roeder simplified it for popular consumption by

writing biographical essays on four men — Savonarola, Machiavelli, Castiglione, and Aretino. And even in the treatment of these four the proportion of ideas to personal and political chronicle is decidedly small. It is doubtless a minor matter in a book on the Renaissance that Latin quotations should be commonly either misspelled or mistranslated. To quote a random example, *ita omnes qui bene sentiunt uno ore loquantur* is rendered 'So that all who feel rightly pray an hour a day!'

The dean of popularizers is Mr. Van Loon, who knows all there is to know but is a plain man who does not put on airs about it. When an individual sets up as a two-legged Chautauqua it would be both mean and foolish to speak of particular errors. Yet one has hardly got into *The Arts* before one meets a particularly notorious fallacy which has long been buried — which was in fact killed in the eighteenth century, though later revived by popular historians — namely, that the fall of Constantinople in 1453 inaugurated the Greek renaissance by driving Greek scholars to western Europe. Mr. Van Loon's manner of writing raises a more general question. He believes that art is and should be popular, and his cultural salad is sprinkled with the evidently appetizing sauce of journalese. One may seriously ask, are people led by vulgarity to an appreciation of art that is not vulgar?

If these names tell us what the public wants, we have still further proof in the fact that eminent highbrows occasionally stoop to conquer. There is the conspicuous example of Mr. Santayana, who has always been suspect among philosophers because he is a stylist, and has been neglected by the general reader because he is a philosopher; but as soon as he wrote a sort of novel he became the theme of clubs and dinner tables. Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's earlier writings won him a notable place among the intellectual, but he enjoyed little popular fame until, in *The Flowering of New England*,

he concealed ideas, very skillfully, behind a mass of personal detail and local color.

III

It is clear that the scholar who wishes to propagate truth among the many, who wishes, in short, for sales, must concentrate on narrative, people, anecdote. If he cannot hope to emulate Professor Phelps as a mighty hunter of literary lions, he can at least cultivate that engaging gentleman's habit of liking almost everything in print. General readers (and reviewers) are not disposed to be critical, to complain of the absence of ideas or the presence of mistaken ones. If our ambitious scholar is determined to touch ideas, he must suppress his instinct for evidence and learn to generalize freely and spaciouly. Scholars are notoriously timid in that respect. They think truth has to be sought for and, when found, demonstrated. Popular writers, on the contrary, are endowed with the imaginative insight and intuition which render caution and research superfluous. Holding the history of civilization in the hollow of their hand, they can sum up in one compelling phrase the complex character of antiquity or the Middle Ages or the Renaissance or any period whatever. Why, it may be said, should a churlish reader not be content with such writers' broad artistic interpretations, based as they commonly are on the solid researches of a generation or two ago?

Well, if a book has any excuse for existing, apart from the writer's desire to write, it ought to contain some new facts or ideas along with its new phrases, and the informed and intelligent reader is not prepared to put his hand in the author's and be led on in childlike faith. He wants to be able to check the author's sources and inferences. 'Oh,' says a foe of pedantry, 'you are surely not pleading for footnotes!' It always puzzles a scholar to observe that, while the general reader readily digests the most inade-

quate or erroneous idea or fact if it appears in regular type, his sensitive stomach turns at an authentic fact or reference in small type, so that footnotes almost automatically exclude a book from general circulation. People who don't want to read footnotes don't need to; there are others who do. Miss Lowell's *John Keats* would have been less amorphous if she had not put her footnotes into the text. If Lytton Strachey had been obliged to give footnote references for his *Elizabeth and Essex*, that theatrical romance could hardly have been written; nor, for that matter, could some of his nineteenth-century satires. Even the *Queen Elizabeth* of such an authoritative historian as J. E. Neale gained popular success at the cost of scholarly usefulness; but one need not condemn Mr. Neale for preferring fame and fleshpots. The name of Elizabeth, by the way, recalls a book on that annual theme, *Mary Queen of Scots*, a book based on deep study, in which Mary, undoubtedly an original woman, was described as firing a sackbut; surely so remarkable a feat might have warranted a note.

The world expects scholars to get their reward in the discovery of truth, and it may be hoped the world is right, since they get nothing else. They toil for years, they scorn delights and live laborious days, and when they have written a book they are lucky if they can get it published. If they do they usually have to pay for it, though the professorial salary does not allow for subsidies to publishers. Sometimes a scholar has the superlative good fortune to get a book published for nothing. Sometimes the work of many years cannot get published at all. It is by no means a sufficient explanation to say that scholars can't write; many a scholar writes well, but if he objects to the cheaper arts of salesmanship the world will have none of him. The popular middleman, however, spends a few months in a public library, dashes off a book in time for the Christmas lists, and

receives handsome royalties. The scholar meekly accepts the way of the world, but he does wonder now and then why the swift-footed gentlemen of letters do not more often pause to take account of scholars' findings. In the scholar's creed, truth has its rights on the lowest as well as the highest levels, and nothing is too insignificant to be verified. But 'What is truth?' says your man of letters, and does not stay for an answer; at least he does not stay long enough to consult a bibliography. Whatever his radical instincts, the man of letters is a conservative in one respect; he does hold fast to ideas and 'facts' that scholars have abandoned.

While the scholar can at best hope for little more than toleration from the world of letters — unless he happens to be a Mr. Lowes, and there is only one of him — it is a different story when a member of the literary set produces a book about books. Mr. Burton Rascoe's *Titans of Literature* received an immediate chorus of acclaim from his numerous friends. Some of the author's pages, in an academic book, would have been damned as barren pedantry; in his, they were impressive learning. But more than that, this was the kind of big, vital book that the professors simply couldn't write. No doubt, to their loss, professors' literary loves and hates are less intense and erratic than Mr. Rascoe's, and there certainly is something about exact knowledge which checks naïve superlatives and schoolboy capers — which, in the journalistic creed, is so much the worse for knowledge. Mr. Rascoe would probably subscribe to Mr. Ezra Pound's boast, 'I am still *impetuous juvenis*' — an exquisite bit of Latinity which proclaims more clearly than his copious invectives that Mr. Pound abhors grammarians. *Titans of Literature*, incidentally, reminds me of one of the quaintest items I have met in a long study of reviewing columns. Mr. Rascoe was mildly rebuked by the normally truculent Mr. Ernest Boyd for presum-

ing to demolish Milton when Milton had already been disposed of; see an earlier essay by Mr. Boyd. From both studies of Milton the curious scholar may learn many things. If I hear a murmur that Mr. Boyd's terrific *Literary Blasphemies* are *vieux jeu*, it may be said in the first place that they were scarcely novel when they were printed; and, secondly, they deserve notice here because they constituted a signal recognition of great literature on the part of one of the superior magazines which for many years has had no room for criticism of dead authors and next to none for living ones.

Probably the scholar should not be left standing here in a state of partial paralysis, yet what elixir will supple his joints and rejuvenate his mind? How can the lamb hope to lie down with the lions? Throughout the history of culture, learning and literature have generally gone hand in hand, but the spread of democratic literacy changed all that. Nowadays, especially perhaps in the United States, the scholar and the popular author bite their thumbs at each other. The latter's want of learning, as Witwoud said of his friend Petulant, is his happiness; it gives him the more opportunities to show his natural parts. The scholar, it seems, has no natural parts. This cleavage is bad for both, and for the public. But the fault is not, as common opinion goes, merely on one side. At any rate, when we scholars venture out of our Platonic cave to take a peep or a jaundiced squint at the bright world of real letters, we feel quite unqualified to live there, even if we were wanted. And our chilly cells with their card indexes may appear, to eyes dazzled by the literary scene and the literary racket, to possess a sort of plain and enduring charm. They imply a mode of life which doubtless lacks the intensities of creative effort and the intellectual excitement of publishers' teas, yet which in its own way gives its peculiar votaries a no less satisfying illusion of being near the centre of things.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A MONKEY'S BABYHOOD

Two kinds of monkeys lived their uninhibited lives at Matheran. There were the shameless little ginger-haired ones, with comical Irish faces, noisy, chattering, thieving manners; and there were big, white-furred, black-faced ones, dignified and melancholy. Great troops of both varieties overran the hill station, where mankind intruded for only a few weeks each year.

The Grand Hotel was almost part of the jungle. From my bathroom door I could have thrown a stone into a thick, glossy, sinister greenery which I never saw penetrated. At the front were noble old trees, mangoes and ant-infested fig trees, and there was nothing to prevent the monkeys from bounding from tree to corrugated-iron roof and beyond to tree again. A corrugated-iron roof when a band of eighty-pound monkeys lands on it gives off a series of resounding booms that can be heard for nearly a mile, though the best effects are reserved for those sleeping beneath it.

Their arrival soon after dawn was like a general alarm clock and brought my early tea, and I would go to drink it on the verandah and watch them settling down for a day in the fig trees. In the chill of early morning the monkey babies clung to their mothers, trembling and crying with cold, and the mothers would fold their furry arms over the little bodies and hold them close, rocking back and forth as any mother might do, a brooding, faraway look in their eyes.

Then the sun came up from the distant horizon in the plains, the air grew warm and golden, and a little monkey's day began. He didn't like it in the least. He whimpered and burrowed into his mother's fur and had to have a sharp cuff or two before he'd mind. First came his toilet, with quite as tender a ritual as for any baby's bath. The scanty fur is combed and sleeked, the ears well looked into — and woe to any vermin that land on Baby! A good half hour of loving chatter and fuss and he is ready, with his hair beautifully parted in the middle and a

distinctly self-conscious look on his baby face.

He sits on a branch, tidy and good, while the young matron puts herself to rights. She makes herself more and more attractive and soon has a collection of amorous young bucks waltzing about in the near-by branches. So long as she is nursing her infant, however, she carries a badge which says 'Keep Off!' (that is, if she is one of the ginger-haired variety) — a bright orange or cherry-red bottom; and if any of the young gentlemen become really impertinent down comes one of the snarling, long-toothed elders. At that the young chaps scatter — but all this has put ideas into the old fellow's head. He sidles along the branch to the winning, bright-bottomed young matron. She knows her rights, however. She turns and faces him, shrilling out loud shame upon him, dancing up and down on all four feet, showing her teeth and making terrific faces. All the tribe come swarming up to see what is going on and the old man swings back to his lookout place with an 'Oh, well —' expression, trying to save what face he can.

This goes on in the ginger-haired tribes. One never saw the melancholy black-faced monkeys quarreling or making love; neither did they steal, nor would they accept anything from a human hand. This last was not instinctive, but part of a deliberate code they had.

There was a tree within arm's reach of my verandah, full of monkeys all day. I used to pass most of my breakfast along to my Irish brethren there. If it was Blackface day and I offered an orange a youngster might start for it, its sensitive little face docile and mild, to be caught by the tail and pulled back and cuffed by the grown-ups.

I am sure those monkeys had an exact language. I used to put oranges on the railing and hide and watch the argument that went on: —

'But look! It's a *lovely* orange.'

'No, and no, and *no!*'

'But why not?'

'Because we *say* so!' Cuff!

Baby monkeys cling to the mothers' sides

when the tribe travels and both are fiercely guarded then by the males. And the intense, passionate love of the mothers for their babes was touching to see. I often felt ashamed at having looked on at some tender, intimate little scene. No child ever grew up more surrounded with love and approbation and protection. But they had to learn to climb, and they were all afraid.

Mother sits in the comfortable crotch of a tree and puts Son down on the branch in front of her, holding him firmly by the end of the tail. He looks round at her, trembling and pleading. 'Not now,' he squeaks; 'tomorrow!' 'Go on,' she says; 'Mother won't let you fall.' Son stirs a little, but doesn't actually move his feet. 'Go on,' says Mother, a little more sharply.

Often there are scenes and Mother has to spank, but oh, how proud she is when little son has run the full length of his tail along the branch! She catches him up in an ecstasy of love and joy, petting and praising him for a brave little monkey. Next day he must go a yard or so up the trunk of the tree, with Mother's hand under his small behind at the start. Then comes the cruel day when he must scramble up the tree trunk quite alone. There's a lot of wailing and spanking that day — but in a week our little coward is chattering cockily at his mother from a branch far above her head. He is nearly weaned by now, the colors are fading from Mother's bottom — and in no time he is indistinguishable from any other young hooligan, and Mother just one of the girls again.

JEAN DE VASS

HIGH SUMMER

THERE is no escape
From the swamp honeysuckle and wild grape.
Whatever powers may daunt you,
Those splay leaves and witch'd odors still
will haunt you.
Forgotten, they endure in the unknown,
Fragile, concealed, outlasting marble-stone.
Though labor and anxiety obsess,
The ghostly wilderness
Still lurks behind,
Biding its time to overrun the mind.
And men troubled by penitence or grief
Find out the lost divine in fragrance or a leaf.

LEONARD BACON

NEXT YEAR

SHE waited on Sixth Avenue for the bus, her eyes bright with doom. The sky was sulphureous, overwarm with belated spring, and she looked up exultantly at the skyscrapers that seemed to be offering themselves to invisible airplanes.

'Look! Look!' She turned like a fierce proud bird to her nurse, who stood ruddy, apart, glad that *she* was not going to die. 'The sun!'

The nurse followed her on the bus. She hated the brown woolen stockings her patient wore on her emaciated legs; the dash of plume on the huge green hat sickened her. And why, oh why, did the woman wear her black furs with the brown dress, when she had so much, so much, to choose from? She sat by the woman's side and nodded with professional solicitude at her exclamations, while studying alertly the twist of the silk scarf round her throat. Wherein was the secret, the ineffable challenge of the absinthe scarf, of its foamy softness under the sad mouth brightly painted?

The bus stopped at the red light. 'Look at that horse!' Oh, couldn't the nurse see what she saw? Here was one of her own breed; couldn't the nurse see the dance, the gallop, the nobility as the horse turned his head? Oh, sweet life! 'Look at him in the sun!' The woman smiled to the policeman near the horse, overbrimming.

'The old peacock,' thought the nurse, as the bus started again.

The bus jerked and stopped. A policeman put his head into the window and shouted. The bus driver shouted back, but the policeman would not let him pass the light that had again turned red. The woman watched eagerly, avidly, as though it were life and death. 'Imagine,' she whispered, 'the bus man is scolding the policeman! Think of it . . . Why, in Washington . . .' She leaned over as the bus driver mumbled: yes, yes, he was right. The policemen were all lovely in New York; but so were the bus men. 'Authority, you know,' she said over his shoulder in sympathy. There the poor man had to stop midway and watch the cross-town traffic brush past.

'Look at that sign: GOOD MORNING. BREAKFAST IS SERVED.' She laughed. 'And see those two fried eggs in plaster *right* next to the real eggs!' Her eyes burned into the

next window. The nurse craned her neck. 'Isn't that lovely? Those obscene French cards right next door to the plaster eggs!' The woman had the sight of a hawk; the nurse nodded without seeing and only half-listening: —

'Now who are all those people going to the movies in the morning? On a May morning: that line of people pouring in there to hide in the *dark*? Think of the *tragedy* of it.' The nurse turned her glance from the dilated eyes of the woman.

Six more months of this. And the woman knew it; she had dragged the truth out of the doctor, like a demon. He told her — it was against the profession, but he told her the truth. 'And I shall have to suffer,' the nurse reflected bitterly.

'Is *anything* more spring than a bird flying across a skyscraper?' The nurse heard from far away. If only she could afford to give the case up. *Six months* of this! With a flicker of satisfaction she watched the woman put a filmy handkerchief to her lips.

A tall young girl, like an antelope, with a large dark hat and large dark eyes, came on the bus. The woman looked at her thin, swift legs, and her eyes traveled up to the beautiful, bewildered face. 'Oh, that lovely *young* thing,' she whispered. She had been young in just that way — too tall, bewildered too.

They were at Forty-eighth Street. Nine more blocks of this. 'Look! Oh, look, they have planted trees now on Sixth Avenue! Imagine, once it was the ugliest, the darkest . . . Some day Sixth Avenue will be Fifth Avenue and Fifth Avenue Sixth Avenue!' She laughed, delighted at her sally. 'And *another* block of trees! Why, by next year . . .'

A wave of professional pity swept over the nurse. 'It has started to rain,' she said, preparing the umbrella.

The woman swept ahead of her off the bus, refusing the open umbrella, dropping the nurse behind as though they had never seen each other.

With quick, short steps the nurse tried to catch up as they crossed Sixth Avenue at Fifty-seventh Street. But the woman, with lips lifted to the rain, strode proudly apart, as though with three steps she were going to reach the Hudson.

JENNY BALLOU

TWO FRIENDS

I HAVE a friend whose wit can shake
Long-buried Cæsars wide awake,
Or with a delicate turn and thrust
Spill living Cæsars into dust.

There are no stars along the night
His brain-flares cannot put to flight;
There is no miracle by day
He cannot quite explain away.

With smiling lip and narrowed eye
He ushers wonder in to die,
And shows most elegantly how
To measure Helen with a bow.

And him I like because I may
Laugh with and at him night or day;
Uncurbed by love or pity, shake
My sides with laughter till I ache.

I have another friend who talks
With roadside grasses when he walks,
And treats to sprightly monologue
The lizard or the drowsing frog.

A bit of broken rock will call
Æons around him, and the fall
Of one red leaf will let him see
The miracle that is a tree.

And all the dead who ever made
Earth bright, death darker by a shade,
Live in his voice like sound-of-flame
As he recalls them name by name.

And him I like because I may
Let love and wonder have their way
Safe in the shelter of his heart
Where laughter dare not throw a dart.

Two friends I have in the one street,
Two friends — and may they never meet!

ERNEST G. MOLL

PLAYS UPON LANGUAGE

PLAYING with words has been popular (off and on) since the sixteenth century in English literature and American. If the present day affects to condemn a *jeu d'esprit*, the fact remains that when one puns, or understands a pun, in a foreign language one is getting beyond the elementary stage. The late Dean Clédât of Lyon used to explore the possibilities of French in this direction — even when

there were no students around; and the old conundrum as to why Paris, the white bear, Byrd, and Virginia (of the famous romance) are like could well be given to intermediate students in that language. (The answer? The first *est métropole*; the second *est maître au pôle*; the third — we may assume — *aime être au pôle*, and the fourth *aimait trop Paul*.)

A young friend of mine, visiting the south of France for the first time and struggling valiantly with the language, ventured to suggest to his landlady that he had heard the best French was spoken at Tours. Unwillingly (for she came from a different section of the country) she admitted that some people thought so; whereat, to cheer her, he remarked that he hardly thought it could be so, since he had heard the tourists speak. As she at once explained that the inhabitants of Tours were not called *touristes*, he got a free lesson in both language and psychology.

It was a genius who translated the dialogue between the philosopher and his friend into French, keeping the play upon the same word. 'Is life worth living?' asked the sage. 'It depends upon the liver — *c'est une question de foie*,' came the reply. The difficulties of gender (which wreck many a would-be punster) are here neatly avoided. One might imagine that the inhabitants of northern Long Island had a rare advantage, for it is not often that one can *see* a Sound; but in a Parisian theatre I once saw a notice: *On est prié d'observer le silence*.

Years ago an American traveler on the great German river was admiring the picturesque of the villages which the steamer passed. A casual acquaintance, a German, could see nothing but the dirt, which (perhaps inevitably) accompanies the picturesque. As each town was characterized as *schmutziger* than the last, the American was driven to remark that apparently the river was the only thing that was *rein* — a comment so patently absurd that the German walked away in disgust. Yet he knew that the yellow water below *was* the Rhein. . . .

The bilingual pun may be represented by two examples, both of which are perhaps apocryphal, but none the less worth preserving. It is reported that the late Professor Barrett Wendell met a distinguished Frenchman in New York and took him from the steamer to a club where the seals of two universities were displayed in juxtaposition. Reading *Veritas* on one, and *Lux et Veritas*

on the other, the foreigner, obviously not acclimated, asked '*Pourquoi la différence?*' Immediately his host replied, '*Parce que chez eux, la vérité est un article de luxe.*' The other example is not unrelated and concerns the second device, which, carved in stone, was being hoisted over the door of a New York clubhouse under construction. Two members of a club across the street were watching the operation, and one said to the other, 'That's a pretty good idea; I think we should have a motto, too.'

'What would you suggest?'

The first man ruminated, then, reading *Lux et Veritas*, murmured, 'Why not *ducks et demitasse?*' It would have been appropriate.

The thought of food recalls the conundrum as to why a Frenchman rarely eats more than one egg. Because, having eaten that, he has had *un œuf*. Many English travelers, seeking relief, have paradoxically sought Aix — without being relieved from payin'. In the first World War the blockade failed to deprive Germany of Essen — and England kept Eton; but she found the Kiel Canal well-named, for many German keels were stored there. A Zürich specialist, interviewing an American patient, wished to find out if she was suffering pain. The English word escaped him, but he remembered the Latin *dolor* and the French *douleur*, and, with a sudden inspiration, asked the lady: 'Haf you dollars?' This was unfortunate, and (for all I know) costly; but it shows that a pun is not always exactly funny, and may easily be unintentional.

Perhaps not paronomasial, but surely not unrelated to plays upon words, are those translations of colloquial terms which one sometimes runs into — such as *hypselometry* ('high-brow') and Professor Grandgent's *ostecephalic* ('bone-headed'). If you hesitate to call your neighbors 'roughnecks,' you might try *dasylophic* (*δαρτος, dasús*, and *λόφος, lóphos*) or *trachyauchenic* (*τραχύς, trachús*, and *αὐχέν, auchén*). It does not take much to reduce the real 'high-brow' to silence; I mean, by this term, a person who is not interested in things cultural for their own sake, but for the impression his apparent interest makes upon his neighbors.

Akin to these fabrications are the etymologies which one does not find in the dictionaries: such as that of the gourmet who derived restaurant from *res* and *taurus*, because he considered it a 'bully thing'; or of

the visitor who left the small town calling it a 'unique' city — from *unus* and *equus*. It was a confirmed bachelor who explained the origin of *virgin* from *vir* and the old English *gin*, 'a trap,' and we might be excused nowadays for deriving *plutocracy* from Pluto, of the underworld, rather than from Plutus. But the punster does not have to invent his etymologies; there are plenty of words which can be connected in the lexicons. Paradoxically, you are bored if you are thrilled — it would not be surprising to find a well-drilled soldier in that condition. The common element in such widely separated names as Des Moines, Monaco, and München takes us out of the realm of language into that of history.

A humorous etymology is suggested by the Latin *lucus a non lucendo* — a playful derivation of *lucus*, 'grove,' from *lucere*, 'to shine.' A serious etymology, resulting in a Greek pun, is lost in the translation of Matthew xvi. 18; but a French reader finds in *Pierre* a common noun, and understands the play upon words. Lamb records his old master's hearty laughter at Flaccus's pun on *rex* — where the word has a double meaning of 'monarch' and a private surname, comparable to the English patronymic King. While it is not considered good taste to pun on a person's name, — largely because the individual in question must have heard the pun so often that he tires of it, — once in a while the pun is so original, apropos, and fresh, that it justifies itself. In recounting it not only the play, but the circumstances in which it was made, must be repeated — and of course this removes the spontaneity of the first running. Many such *bons mots* are recorded in *Collections and Recollections* — that gossip picture of Victorian London and Londoners by G. W. E. Russell — of which we may cite a couple of examples: —

Lord Knightley (who was the living double of Dickens's Sir Leicester Dedlock) had been expatiating after dinner on the undoubted glories of his famous pedigree. The company was getting a little restive under the recitation, when Sir William Harcourt was heard to say, in an appreciative aside, 'This reminds me of Addison's evening hymn —

'And Knightley to the listening earth
Repeats the story of his birth.'

Surely the force of apt citation can no further go.

Here was apt citation with a pun on a proper name; Russell cites another instance of aptness — based on parody as well as punning — when Lord Tennyson chanced to say in Sir William Harcourt's hearing that his pipe after breakfast was the most enjoyable of the day; Sir William softly murmured the Tennysonian line —

The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds.

Continues Mr. Russell: 'Some historians say that he substituted "bards" for "birds," and the reception accorded by the poet to the parody was not as cordial as its excellence deserved.'

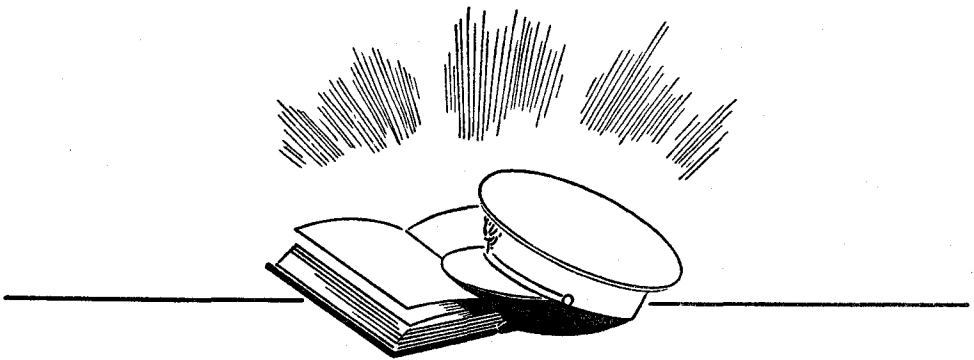
A joke may please, and a joke may hurt; when the question of two languages enters, international bad feeling may be aroused. There was the Shah who was sensitive, during his visit to Paris, at references to 'gray cats' — for *shah* sounds like *chat*, and *gris*, in French slang, suggests a lack of sobriety. During the first World War, *Punch* printed a picture of an English officer offering a cigarette to a French companion with the question, 'Êtes-vous un fumier, monsieur?' to which the French officer, always polite, responds in the affirmative. We are here on the borders of the 'boner,' where wit, when it exists, is unconscious, and consequently pathetic; but the mistake above recorded had a point, coming from an English periodical, which it might have lost had it appeared in a French paper. Both sides of the Channel could laugh at it, taking it in good part.

Even in playing with one's own language no real humorist hurts another's feelings — in bilingual wit one must take extra precautions not to provoke anger. I have known French teachers to become upset at a student, not for translating *fausses dentelles* ('machine-made lace'), on a mantelpiece, by 'false teeth,' but for seeming to think that the French exhibited their dentures in the *salon*. Even the obvious ignorance of the student could not placate the irate pedagogues.

ROBERT WITHINGTON

THE NEW ATLANTIC SERIAL

Farewell TO EUROPE



BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

CHAPTERS 6-10

Farewell TO EUROPE

BY
RICHARD ALDINGTON

The story of a man of letters,
bred in the old world and find-
ing freedom in the new



RICHARD ALDINGTON, poet and novelist, infantryman survivor of the First World War, friend of many of the distinguished literary figures of the last half century in England and America, brings to the writing of his autobiography the skill of the proved craftsman, the keen palate for ideas and personal independence, which, in his own words, are 'nearly everything that has made life valuable — freedom of living, thinking, and utterance; the exercise of a natural aptitude and talent; disinterested friendship, passionate love, travel, the arts, idleness.'

On his first visit to the United States he fell in love with the Connecticut River Valley. Living there now in a little farmhouse, an American citizen by adoption, he is writing *Farewell to Europe*. . . .

Born in 1892, he passed his childhood and youth among the green fields, on the sea-swept cliffs, in the leisured, fog-bound London streets of Edwardian England. He remembers patriotic pictures on the nursery walls, and people talking about the Boer War, and a black band put on the arm of his sailor suit because the Queen was dead, and being told he must play nicely and quietly. A blissful, adventurous day spent in Calais, in the company of his father and uncle, set stirring in him the urge for travel which has never left him. A letter from G. B. Shaw, commenting with Shavian obliqueness on a poem he wrote at the age of fifteen, stirred equally the urge for letters and for the world of creative arts. These two dominant passions infuse all the pages of his story, and made him a far from usual student figure when his family moved to London and young Richard was enrolled at University College. . . .

FAREWELL TO EUROPE

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

VI

IF there was ever any danger of my falling a victim to respectability, it was averted by a sudden change in the family fortunes which took me to London. This change, so eagerly looked forward to, was at first a disappointment. I had few friends, and apart from the public galleries and the bookshops in the Charing Cross Road (an Alma Mater to those who know how to use them) London gave me little. I dropped into moods of melancholy when I would walk up to Harrow churchyard and sit on the Byron tomb, finding the present distasteful and the future unattractive. So great is the vitality of youth, so immense its imaginary expectation of life, that it plays willingly with the idea of death, an abstract etherialized death: —

Now more than ever seems it rich to die.

When too soon the harsh reality came upon him, Keats found nothing rich in death, only a bitterness of frustration which is hardly to be borne.

My enrollment at University College, London, put a period to this morbid gestation. I was living then at Teddington. Near at hand were Mr. Pope's Twit'nam and Mr. Horace Walpole's Strawberry Hill and once aristocratic Richmond, all grown shabby and abandoned to the little people who dominate our age. There was the Thames, where one could be very happy pottering about in a canoe on summer afternoons and evenings. But the greatest asset was that we were only a couple

of hundred yards from the entrance to Bushey Park, where you may walk to Hampton Court on turf under trees planted by Charles II. True, it is one of the common playgrounds of London and much scorned by intellectuals who probably never visited it except on a bank holiday, but I loved it. Even when it was thronged with people, something of its charm remained, but at various times during a couple of years I had it more to myself than the Kings of England ever had.

The recipe for this is no secret. The Park and the Palace gardens are open at 6 A.M. in summer, and there is seldom anyone about much before ten. In the early morning, when the dew was still on the grass, there was a wonderful freshness under that majestic avenue of elms and chestnuts, four deep on either side. Out in the sunlight moved little groups of red and fallow deer. At the end of a mile or more of avenue come the Palace gate, the so-called wilderness with its daffodils and primroses and crocuses and hyacinths, then the main garden with its great herbaceous border, which must surely be the longest in the world. Throughout the year it was a changing wonderland of flowers, which were raised in large greenhouses and then bedded out. It was said that in pre-1914 days the flowers alone cost six thousand pounds a year, and the money was well spent, not only because of the superbly beautiful result, but because of the effect on the surrounding country. In

the autumn the royal gardeners gave away the surplus of roots, cuttings, and bulbs, and for twenty miles round every garden, big and little, was enriched with the spoils of Hampton Court and the good taste of its gardeners.

In addition there was the great lawn, with more flower beds, ending in a terrace overlooking the river; the Long Water, reminiscent in a small way of Versailles; and the Privy Garden where the melancholy King Charles walked under guard when he was a prisoner. Now to have all this to oneself, by the simple process of getting up two hours earlier, was a very great privilege. Moreover, there were often times when one could be almost alone in the state apartments, and study in peace the Mantegna cartoons, the Raphael tapestries, and the pictures. There are finer buildings and better galleries in Europe, but I never enjoyed any quite so well as Hampton Court.

Hampton Court gardens were a contrast to the arid precinct of University College. The façade of that learned institution is classical, but it was designed by an architect who either didn't know or forgot two essential facts about Greek architecture. In the first place, Greek buildings were designed for a land of vivid sunshine; in the second place, they were brilliantly colored. Under the influence of the soot and acids of London air, the columns and pediment were dark gray streaked with unnatural white, so that the place looked like the rusty skeleton of a Greek temple. And there was a similar rustiness about what went on inside. In a laudable effort to set a higher standard of learning than the two old universities, London went Teutonic. I should say that it was designed to turn out philologists rather than genial scholars, and ten thousand pedants for one poet. Somewhere about the place is a plaque recording that Robert Browning spent a year as a student there. I think I know why he only stayed one year.

I am not going to criticize London University. I am convinced that no ideal solution of the problems of education is possible, and the most a university can hope is to show a few lucky students how they may educate themselves. There seems to be a superstition about universities and their degrees, on which topic the remarks of Gibbon are still entirely cogent. Moreover, popular clamor urges them to contradictory aims. They are expected to give their students a superior training, technical or otherwise, which will enable them later to make more money than non-university students; and at the same time the cry is that everybody ought to be allowed to go to a university. Where, then, will the material advantage be? They are expected to produce men who are at once independent thinkers and docile acceptors of the status quo. They are supposed to be able to test intelligence and knowledge by an ancient Chinese custom of written examinations. If they raise their standards and plough the incompetent, they are called high-brow; and if they yield to popular demand and bestow degrees on everybody who can read and cipher, they are accused of quenching the torch of culture.

The result of the wholesale cheapening of learning will be exactly the same as the wholesale vulgarizing of European art — destruction. The idea of having a whole nation of scholars is not only impossible but monstrous. The production of a nation of sciolists with no scholars at all is merely another form of barbarism. Pure scholarship, like pure science and art, is entirely useless. That is why it is admirable, a demonstration that civilized man is neither an animal nor a savage nor a peasant, for whom nothing exists but what is useful.

Among the sensible ideas of the Catholic Church is that which makes a distinction between the man and his priestly office. The efficacy of sacraments is not impaired by an unworthy

officer. We can reverse this, and see merit in an individual while not wholly approving the system under which he functions. At any rate, that was how I felt about the professors I knew at London. They inspired a respect and sometimes even affection.

The two most eminent were A. E. Housman and Ker, with whom, unluckily for me, I had little contact. Housman was to be seen occasionally cruising gloomily about the corridors, probably depressed by the sins of German commentators on Manilius. It seems to me that he was the one member of the faculty (apart from the Provost) who was regarded with more awe than liking. We knew he was a poet and probably the greatest Latin scholar in England, but he was too shyly aloof to be likable. Yet he never refused to sign copies of the *Shropshire Lad* for his own students.

There was a legend about Ker which made him very popular. In those days London had a Poets Club, and for some mysterious reason they invited Ker to one of their dinners. I cannot imagine why he went, unless maliciously egged on by Housman. At any rate the old gentleman got into his evening clothes and trotted off to the dinner, only to be bored for hours by having to listen to compositions by the sort of poet who belongs to Poets Clubs. Ker had a mask-like face, and nobody noticed his indignant anguish. Finally somebody condescendingly suggested that perhaps Professor Ker would like to recite one of his poems. Whereupon Ker rose and in a sepulchral tone said:—

‘I’d rather be an emu
Than a sea mew;
I’d rather be an eagle
Than a sea gull.’

And then sat down, leaving a very perplexed audience.

Two or three years later I met Ker again, when he was acting as chairman to a lecture on Provençal poetry, delivered by Ezra Pound in Lady Glen-

conner’s drawing-room. As the lecturer tied himself into a series of inextricable knots consisting largely of ‘I mean to say,’ ‘What I mean is, er — er,’ I found myself watching Ker, who was one of the best mediæval and Provençal scholars in Europe. It was the first time I had ever seen a real expression on his features. His wrinkled, slightly acid face seemed petrified with incredulous astonishment.

The Lecturer in English at London was Gerald Gould, at that time a white hope of English poetry. He was a most amiable fellow and a good lecturer, though as far as I was concerned he had to expound authors already familiar. We all read and admired his poems and believed he had a brilliant career before him. He didn’t quite achieve it. For years he had the dreadful job of reviewing half a dozen or more novels every week. Moreover, he tied himself up with Socialism, which has destroyed many poets but never made one.

So far as I know, the name of Platt, the Professor of Greek, never appeared in the newspapers, though it may be found in the rather more permanent pages of the *Classical Review*. Every genuine don seems to affect an eccentricity, and Platt’s was Aristophanes. He used to put up the most disingenuous arguments to prove that Aristophanes was superior in every way to Shakespeare. Since Aristophanes hated Euripides, so did Platt. I read *Hippolytus* and *Medea* with him, and he had the strangest method of inspiring his pupils with a love for classical literature. Every now and then he would interrupt with a remark of this sort: ‘What nonsense! No human being but Euripides could perpetrate trash like this.’

The other classical don, Solomon, had a very winning nature and took great pains with us. His eccentricity was acrobatics. He generally lectured, not from the dais, but from the right-hand corner of the room, twisting himself in and out and up and down a rope which hung down from the lofty window. It

was a strange spectacle to see him hanging by one arm and leg from the rope like a learned chimpanzee in blue serge, declaiming lines from Catullus or Vergil with unflagging gusto. His taste was as catholic as Platt's appeared to be narrow, and he had an enthusiasm for poetry which brought the classics vividly alive. A good many famous passages in English poetry are in fact translations or imitations of the classics. Whenever we came on the original of one of these, Solomon would challenge me to quote the English poet. If I couldn't, he always could.

I have forgotten the name of the mathematics man, from whom I took extra coaching in private. We soon became friendly, and one evening he lamented his inability to enjoy poetry and asked me to recommend something which might interest him. Without reflecting I mentioned Browning because he had belonged to the University, and suggested 'The Bishop Orders His Tomb,' because Ruskin says somewhere that the poem is an epitome of the whole Renaissance. At our next meeting I noticed an unaccountable stuffiness and coldness. What had happened was this: he had read along calmly, though probably without much real comprehension, until he came to the lines, —

And hear the blessed mutter of the Mass,
And see God made and eaten all day long.

As a Christian he was scandalized by what he thought a horrid blasphemy, cast Browning to perdition as an atheist, and entertained the gloomiest suspicions about me for having recommended him. It was useless to point out that Browning was a devout, a too devout, Christian; that the offending lines were not Browning's opinion but a piece of dramatic imagination, showing marvelous insight into the mind of the Renaissance. No, they were blasphemous and Browning shouldn't have written them. When people tell me that higher mathematics and poetry are closely akin, I am a little skeptical.

VII

Leaving University College for the last time, I walked, as I had so often walked before, down Gower Street towards Bloomsbury, Soho, and Charing Cross. In this I detect an accidental symbolism which is rather pleasing — the departure from buttressed respectability towards the freer if frowstier fields of bohemianism. Not that I ever wholly shuffled off the bourgeois. Certain prejudices or standards of behavior and material conditions clung to me. I could not, for instance, give up my daily bath and clean pocket handkerchief; nor could I ever endure the downright squalor in which some of my artist friends lived with satisfaction. I am convinced they really liked squalor, because when they did get money they merely increased their huggermugger without any attempt at tidying up their lives or their surroundings. I should say I was naturally the eremitical kind of bohemian, far more akin to Mr. Eames in Douglas's *South Wind* than to the loafers who sat about gossiping and drinking Parker's poison at the Nepenthe Club.

By means of a complicated series of speculations my father contrived to lose his money, and was practising his profession in London, not very successfully. With characteristic energy and good sense my mother eventually solved that problem by buying and running a famous old Sussex inn. Obviously I could not continue to be an expense to my parents. What was to be done?

This is an ancient and fishlike problem, which in its innumerable forms will continue to occupy countless young men and women until such time as all humanity is enslaved by giant corporations and everybody does, not what he wants to do, but what he is forced to do. In spite of all the talk about liberty and opportunity, I have a suspicion that this is exactly what the great majority really desires: a mediocre security, a prescribed

routine and no responsibility — above all, no responsibility for its own individual life. Such was not my view, either then or now.

It is with a feeling of gratitude and affection that I speak of Mr. Beare and his kindness to me. At that time he was sports editor of one of the big London dailies, and I had met him more or less casually through friends with whom I went rowing on the Thames. I won't flatter either him or me by suggesting that he had any particular sympathy with my studies or literary plans or with the way of life I had in mind, but he had some respect for literature and he was a good-hearted man, very willing to help a beginner.

We had many talks together, and I now see that by innumerable anecdotes he tried to give me the advantage of his experience of life and his homely, sensible wisdom. As a respectable journalist, who for many years had earned a good income in his profession, Mr. Beare naturally did not take the gloomy view of all forms of writing for a living which was held by my other advisers. He warned me that nobody could make a living out of poetry, though he thought he could help me to pick up a few guineas. He was proposing to take a flat in Bloomsbury and offered to let me share it on terms very advantageous to me, on condition that for two or three afternoons a week I acted as his assistant in covering sporting events he couldn't find time to attend, and for which I was to be paid the usual space rates. And he made this proposal just at the moment when others were trying to bully me into an office.

I was still living at home and still had not given notice of leaving University College when I secretly made a first experiment as Mr. Beare's assistant. The secrecy was because I knew everybody about me would be scandalized and furious at me for doing anything so low and vulgar as sporting journalism. Primed with a press pass and Mr. Beare's

instructions, I went off to see Blackheath play the Harlequins, and was not a little disconcerted to find that the Blackheath captain was no other than the man who had been captain of the First XV at my own school. One of the real newspaper men — I'm almost sure it was the *Times* correspondent — saw I was a novice and helped me. I had taken one of Maurice Hewlett's novels to read, and in the intervals we discussed his work and Thomas Hardy's, which somehow was a comfort.

It seems to have been a Victorian tradition, still lively in those days, that sordid surroundings and dirt were a necessary guarantee of all serious business. The filthiest and most squalid holes I have ever seen outside a really bad slum were the chambers of highly successful barristers. The next worst were pre-1914 newspaper offices. Bare dingy walls that had once been whitewashed, unscrubbed carpetless floors covered with an insane litter of newspapers, spoiled sheets of paper, ticker tape, and what not trampled by muddy feet, and a hurricane of drafts — such was my impression of the Fleet Street office where I found Mr. Beare that evening, chewing a cigarette and writing his article on a long inky deal table. I asked how much I should write and he, lost in the reveries of composition, answered absently: 'Stick — stick and a half.'

I stared at him, not having the least idea what a stick was, whether five lines or five hundred. I sat down and filled what seemed to me a more than adequate amount of space for a particularly futile form of human restlessness; and this turned out to be all right, though a bit on the short side. It seemed to me contemptible that grown men should waste their time playing a children's game and even more contemptible that other grown men should want to waste time reading about the event; but I kept this to myself.

Before rejecting all other kinds of work, I thought I should at least see an-

other editor to whom I had a letter of introduction. I took with me a portfolio containing, among other things, twenty or thirty of my poems and translations of poems, and also two or three letters of introduction to editors given me by Mr. Beare. On an impulse I took a bus to Fleet Street, and, choosing one of the letters at random, presented it and asked boldly for an interview.

Unfortunately I don't remember this editor at all clearly, because he has got mixed up with several others whom I saw in those days. I have a composite memory of a middle-aged Scot in gold-rimmed glasses, with an air of severity and philistine narrowness which failed to conceal the fact that he was intelligent and good-humored. Instead of putting on airs and asking me how many dukes and beadies I knew, he questioned me sensibly about my education, and had me repeat an ode of Horace and some lines from Homer. I should almost doubt my own recollection, were it not that the Scots have always had a high regard for education. But how that respect for the classics marks an epoch!

As a matter of fact, my Scotsman had an original idea and warned me that poetry didn't pay. I seemed to have heard that remark before. Having paid this lip service to the ventripotent god of business, he proceeded to falsify it by immediately buying two of my poems.

On my way home that evening I did a little calculating. By giving up a couple of afternoons to reporting and by selling two poems which I should have written anyway, I had made very nearly as much as I could have earned by giving all my time for a month to a City dungeon, supposing that I knew enough respectable people to achieve that slavery.

Long before this I had given some attention to the problem of what I did and did not want in life. I had no objection, on moral, political, or any other grounds, to the unlimited enjoyment of filthy lucre. I regretted my father's carelessness in losing so much money; but as

I have myself since been robbed of considerable sums by honest English lawyers, I can scarcely blame him. He, poor man, could not, like his son, laugh at it and point a pen.

Even at that early age I saw through the bourgeois swindle, which in essence consists of enslaving oneself to their machine by acquiring multitudes of unnecessary objects and consumable goods, merely for the purpose of enriching a host of commercial parasites. I had read my *Walden*, and realized that my frugality was a supremely valuable asset. As Socrates walked through the agora, I could walk down Bond Street and perceive how many things there were which I didn't want. What I wanted was freedom, and for me 'freedom' meant the disposal of my days and hours and thoughts as I wanted. I saw clearly that this would involve a certain amount of sacrifice.

I was fed to the teeth with bourgeois snobbishness. In religion and even in politics I was more or less a Gallio, caring nothing. What I wanted to do was to enjoy life, to enjoy *my* life in *my* way; and that in no wise depended on the three fatal vices — the exercise of power, the possession of property, the esteem of other featherless bipeds. I was not only willing but determined to make great exertions, but not for the financial benefit of the bourgeoisie; and I would add that I consider them decent and tolerable human beings in comparison with the various brands of totalitarians, who will get nothing out of me but my corpse to bury.

What interested me above all was a way of life, the way of life of the cultivated good European. I wanted to know and to enjoy the best that had been thought and felt through the ages — architecture, painting, sculpture, poetry, literature, food and wine, France and Italy, women, old towns, and beautiful country. Greek was not too good, nor the refined civilization of Catholicism too delicate, for me. By the luck of a

shuffle of genes I was one for whom the visible world existed. So long as I could keep myself wholly intact and preserve most of my time, it was a matter of indifference that I should record the talents of cretins throwing and kicking a leather ball about.

The essential fact is that life was regimented, and I fled from it in horror.

An escapist, of course; taking risks which now look insanely reckless. (But who then foresaw two European wars?) Never, I reflected as I hastened down Gower Street, should I trouble the tranquil graphs of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb.

VIII

Hinc incipit vita nova. . . .

For some minutes I have been wondering why at this moment I should want to quote Dante's *Vita Nuova*, a book I have not looked into for years. Gradually I have recollected. In those days, as now, there existed a snob culture, emanating from university sets and London cliques, which refined all literature to three or four authors. An exaggerated and simulated admiration for these chosen preciousities alone constituted intellectual salvation.

Believe it or not, the three indispensable books were Fitzgerald's *Omar*, Rossetti's *Vita Nuova*, and Andrew Lang's *Aucassin and Nicolette* — all translations, you perceive. Illustrated editions of these works were freely handed about at Christmas, concrete evidences of extreme good taste, much as an edition of Gerard Manley Hopkins and a bottle of gin would be now. Being ambitious, I determined to study these works in the original, though after a glance at the original of *Omar* I wisely decided that I was both unwilling and incompetent to study Persian without a teacher. But I plugged away at Dante and *Aucassin*, and felt rather grand about it, though obviously it was a senseless way to study Italian and old French.

But that is why a quotation from the

Vita Nuova came so unexpectedly to mind at this point.

Somebody at this time took me to my first literary party. It was in the flat of an ardently climbing lady novelist, and to get in at all you had to know the passwords — *Omar*, *Vita Nuova*, *Aucassin*, which was pronounced 'Aucassin.' It was whispered to me that the inner room contained a Great Poet, and I gradually realized that in this salon there was an outer room for the unknown and an inner shrine for the illustrious.

So high-brow was this salon that there was talk of French poetry, and the ladies shivered chastely as they denounced a dreadful man with the mysterious name of Bawdy L'Air. An elderly gentleman in a dinner jacket opined gravely that he was 'very Gallic,' and the ladies said, 'How true!' At that moment Edward Clodd was announced. Clodd was a survivor of the Darwinian epoch, and bore the stigmata through his pronounced likeness to the missing link. He was hustled off to join the Great Poet, and after a certain time was reconducted to the outer door by the hostess with profuse expressions of extreme, not to say fulsome, politeness, while we sat in frozen awe. Returning to the centre of the room, the hostess clasped her hands, and in tones of religious pride uttered an oracle: —

'Ker-wight a Celebrity.'

A couple of years later I met that Great Poet on more equal terms at Violet Hunt's, and he had to listen to Ezra Pound, Gaudier, and myself playing verbal ninepins with the Post-Victorians, the Royal Academy, and a variety of other *pompier* institutions. Ford Hueffer saw him down to the door, and came back chuckling. We asked what the joke was, and he said: —

'When we got to the front door he asked very anxiously, "Are all the young men like that?" and I said, "Oh, they're comparatively mild," and he said, "Oh, my God!" and ran away.'

The first months of this *vita nuova* were lonely. But I was very far indeed from being unhappy. There is a wonderful happiness and satisfaction in taking full responsibility for one's own life. Except for a couple of afternoons a week and an occasional evening, I disposed of my time exactly as I wished. I hasten to add — in view of the human aptness for swift and charitable judgments — that I did not prize this liberty because it gave opportunities for what are known as vicious courses.

On the contrary, I was too absorbed in other interests to think about such things, even if I had had the money for them. In order to have more money for books, I cut my diet down almost dangerously, and gave up smoking and drinking entirely. A lifetime of such asceticism would be dull, though it might be good for one's health; but a year or two of it, especially in the late teens, is excellent discipline. The insolence and selfishness of very young men and women, children of wealthy parents who have never denied them anything, make a very unpleasant spectacle. Nobody has a right to wealth who has not experienced poverty, or to privilege if he has not known labor.

On the whole I greatly enjoyed this period of quasi-solitude, and got through a prodigious amount of work. I had to, because it was my chief recreation. The only thing that bothered me at first was what used to be called the Sabbath peace of London. If that's the Lord's day, he can keep it. The lifeless streets, inhabited only by a few people creeping about disconsolately in Sunday clothes, needed only a howling dog and an occasional corpse to reach a peak quotation in dismalness. Except for an occasional concert of a supposedly improving kind, every form of civilized occupation was suppressed.

'Where never bells have knolled to church' — how thoroughly enjoyable such places are! Very likely campanology is a fascinating study, but it repels

me; and if there is one thing worse than church bells it is a carillon playing hymns on one finger, so to speak. This dislike for bells is one of the few prejudices I share with Mohammed; the other being his respect for cats. Another anti-bell person is Ezra Pound. When he lived near St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, he engaged in fierce guerrilla warfare of letters with the vicar on the subject.

This solitude was short-lived, and before I was weary of it I began to meet people of my own sort and time. Within a few days, and almost by accident, I came across Ezra Pound, H.D., and Harold Monro, poets who were to have some influence on the development of the art, people who had personalities of their own and were not just echoes.

Ezra was the first real poet I met on equal terms. There are apparent contradictions and perhaps a real disharmony in Ezra which make him one of the problem children of modern poetry. It seems to me impossible to deny his flair, or that he has at least a streak of genius. In proof of the first I would cite the number of writers, from Joyce to Hemingway, whom he picked out and boosted when they were practically unknown. I think he lacks fundamental originality and self-confidence, which explains why he has put up so many stunts. He has tasted an enormous number of books, yet I doubt if he has ever read one with real concentration from cover to cover. There are lovely things in his short poems and astonishing flashes in the *Cantos*; yet it must be admitted that most of his poems are derived or even paraphrased from earlier poets and that the structure and aim of the *Cantos* are, to put it gently, not immediately apparent. His prose is often so violent, so mannered, so incoherent and lacking in judgment, that it seems senseless. Ford Hueffer used to say that Ezra was so ignorant of the English language that it was often impossible to understand him. I should say myself that Ezra would

rather perplex his readers than enchant them.

Yeats used to worry himself a lot about Ezra, who seemed to support one of Yeats's numerous fads, the theory of the antithetical self. In the winter of 1928, Mr. and Mrs. Yeats dined with me at my hotel in Rapallo. We were given a room to ourselves, I fear because Yeats was an Irish senator, but I hope because he was a great poet. It was a cold night, and Yeats arrived with his hands thrust into a pair of grey woolen socks, because he had lost his gloves. Recovering from this shock, we went to dinner. But with the spaghetti a long thin lock of Yeats's hair got into the corner of his mouth, and the rest of us watched with silent awe his efforts to swallow it. Giving this up in despair, he suddenly turned to me and said in portentous tones: 'How do you account for Ezra?'

I still don't know what the answer to that is; so I said nothing. Fortunately with Yeats that never mattered. He immediately proceeded in his pontifical style: —

'Here is a man who produces the most distinguished work and yet in his behavior is the least distinguished of men. It is the antithetical self. . . .' *Und so weiter.*

I am not competent to say whether Ezra or anyone else has an antithetical self. In the first place, I don't see the antithesis. In his work Ezra can be abrupt and barbarous; when he wants he can be a charming companion, and he is the most generous of men. My own view is that he is sensitive, highly strung, and irascible. All this throwing down of fire irons and sputtering of four-letter words are merely Ezra's form of defense against a none too considerate world. I should say Ezra has had to put up with far worse annoyances from other people than they ever have from him.

At all events, in 1912 Ezra was great fun, a small but persistent volcano in the dim levels of London literary society. Chiefly through Ezra, but partly through

Harold Monro, I soon got to know quantities of people in very different social sets. One of the advantages of an artist's life in England is that he can be on friendly terms with practically every social group except the working class, who are dreadfully exclusive. Nothing less than a European war was needed for me with my middle-class manners, accent, and standards to be accepted on terms of equality by working men. The aristocracy, on the other hand, were extremely easy — up to a point. There always came a moment when you felt that their charm, high spirits, and wit were a kind of gracious electioneering or slumming with intellectuals. It isn't really the haughtiness or class prejudice imagined by tweedy socialists. Or it wasn't then. They were so certain of their own position they never bothered about it. But owing to their rigid training all other people seemed dim and fabulous, and their attitude towards these surprising phenomena was dictated by the fact that Cousin Dick, Uncle Arthur, and Brother Aubry would need votes at the next election, and by a naïf and obsolescent tradition that the aristocracy are obliged to be the patrons of the arts.

Vastly more entertaining were the evenings in Yeats's bachelor diggings in Woburn Place. The talk was often good, though after a time one grew a little weary of spooks, fairies, elementals, sorcerers, Lady Gregory, and the feud with George Moore. Yeats specialized in anecdotes and gnomic remarks, most of which have already been printed either by him or by others. A curious trait in Yeats, which I have not seen mentioned, was a misplaced intellectual loyalty. Every influence, however distant, which had come into his poetical life had to be cherished and somehow reconciled with all the later influences and Yeats's own continuous development. He seemed quite unable to take the more rational position of admitting frankly that such people had once been valuable to him,

but that, while he was grateful to them, he had gone on to something new. This persisted even in Yeats's later years when he made that remarkable recovery and wrote some of the most beautiful lyrics of our time.

Thus, he was cluttered up with defunct tinkers who had said something funny in Sligo in the eighties, with hoary Irish liars who had positively seen a fairy, with Rossetti and Morris and Wilde, and a hundred other persons and artists from whom he had long since emancipated himself. He would talk frequently and admiringly of 'my friend MacGregor,' much to the perplexity of the newcomer until he discovered gradually that MacGregor had been a Scotch sorcerer of the nineties in Paris when Huysmans had made satanism a fad. I never heard any evidence of Mr. MacGregor's powers as a sorcerer, except that he caused two 'elementals' to appear on Yeats's bed, a contretemps which the poet solved happily by pushing the elementals out of the window. Or perhaps it was 'my friend MacGregor' who pushed the elementals. It doesn't matter.

One of the most difficult evenings I spent with Yeats was when a party of us took Marinetti, the Italian Futurist, to see him. Sturge Moore, Ezra, and I acted as interpreters, for Marinetti spoke no English and Yeats would not talk a language of which he was not a master. Yeats read some of his own poems, which Marinetti would have thought disgustingly *passésistes* if he had understood them, and then through Sturge Moore asked Marinetti very politely to recite something of his. Whereupon Marinetti sprang up and in a stentorian Milanese voice began bawling: —

*'Automobile,
Ivre d'espace,
Qui piétine d'angoisse . . .'*

until Yeats had to ask him to stop because neighbors were knocking in protest on the floor, ceiling, and party walls.

Another trying time was when the

inner group of London literati decided to put over Tagore. Of course, he hit Yeats bang in the Blavatsky. Ezra too had a streak of superstition — hence, perhaps, his kinship with Alberta rain-makers. We had pi-jaw stuff about Tagore for weeks, and Yeats would read the same things over and over from Gitanjali, as if they had been the Book of Common Prayer and we a congregation of fanatical Episcopalians. I wasn't allowed to see Tagore, as being too profane; but I could always tell when Ezra had been seeing him, because he was so infernally smug. The snob appeal was worked with consummate skill, and the first edition of Tagore was limited to five hundred expensive copies. May Sinclair gave me one, which was stolen long ago — anyway, I didn't want it. But by the time the popular edition was out all the cliques were chattering Tagore like mad, though most of them had never seen a word he had written. Naturally it was a best seller, and Tagore got a knighthood. But he blotted his official copybook by taking up an anti-British attitude in India, and the Tagore boom collapsed as quickly as it had been manufactured.

One of my best evenings with Yeats happened because I mistook the date of one of his evenings and found him alone. He wouldn't hear of my leaving, and we spent a couple of hours together by his fireside. He could not have been more pleasant and unaffected, and told me a lot about his early life in Ireland and London. During the evening he offered to read me a lyric he had finished that morning. It was: —

Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
It's with O'Leary in the grave . . .

Something worth remembering.

Above all I was fortunate in close friendship with Ezra and H. D. It may seem strange that, with most of my English prejudices still strong, I should turn away from the English poets who became 'the Georgians' and wholeheartedly throw in my lot with the two

Americans. I can give one first clue. At a 'Dutch' Soho dinner collected by Harold Monroe, everyone was deploring Ezra and running him down. Finally I could stand it no longer. I stood up and said, 'Ezra Pound has more vitality in his little finger than the whole lot of you put together,' and walked out. That queered my pitch with a large and powerful clique, but I have never regretted it.

There was more to it than that. The Georgians were regional and in love with littleness. They took a little trip for a little week-end to a little cottage where they wrote a little poem on a little theme. Ezra was a citizen of the world, both mentally and in fact. He went off to Paris or Venice with vastly less fuss than a Georgian affronted the perils of the Cotswolds. True, he was bigoted, dogmatic, and capricious, but he did not say, —

A little seed best fits a little soil,
A little trade best fits a little toil:
As my small jar best fits my little oil.

On the contrary, he talked of Arnaut Daniel and Guido Cavalcanti, of Homer and Dante, of Ronsard and El Cid — in short, of the European tradition. Instead of pap, he fed me meat. We have come to differ over a lot of things, but — I find I'm a bit like Yeats in this respect — I can't go back on the Ezra of 1912–1914.

I would say of H. D. that she was more distinguished (to use one of Yeats's favorite adjectives) than Ezra, both as a person and as a mind. I have never known anybody, not even Lawrence, with so vivid an æsthetic apprehension. Lawrence was more keenly aware of the living world, but he was almost blind to the world of art. To look at beautiful things with H. D. is a remarkable experience. She has a genius for appreciation, a severe but wholly positive taste. She lives on the heights, and never wastes time on what is inferior or in finding fault with masterpieces. She responds so swiftly, understands so perfectly, relives the artist's mood so

intensely, that the work of art seems transformed. You too respond, understand, and relive it in a degree which would be impossible without her inspiration.

Addington Symonds said that nobody could hope to understand Italian poetry unless he were exceptionally gifted æsthetically. The same is true of H. D.'s poetry. It is the expression of a passionate contemplation of the beautiful, as the young Plato must have felt before Socrates lured him into the fictitious world of abstractions.

IX

In the spring of 1912 I went to Paris.

Needless to say, this harmless step was strongly opposed by those who had my best interests at heart.

It did seem rather silly, but a stubborn mule of a daimon in me insisted on going. The mule-daimon might not have been so confident if at that time I had not been given a small monthly allowance by my parents.

An old friend, Mr. Grey, fully approved this expedition, sent me his blessing and the large edition of Liddell and Scott's Greek dictionary, which I had long coveted. But he disapproved strongly of some free verse I sent him. 'You were once a singing bird, Dickey,' he wrote sadly, 'and now you're just a beastly modern poet.'

Mr. Grey also advised me to stay in the Rue de la Grande Chaumière, to avoid all cafés, and not to miss Versailles and Fontainebleau. My father told me to visit the Musée de Cluny, to study the stained glass in la Sainte Chapelle, and to stay at a 'nice quiet little hotel' in the Rue de Rivoli, the name of which I forget; it may have been — I suspect it was — the Meurice. As was proper, I began by obeying my father and booked a room at his hotel, only to find that its cost was exactly equivalent to my whole daily income.

Slightly incensed by this further

though unnecessary proof of my father's practical ideas, I went forth with a map to seek the Rue de la Grande Chaumière, and almost at once found myself in the Jardin des Tuileries. The late sunshine of a cloudless May afternoon was warm and golden, and there was the faint but unforgettable smell of Paris in the air — a delicate mixture of *savon de Marseille*, hot rolls, lilac, and sewers. There were grave gentlemen with red rosettes in their buttonholes, high stiff collars, and Henri IV beards, but not, alas, the sharp moustaches, pointed beards, and slightly conical top hats I had been led to expect by ill-informed cartoonists. There were pretty ladies with very long skirts, which they held daintily, with very wide-brimmed hats and parasols. As they passed, the gentlemen looked hard at the ladies, and the ladies pretended neither to see nor to be seen, but saw everything, especially that they were looked at. There were many mothers and nursemaids with children, who played without screaming, fighting, or quarreling. There were two hand-worked merry-go-rounds with tricolor flags, one for little children which went gently, and one for older children which went faster. In the distance stood a classical triumphal arch and statues and the long façades of the Louvre.

'Linnæus fell on his knees and wept when he saw for the first time the long slope of some English upland made yellow by the tawny aromatic blossoms of the common furze.'

I did nothing so timely and dramatic, but I fell in love with Paris at first sight. Perhaps it is a little fanciful to say that central Paris *looks* the most intelligent of cities, where people not only work and strive and suffer, but live, love, and think. Yet vaguely, confusedly, I felt something of the sort. More keenly in retrospect I feel the vivacious peace of that moment. The phrase is not really an oxymoron. There was the vivacity of a race intelligently in love with life, and at the same time they were tranquil and

assured, at peace with themselves and the world. It has not been the same since 1914. Even during the best years of the long Armistice, there was something a little hectic, uneasy, menacing. Shall we ever see again the peace and the vivacity?

That day I didn't get as far as the Rue de la Grande Chaumière; there were too many distractions on the way. But I moved in there next morning. Much amusement and some horror were caused by my insisting on a cold bath every morning, and, as there was some difficulty in pronouncing my name, I was known as *le-monsieur-qui-prend-le-tub*, a rather startling side-light on the other guests.

I wrote a few poems and made some translations, but most of the time was given up to seeing Paris and living the rhythm of its life. Ezra and H.D. were there, so I didn't lack companionship. Ezra took me to see the composer Walter Morse Rummel, who has since made a reputation in France as an interpreter of Debussy. Walter was taking us on to see a Frenchwoman who lived in a house which had been Maeterlinck's, and in which he was alleged to have written *La Vie des Abeilles*. I was much interested in this, for in those days Maeterlinck was a big name in England. As Rummel was in his working clothes, he retired to change, and by way of passing the time Ezra started playing Debussy with one finger on the open grand piano. Suddenly Rummel, dressed only in his underclothes, rushed furiously in, shouting, 'Ezra! Ezra! If you touch that piano once more I'll throw you out the window!' I expected an explosion, but Ezra merely blinked and desisted. Later on, at Rummel's request, H.D. and I wrote some children's verse for him, and he made charming settings of them which Augener published.

But the greatest piece of luck on this trip happened when by accident I ran into Henry Slonimski just outside the

Luxembourg Garden. He was a Polish American who had recently taken his degree as Doctor of Philosophy at Marburg, with a thesis on Parmenides and Heraclitus. I had met him earlier in the year in London, and had been impressed by his skill and eloquence in refuting the arguments of the English Bergsonian, T. E. Hulme.

Of course I am incompetent to discuss Slonimski as a philosopher, but as a personality he stands for me alongside Yeats and Lawrence. He is one of those great men who by accident are known only to a comparatively small circle. He is the victim of our infatuation with the printing press and the written word. Slonimski talks books far better than most people write them, but though you listen spell-bound and enchanted by his grave eloquent voice and marvelous gift of finding the right phrase, the brilliant image, the books vanish with the sound of his voice. He should have walked and talked with the Peripatetics in Athens, before professorships were invented and when the human intelligence was undimmed by cloudy theologies. I am glad to think now that at nineteen I had the sense to appreciate him and to respond to the stimulus of his thought and talk.

Ezra never really appreciated Slonimski, because Ezra never really listened to him. But H.D., with her swift unerring response to whatever is beautiful and lofty, at once comprehended his greatness and his charm. What evenings we spent listening to him in Paris! *Noctes Atticæ*. On a bench under the trees in the Petit Luxembourg, away from the noise and glare of the cafés, we would sit for hours while he talked to us of Hellas and Hellenism, of Pythagoras and Plato, — ‘a kingly man,’ — of Empedocles and Heraclitus, of Homer and Thucydides, of Æschylus and Theocritus.

Curiously enough, it was from Slonimski that I first heard of the possibility, even the probability, of a European war. The French, he said, were convinced it would happen soon. I listened incredu-

lously, and dismissed it as mere gossip. I knew, of course, that the newspapers occasionally started such scares, but nobody I knew ever believed them. There was a general idea that the age of any but colonial wars was finished forever. Like all such popular delusions, this was embodied in a catch phrase — in this case, ‘war between civilized nations is unthinkable.’ I heard it, I believed it, and I repeated it. But, unlike a good many of my contemporaries, I had lost entirely the romantic-heroic idea of war inculcated by histories and adventure stories.

It happened this way. While at London University, I was invited to read a paper on some poet to the Literary Society. At that moment I had just come across Whitman, and was greatly excited about him. While preparing my paper I read *Specimen Days*, and the pages recording Walt’s experiences in the Civil War made an unforgettable impression on me. I reread *Drum Taps* with a totally different viewpoint. Up to then, the killings, the maimings, all the sufferings and miseries of war, had been as unreal and conventional to me as the murders in a detective story. Whitman made me see the reality, and I believe he has the honor of being the only poet of the nineteenth century to tell the truth about war. This partial realization of war made it all the easier for me to believe the ‘war is unthinkable’ stuff.

So, when I returned from France and was offered a part-time job on the Garton Peace Foundation, I accepted. These worthy people were not pacifists in the more recent sense of non-resisters. The textbook of the group was Norman Angell’s *Great Illusion*, which at that time was about the most intelligent contribution to this hitherto unsolved problem. As I lacked the knowledge necessary for any serious criticism of the book, I was naturally convinced by it. But, so far as I was concerned, Mr. Angell soon lost prestige. He was being asked questions at a conference and

somebody (probably a submerged socialist) suggested that war would be less likely if human life were better and happier. Mr. Angell replied rather to this effect:—

‘Well, after all, what is human life but getting up in the morning and having breakfast, going to work, and coming back at night to slippers and the newspaper?’

That wasn’t my ideal of human life, and I couldn’t help thinking that if it was no more than that we were taking a lot of unnecessary trouble to try to preserve it. That chance remark, which was most probably merely intended to squelch an irrelevant question, made such a deep impression on me that eventually I left the group. Meanwhile another group, far more interesting to me, had been got together by Ezra and called the Imagists; and that enabled me at last to go to Italy.

One morning I sat at the large work table in Mr. Beare’s apartment. There was a heavy brownish fog outside, a Holmes and Watson fog, and a steady drizzle muddled the pavements. By an almost sardonic irony I was working in this murk and gloom on a verse translation of Charles d’Orléans’ *Les courriers d’été sont venus*, — ‘The heralds of summer are here,’ — which some forward-looking editor thought he would like on hand for ‘the first real spring day.’ The postman rat-tatted at the door, and I found a letter and a picture postcard in the box.

The postcard came from a friend in Genoa and showed a hillside of blossoming almond trees on the Italian Riviera. The letter was from Chicago, with a draft in English currency for the equivalent of forty dollars, in payment for my first free-verse poems.

The thought, ‘How pleasant to be in Italy!’ was followed by the more daring one: ‘Why not go?’ I felt quite rich. Moreover, Orage of the *New Age* had published some of my translations of

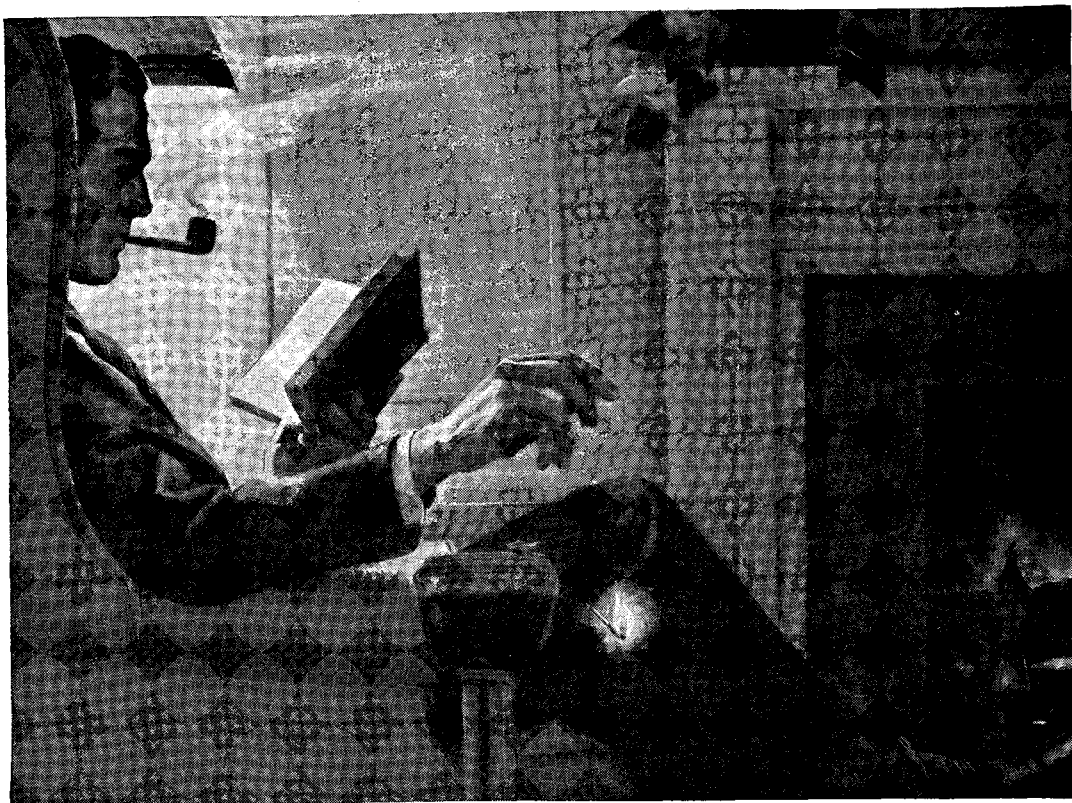
Neo-Latin poetry without payment, but had promised to publish and pay for a series of articles if I found an attractive subject. Perhaps . . .

To my delight Orage consented to take a series of articles on Italy. This was generous, because neither the subject nor my treatment of it could have interested his sedentary Guild Socialists.

Italiam petimus! This has been the cry for centuries of thousands of enthusiastic Northern pilgrims, but it can seldom have been echoed with more excitement. However much we may gain in knowledge and width of appreciation with time, we can never quite regain the first fine careless rapture of discovering Italy.

In his inimitable way Gibbon has described how he ‘trod the Forum with a lofty step’ and visited every Roman ruin with a Scotch antiquarian. My first day and night in Rome were less dignified and ideal. My friend John Cournos had given me a little book of addresses of lodgings frequented by American students and artists. In a fine frenzy of economy I chose the cheapest, which turned out to be in a swarming tenement on the Via Principe Amedeo. The room was clean enough, but those who have ever looked closely at an Italian tenement will not need to be told that it is not an ideal spot for literary work. I looked out disconsolately on a vast panorama of washing over a courtyard littered with debris. Slatternly women screamed information or insult at each other, and more children than I had ever beheld in my life played, fought, and shrieked with a demoniac energy. Was it for this I had so hopefully abandoned my quiet if murky room in Bloomsbury?

Fortunately I had brought some letters of introduction from London, including two from Violet Hunt — to R. B. Cunninghame Graham and to an English resident in Rome, Mrs. Gibson. As soon as I decently could I presented myself to her, explained the situation, and



Be careful of that match!

THE FAMILIAR, helpful match can turn into a dangerous enemy.

Employed carelessly, discarded thoughtlessly, or left within reach of children, the match ranks among the foremost causes of approximately 360,000 household fires which account for most of this country's 10,000 annual deaths from burns.

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In your home, for instance, are the following fire precautions strictly observed?...

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- ▶ Do you avoid the use of gasoline and other flammable liquids for cleaning in the home?... the use of kerosene for lighting fires?
- ▶ Do you keep your gas burners clear of grease which might catch fire? Are your burners regulated to prevent too high a flame—particularly when broiling or frying fats? Do you tie back curtains and other flammable material which might blow onto the flame?
- ▶ Is every stove, furnace, or hot pipe shielded adequately from wooden surfaces?... Are ashes placed

only in metal containers?

These are just a few of the highly important safety measures which deserve your attention. If more of us had a thorough understanding of the various fire hazards, of fire prevention, and of effective fire fighting, the annual toll of 10,000 lives would be reduced, and an enormous saving could be made in the nation's annual fire loss—a loss which last year was estimated at more than \$313,000,000.

To help you safeguard your home and your family against fires and other accidents, Metropolitan offers a new, interesting, free booklet, "Home Safety Quiz." Co-operate with your local organizations during National Fire Prevention Week—beginning October 6th—by checking up on possible fire hazards in your home. Write to Dept. 1040-T.

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by afternoon was installed in the Via Sistina. I had a large though plain room, with a prospect of blue sky and a large quiet garden of orange trees and cypresses. There was still music in the Italian populace of those days. One evening in the Piazza di Venezia a boy began playing a violin. In half a minute a listening crowd was round him. '*Bello, bello,*' they said as he finished, and his cap was almost filled with soldi which had not been easily earned.

About four in the afternoon the daily promenade of carriages rolled up and down Valadier's ascent from the Corso to the Pincio. There were few motorcars in Rome then, partly because of the bad state of the roads but also because the Romans could not bear to give up their handsome equipages. As I watched this cavalcade of cheerful, gesticulating, laughing people I had no idea that I was seeing the very end of a venerable custom.

In Rome, as in London, I touched simultaneously very different strata of society. I was taken on excursions by Mrs. Gibson, to see some of the places then practically unknown to tourists. Through Graham I was introduced to some of the Roman aristocracy, who lived in great outward splendor of marble stairways and columns, frescoed ceilings, and white-gloved footmen.

From these opulent places I would plunge directly into the life of the people. Most nights when I was alone I dined at a little *trattoria* (long ago vanished) in a street behind Via Sistina.

If I had stayed a week or a fortnight in Rome I might have thought I had seen it; but I stayed eight weeks and knew that I had barely begun. Fortunately, I was going south; it would have been miserable to leave Italy so soon. There was no need to throw a coin into the great Trevi fountain; I knew I should come back to Rome.

The air was fresh, almost keen, on the high ground which was Tusculum,

where Cicero had a house; and the sky was very blue. In the soft turf grew wild crocuses, and there was a tiny Greek theatre; beyond that a shepherd's hut built of rubble. And — happy fool — I never dreamed that the destructive brute in men would break loose again.

In Pompeii the bees hummed softly over the dwarf wild flowers among the ruins, while we rested and looked drowsily at the white smoke ebbing from Vesuvius. At Sorrento there was the freesia under the orange trees of the Cocumella garden. At Amalfi the two-sailed fishing boats rested like dark moths on the calm sea, and there was a crescent moon. At Cava in the *pension* they gave you large bowls of scented honey at breakfast.

At Pæstum the mourning asphodel grew profusely and there were tiny wild roses — descendants, I liked to think, of the once famous rose gardens. On the squalid track to the station a haggard beggar whined incessantly: '*Cieco, signori, cieco,*' — 'Blind, gentlemen, blind,' — and so we were, but didn't know it.

In Anacapri, time stood still between Monte Solaro and the blue waves far below. When I got back to Naples the locust trees were in flower along the Mergellina, and after dark the people strolled there. There were warmth and friendliness, nothing tense, no hatred.

At Fiesole a Franciscan monk showed me the not very interesting church, but the cloisters, as nearly always, were attractive. Later, looking down on the dome and towers of Florence, I saw the cool violet evening slowly gather over the Val d'Arno. In Venice there was brilliant sunshine on the Grand Canal, and in the narrow streets a slowly moving, chattering crowd, while the black swifts screamed and darted overhead. Heavy serious Germans bearing rucksacks crunched in their huge hobnailed boots over the pavement of the Piazza and the ancient floor mosaics of St. Mark's.

McGuffey, new style

BACK in the days when school kept in a single room cluttered with desks and

benches deeply carved with the initials and memorabilia of youthful romances, *McGuffey's Reader* was education's keystone. The school-boy learned to read from it; he learned a groundwork of interesting facts from it and its simple maxims gave him some useful rules for living in his growing world.

McGuffey's utility was defined by the horizon of its time. There was available very little of the educational material and practise which have developed in our quicker-paced era. There were, for example, no manual training departments that teach boys a better use of their hands and eyes in practical carpentry and cabinet work, though there was plenty of manual training at home in the daily chores. Nor were there any science laboratories where the older students could learn the rudiments of biology, chemistry and physics; even the universities were woefully lacking in these facilities.

Technically, in short, these earlier schools were primitive in equipment. There were very few institutions where the layman could find adequate tools with which to cultivate his knowledge. American museums, as such, were largely art collections, poorly organized and thrown open to the public as a result of the growth of the democratic spirit in the Nineteenth Century. On the scientific side, Prince Albert's Exhibition, at London in 1851, was possibly the first inkling the man in the street had of the great strides made in science and mechanical invention.

The contrast today is as extreme as that between the original *McGuffey* and the modern text books on organic chemistry. The school boy and girl, hardly less than the adult citizen, move in a complex world. Teachers have adjusted teaching methods so that the youthful student may get some glimmer of the way of life. Material equipment has grown apace. The museums; the planetariums; the great observatories, like the sky-searcher at Palomar that brings the moon within a familiar distance; the streamlined buildings of the city education systems and the excellent facilities of rural consolidated schools, all aid the popular acquisition of broad range information, to the extent of each individual's capacity to comprehend.

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These are a few, a very few of the picture thoughts I brood over between the paragraphs. To live at all in these agonizing days of Europe's torture I have to live in these memories, and try to persuade myself that they may come again, if not for me, then for others. In those days one could say 'Yes' to life with no hesitation, and there was a near infinity of hope ahead. What freedom we enjoyed, what tranquillity! I had no passport and was never asked for one; I was never questioned by an immigration officer, never required to report to the police. Except in Russia and the remote parts of Spain, we traveled as freely in Europe as in our own country. The sense of stability, of security, was complete.

But undoubtedly the evil game of power politics was being played. There had been the Boer War, the Russo-Japanese War, the Balkan war, the Italian-Turkish war, the Agadir incident; but none of these things had touched the essential camaraderie of Europe, the unquestioned belief of the educated classes that we were all part of a common civilization. The stay-at-homes and the cranky supernationalist minorities were disregarded. My impression was that on the continent the arts were taken far more seriously, were much more widely and sincerely practised and enjoyed, than in England, where sport usurped their place in all classes. Certainly there was in England no respect for the artist such as existed in France and Italy. On the contrary, the artist in England was an object of suspicion, dislike, and contempt — unless he happened to make money. Of course there was a highly civilized and cultivated minority surrounded by a host of pretenders, but the minority was small and the pretenders irritating.

X

Imagism is now a matter of literary history, but it occurs to me that none of

the English members of the group or tribe has yet told his tale of transactions which had some effect on the course of recent poetry, particularly in America. What did the Imagists achieve between 1912 and 1917? Well they did some useful pioneering work. They dealt a blow at the post-Victorian magazine poets, whose unappeased shades still clamor for Imagist blood. They livened things up a lot. They made free verse popular — it had already been used by Blake, Whitman, and Henley and by many of the French Symbolists. And they tried to attain an exacting if narrow standard of style in poetry.

It will doubtless be an instant relief to the reader to be told that I don't claim to be the Führer of the Imagist. The fame or otherwise of Duce-dom must go to Ezra, who invented the 'movement' (how often would Ezra obliterate a literary figure by the simple constation '*il n'est pas dong le mouvemong*'), and to Amy Lowell, who put it across.

That I can swear to, but I wouldn't take an affidavit that I remember all that happened concerning the '*mouvemong*' or exactly what was said.

Like other American expatriates, Ezra and H.D. developed an almost insane relish for afternoon tea, a meal with which I can most willingly dispense. Moreover, they insisted on going to the most fashionable and expensive teashops (which I thought a sad waste of money) not only in London, but in Paris. Being merely an oppressed minority, I had to yield. Thus it came about that our meetings nearly always took place in the rather prissy milieu of some infernal bunshop full of English spinsters. However, an extremely good time was had by all, and we laughed until we ached — what at, I haven't the faintest recollection.

Naturally, then, the Imagist movement was born in a teashop — in the Royal Borough of Kensington. For some time Ezra had been butting in on our

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primitive ancestors accepted air, water and fire. We flick a switch—and an automatic razor zips off our whiskers. We push a button—and our automobile motor starts. A faucet turns—and a faraway pump delivers water. A vacuum cleaner cleans, an electric fan cools, an adding machine adds, a phonograph plays—and it's all automatic, as far as most of us are concerned.

• *We have been making electric motors for a great many years—in fact we've made millions and millions of them. Naturally, we have improved their design and construction considerably since 1886. We can remember when we thought a ¼-horsepower motor, which took up more than a cubic foot of room, was a pretty commendable achievement. Now we can pack the same horsepower into a third of the space, sell it for less, and save the user a big dividend in operating cost.*

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studies and poetic productions, with alternate encouragements and the reverse, according to his mood. H.D. produced some poems which I thought excellent, and she either handed or mailed them to Ezra. Presently each of us received a ukase to attend the Kensington bunshop. Ezra was so much worked up by these poems of H.D.'s that he removed his pince-nez and informed us that we were Imagists.

According to the record, Ezra swiped the word from T. E. Hulme; and anyone who can find a copy may read in Ezra's *Ripostes* the five or six poems Hulme wrote to illustrate his theories. Ezra's note on Hulme's poems contains the ominous threat: 'As to the future, that is in the hands of the Imagists.' But who and where were the Imagists? My own belief is that the name took Ezra's fancy, and that he kept it *in petto* for the right occasion. If there were no Imagists, obviously they would have to be invented. Whenever Ezra has launched a new movement he has never had any difficulty about finding members. He just called on his friends.

I have no exact memory of what was said at this bunshop meeting, but I do remember that H.D. looked very much pleased by the praise Ezra generously gave her poems. I didn't like his insistence that the poems should be signed 'H.D., Imagist,' because it sounded a little ridiculous. And I think H.D. disliked it too. But Ezra had the bulge on us, because it was only through him that we could get our poems into Harriet Monroe's *Poetry*, and nobody else at that time would look at them.

If I am not mistaken, these poems of H.D.'s were the first to appear with the Imagist label. Three of mine (which launched me on my Italian trip) had appeared a month or two before without the label, though Ezra afterwards included them in the first Imagist anthology. I think this fact (which can be established from the early files of *Poetry*) lends considerable support to those who

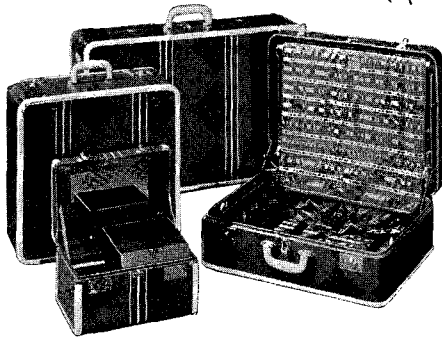
say the Imagist movement was H.D., and H.D. the Imagist movement.

Ezra proposed we should all three publish a book of our poems together. H.D. and I were in favor of this. But Ezra soon changed his mind. He gravely pointed out to us that he was internationally famous, while we were miserable unknowns, and that consequently the whole attention of the world's press would go to his poems and ours would not even be noticed.

Ezra was having a good time. With Fletcher he discovered a poet we were glad to welcome, and he accepted our friend, John Cournos. We liked F. S. Flint. Ford Madox Ford (*né* Hueffer) was a well-established author, and we liked his poems, though there was nothing very imagistic about them until he started to imitate H.D. Joyce and Carlos Williams were also most acceptable. But we objected to Allen Upward, Skipwith Cannell, and Amy Lowell.

This may sound ungrateful to Amy, in view of what she afterwards did, but at that time she had published only one book which H.D. and I agreed was the fluid, fruity, facile stuff we most wanted to avoid. True, the poem of Amy's Ezra showed us seemed to demonstrate a sudden conversion to free verse and (probably owing to Ezra's blue pencil) a more austere style, but would they last? But it would have been difficult to resist that vivacious intelligence, and her conversion was obviously sincere. She lacked H.D.'s classical knowledge and taste, but she knew French better than any of us, except Flint. He introduced her to a whole new generation of French writers, the foundation of her book on that subject.

Ezra's collection of Imagists appeared in New York in February 1914 under the fantastic title *Des Imagistes*. What Ezra thought that meant remains a mystery. Amy's anthologies were called *Some Imagist Poets*, so she may have supposed that Ezra thought *Des Imagistes* meant *Quelques Imagistes*. But why a French title? Search me. Ezra liked foreign



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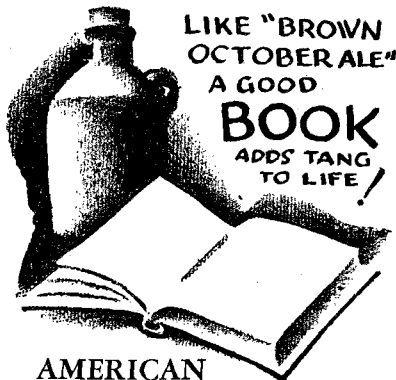
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titles. It seems a rather childish form of high-hatting, especially since Ezra was apt to get into ludicrous difficulties with his languages. Thus, in his Propertius, he rendered *nocte canes* by the schoolboy howler 'night dogs,' and in the text of his Cavalcanti, instead of *Donna mi prega*, he printed *Donna mi prega*.

Under that ridiculous ensign, *Des Imagistes*, our little boatful of poets was launched, only to come at once under fire from apparently the whole American fleet of critics. Columnists parodied the poems, or reproduced them (without payment) accompanied by derisive remarks. I seem to remember that the poem which gave most offense was a lovely little epigraph by H.D. which revolted the journalists by its perfection of taste and sobriety. The edition sold out. Evidently we were at least a *succès de scandale*.

Very likely some of the sales were to the kind of people who will always pay two bits to see a bunch of freaks. The serious part of the success was very largely due to H.D. Genuine obtuseness to art, such as is requisite in a successful journalist, was needed to overlook the fact that H.D. showed an original sensitive mind and an almost faultless craftsmanship.

This craftsmanship was the result of infinite pains. Version after version of a poem was discarded by H.D. in the search for perfection. I was staggered by this relentless artistic conscience. I think it significant that H.D. was a close student of Saint Paul, but her version of the famous tirade ran: 'Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not *style* . . .'

In the summer of 1914, Amy was again in London. With her usual energy and vivacity she had been battling valiantly for us all, but was fed up with Ezra. So were others. Moreover, Ezra had now attached himself to the *Blast* group, and was busy patenting a new movement, Vorticism. The first number

of *Blast* was indeed a brilliant production, but most of the brilliance was due to the editor and chief contributor, P. Wyndham Lewis, and to a short story which I think one of the best ever produced by that gifted writer, Rebecca West.

Amy arrived with certain proposals, to which she had evidently given a good deal of thought. She proposed a Boston Tea Party for Ezra, the immediate abolition of his despotism, and the substitution of a pure democracy. There was to be no more of the Duce business. We were to publish quietly and modestly. Each poet was to choose for himself what he considered best in his year's output, and the anthology would appear annually. Names would appear in alphabetical order. Amy undertook to get the books published in Boston and London, and to account to us for the royalties. And well and loyally she discharged that task.

On these terms Ezra was invited to contribute, but refused. I seem to remember that H.D. and I pleaded with Ezra to stay in, but he refused to play ball. But if we lost Ezra, we gained a much greater writer, D. H. Lawrence. The whole credit for this is due to Amy. Lawrence was already publishing in the anthologies of the Georgians, who affected great scorn for the Imagists, so the situation looked delicate. Luckily, Lawrence was such an individualist that he didn't care a hoot about groups and their principles.

I have one or two vivid memories of that evening when I first met Lawrence. It was the end of a sunny tranquil July day, and, if we had been able to see into the future, the end of tranquillity in Europe for many a long and bitter year. There were several people in Amy's large private room, where the Austrian waiters (already called to the colors) were setting out an elaborate dinner table with ominously quiet deftness. At the corner of the Ritz opposite was a news stand, with a flaring poster: 'Germany and

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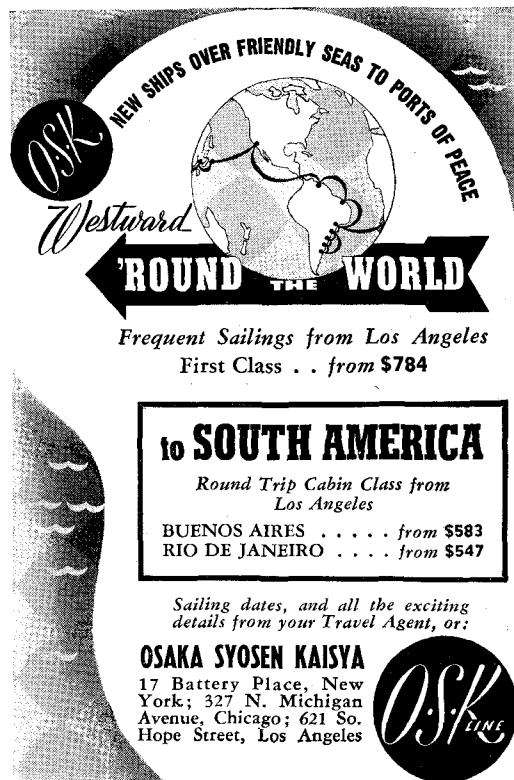
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Russia at War, Official.' The newsman unfolded another poster. It read: 'British Army Mobilized.'

Until that moment I had felt certain that England would not be involved ('war is unthinkable,' and so forth) in these senseless European squabbles. That mobilization poster was the first stab of doubt. I looked back at the room where friendly people were talking unhurriedly of civilized things. At that moment the door opened, and a tall slim young man, with bright red hair and the most brilliant blue eyes, came in with a lithe, springing step. As a rule I don't remember people's eyes, but I shall not forget Lawrence's.

Before Amy could start the introductions he said quickly, 'I say, I've just been talking to Eddie Marsh, and he's most depressing. He says we shall be in the war.'

Plucking up courage, we all said it was nonsense. Did we all believe it? I know I had a sickening feeling of doubt.

As guest of honor, Lawrence sat next to Amy, and they made a curious contrast, if only because one was so lean and the other so plump. Probably Fletcher and H. D. appreciated more than I did the spectacle of the coal miner's son sitting at the right hand of a Lowell.

Amy came out well that evening. She expressed her warm admiration for Lawrence's work without flattery or insincerity and without embarrassing him.

The sales of the new Imagist anthologies greatly exceeded our hopes. The anthologies were certainly widely read, and Amy kept the publicity going with superb generalship.

She did one thing I can't approve. She published her *Critical Fable* (or was it *Fable for Critics*?) anonymously, and then broadly insisted that it was in fact the work of Leonard Bacon. That was putting a gentleman on the spot with a vengeance, for Mr. Bacon highly disapproved of the Imagists.

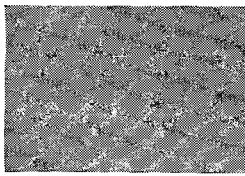
When America entered the war in 1917, Amy decided that we had better quit, and each go his own way. The Imagist 'movement' then was at an end, and it was left to others to carry on.

In order to round off the little episode of Imagism I have gone ahead in time, but I should like to return for a little while longer to those days when we were all laboriously marching or gaily capering on our way to the precipice of August 1914.

My own life was fairly occupied. I wrote poems, and did a lot of reading in the British Museum. I had articles in some of the literary weeklies and was literary editor of the *Egoist*, a job inherited by T. S. Eliot when I joined the army. I should not say I was a good editor, but, as I had practically no funds to pay contributors, it was something of an achievement to keep the paper going at all. At the same time I was planning a series of very cheaply priced translations of minor Greek and Latin authors, with the intention of leading up later to the more important works. The nearest we got to that, owing to the war, was H. D.'s choruses from Euripides.

Among the *avant-gardistes* and leftists of that time there was a superstition about the 'brilliance' of Orage as editor and writer, which I could never wholly share, in spite of his kindness to me personally. True, he published a number of young writers, but there have been ten new brands of socialism since then, and we shall have more anon.

On the Friday before England went to war in 1914, Orage published a 'strong' editorial proving that there would be no war, it was a capitalist ramp to play the stock market, and so forth. That article wrecked Orage's reputation, much as the far superior and more solid writer, Hilaire Belloc, damaged his by his omniscient but alas too often falsified analyses of war strategy in *Land and Water*. In point of fact, neither Orage nor Belloc knew much, if anything, more



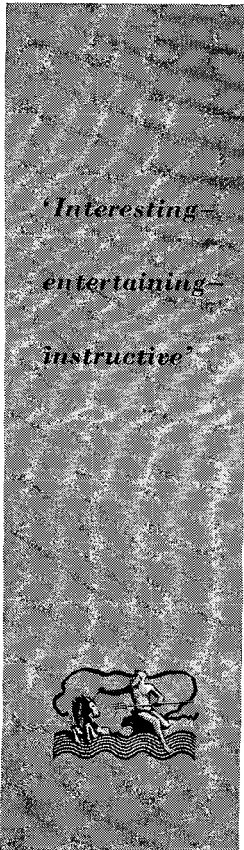
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about their subjects than other people; they were good hard-hitting journalists who happened to guess wrong. In both cases it was bad luck. If they had guessed right, they would have been revered as prophets.

Alas, what perils do environ
The journalist who makes a try-on.

So far as the *New Age* was concerned, I was always a fish in the wrong tank. Nevertheless, I liked Orage personally and was grateful to him for printing me.

I had some fleeting acquaintance with the Georgian poets, such as De la Mare, Hodgson, Brooke, Abercrombie, Gibson, Squire, and Shanks. I had a last glimpse of Rupert Brooke when Flint and I bumped into him in Piccadilly, not long after the outbreak of war. He was dressed in a shabby mackintosh, and looked a little sallow and less handsome than his pictures. He at once informed us that he had a commission and was about to join the Naval Division at Antwerp. We wished him luck—the last English poet who really believed in the romance and chivalry of war.

I was so little intimate with these poets and saw them at such rare intervals that I have only vague and possibly inaccurate impressions of them. Hodgson invariably wore a bowler hat, a briar pipe, and a large saliva-dripping bull terrier, and affected or felt a great interest in boxing. Gibson was a kindly, cherubic person with a troubled social conscience, which vented itself in poems about bread and coal and similar domestic commodities. De la Mare was gentle as well as kindly, immersed, so it seemed, in a dim other-worldliness which left him with an imperfect grasp of reali-

ties. Squire also was kindly, but definitely one of the world's less gifted poets.

All these people struck me as insular, not to say provincial, with little interest in what was being done on the continent. If one ventured a mild disapproval of the poetry of one of their innumerable friends, the answer invariably was, 'Oh, but he's *such* a nice fellow.'

So what?

Vastly more entertaining to me were the people round Ford Madox Ford, and above all Ford himself.

I have known many men in my time, but few so fundamentally innocent of real harm as Ford. His often slender purse was always at the disposition of friends and brother writers. He took great pains, devoted much time to helping young or poor or neglected writers. True, a did hanker after women. Who but a fool will hold that against him?

The grounds on which the public forms its opinion of writers are often mysterious and seemingly irrelevant. Thus, many English writers take great pains to reassure their public that they are not artists at all (perhaps an unnecessary precaution), but healthy happy grown-up schoolboys, who do a little modest writing on the side. The truly successful also develop a complicated literary strategy which demands a heavy toll of time and tact. A strenuous, exacting life. Some day, I hope, an enthusiastic but discriminating Fordian will select and reprint the best of Ford's output.

I don't know anyone else who did so much to help other writers, with the possible exception of Ezra. But Ford's ideals, his way of looking at life and art, belong to a vanished world. In the catastrophe of chaos they have become meaningless.

(To be continued)

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